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No. 1.

OUR NEW YEAR'S GREETING!

BY N. W. PARKER.



FORWARD moves the Car of Progress;
Reason throned as Engineer,
Looks ahead, then pulls the throttle,
And we greet the coming year.
Time, with *can* and *scoop*, as Fireman,
Oils her wheels, and feeds her well,
That each passing year as stations,
May on Time, her records tell.
And old Time, with toil unceasing,
Oils, and feeds, and steams away,
Till the years go past in swiftness
Like the passing of a day.
And since first this train we boarded,
Five long years have passed away,
And our Brotherhood, still increasing,
Stands renowned, and loved to-day.
High and low, on land and Ocean,
All alike, our Band approve,
While our Motto finds its answer
In our living deeds of love.
We have much to joy and gladden
Every heart within our Band,
And the hearts the year has saddened,
Find in us, the helping hand.
If a broken rail, or wash-out,
If a wreck, or other ill,
Has deprived us of a Brother—
One whose place no hand can fill—
In his stead we have a widow,
Aged mother, orphaned one,
Who receive our Order's Bounty,
And whose clouds are turned to sun.

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We, a band of Noble Brothers,
Kind and Sober: used to toil;
Live to love, and help each other,
Not our neighbor's wealth to spoil—
With our Motto full before us,
Lived, and loved, and acted well,
We can bid the old year vanish,
And her Records gladly tell.
Then with pride and manly pleasure
Greet we now the new-born year,
With the Olive Branch we meet her,
Moistened with our widows' tears.
Lo! she comes with labor freighted,
Daring deeds, and works of love;
Let us buckle on our Armor,
Rear our Banners high above;
Let each heart within our Order
Strive to gain new vantage ground,
That when comes the day of struggle
In the front we may be found —
That the halt, and maimed, and crippled,
Anguish freighted, far and near,
May bear witness that our Order
Is a Brotherhood most dear.
Let each heart our Motto bearing,
Live and act its high command,
That the world may be the better
Through the labors of our Band.
Having gained a post of Honor,
Known and loved both far and near,
Let us move with highest manhood
Through each moment of the year—
Then when days and years are ended,
When the brakes are whistled down,
We will meet beyond the River
And receive the Victor's Crown.



[From the Kansas Magazine.]

OUT OF LUCK.

IT was a November night in '67, a sleeting bad night, when it is dismal outside, and the damp chill creeps indoors, despite fires and lamplights, that a mountaineer came into Julesburg, on the construction train from the west, and wended his way into the principal and only street of the town. If he was tall and straight and bearded; and if from beneath the flapping rim of his wide black felt hat heavy masses of blacker hair fell down and swept the fringe on the short cape about his shoulders; and if in his belt there were seen the butts of his best friends peeping from their black leather sheaths, still you could tell as you caught the outlines of his face in the shaded light that came out of the stained glass windows of the dance house, at the front of which he had halted, that these outward habiliments and trappings of the Montana mountaineer only disguised a form that had grown under other skies and amid other surroundings. He was about five feet eleven; straight and clean-limbed as a Santee Sioux; dressed from the top of his hat to the soles of his cavalry boots in the fashion of the Yellowstone; and his face might have been a poet's, but for the hard lines of a semi-melancholy deviltry that was traced there by experience that had in them only prose. "This is the place Mott described," said he in an undertone, pulling out of his breast pocket a soiled card whereon was a half effaced memoranda in pencil; "this is the house, now let me see where the bank is." Turning away from the front of the hurdy-gurdy, he took straight across the river of mud they called the street, and ploughed his way through it to the other side. Here was a shanty, half tent and half board shed, long, low and narrow. The door swung back for him and he went in. There was a long pine board laid along the tops of some whisky barrels at the right as you went in that answered for a bar. At the far end was two or three thick groups, in the center of which was a faro game. The mountaineer muttered: "This is the place—Kelley's place; I wonder now if he is in here?"

Going to the nearest group he wedged his way in till he reached the end of the table. The dealer did not look up, but the mountaineer looked down. As the features of the dealer filled his vision, there was a little flush under the bronze of his cheek, and a little dancing gleam in his eye that was baleful. He pulled his wet hat down low over his eyebrows, and then threw down five double-eagles on the baize. "Give me a stack of reds," said he. The game went on then, and the stranger's play was singularly desperate and wonderfully lucky.

Half a dozen deals had changed his reds to blues, and there were two or three stacks where there had been one. There was a three-card turn in the box—ace, seven and tray. "Wait a minute, Mr. Dealer," said the mountaineer. "I want to press the game a little. Can you stand double or break on my pile?" "Stand anything, sir, if it's all the same to you." "Hum-m; well, ace twice winner—she'll lose, out; put that on the ace to lose, if you please; I'll make a favorite of the tray to win out—she's a three-time loser."

There was fifteen hundred on the turn—seven hundred and fifty on each side of it—and the run was tray, ace; a whip-saw. "Out of luck, of course, on the last turn," said the mountaineer between his teeth. He left the table and went back to the bar.

"What is that dealer's name?" he asked, pointing to the table he had just left,

and addressing the bar-keeper. "Joe Morford." "Has he got a girl across the way at the Alamo?" "Yes." Then he sat down on an empty keg that stood in one corner, and mused a long while. That there was no one there to make that scene art-immortal, is one of the misfortunes of the century. It might have stood away yonder in the new time when we shall have been ground in the gods' mills into the dust of the old and unremembered, save as a mist that was in the morning and is not at noon; it might have lived then with the soul of genius in it to tell with mute lips a story of the times that were, and the lives men led who lived in them, that pen can never tell.

That rude tent-and-shanty, with its long low roof overhead; its uncarpeted floor of unmatched boards; its dense air, thick with tobacco-smoke and whisky-fumes, and laden with imprecations that might have floated up from the gaming tables and hung under the rude rafters as cobwebs fastened there, unclean and noisome; the clink of glasses and the rattling of tin cups on the unplanned and unpainted bar; the throng of men that surged here and there, now about the tables, stilled with the nameless fascination of faro, and again about the bar, surly with misfortune and gruff, or garrulous with whisky; clad in all the strange and curious fashions and freaks of the border; all belted; some with pistol-butts and knife-hilts showing their grim teeth above the belts, and others with pistol-muzzles and the metal tips of knife-scabbards peering from under the short, fringed blouses; and in the foreground the typical one of his vanishing class, who sat on the old keg in the corner musing—"Out of Luck;" all this was a picture worth the immortality that the touch of a Titian could have anointed it with, for it was the type and miniature of a life that is passing, even as the buffalo that goes before it, to come back no more forever. The men who were there are scattered as widely as were the homes they knew in infancy in the four quarters of the globe. This one may be gathered to his kindred, for he went home to die. That one sleeps under the white sands of some Arizona stream, with no tablet to tell the story of death save the broken arrow-shaft half-buried in the sand beside him, while the long locks of which he was so proud, hang ornamental from the peeled poles of an Apache lodge; for he died as he had lived, roving for the gold that mayhap weights the sand that covers him. And two others rest where the crumbling shanties, Julesburg—stray, ugly obelisks of warped and shrunk-en boards that are rotting in solitude—stand their melancholy monuments; where the yellow blossoms of the lonesome and unsavory-scented dogfennel bloom instead of violets, and where the coyote and the prairie owl join nightly with the low sigh of the wind that sighs down from the Black Hills in a requiem to the dead town and its butchered desperados.

It was all life and animation ten years ago. It is all death and desolation now. The long black parallels of iron that made the Union Pacific made Julesburg, because they ended there for a day or two; and when they swept on again toward the city that sits by the Gate of Gold, looking out on the Pacific, they took Julesburg with them, and left on that spot only its name and the echoes of its revelry.

In the musing brain of him who sat there on the keg, however, the more subdued lights and softer shades of another picture were taking shape, as, in that savagest of all solitudes, an utter strangership and friendlessness in the midst of fellow-creatures, he had just brushed away the thick dust of years from the canvas of his memory. He remembered the old family mansion on the high bluff, whence between the avenues of black walnuts that stretched away from the veranda down the

lawn, his boyhood eyes had so many times looked down on the tawny Missouri, near where it weds its purer bride from the Minnesota lakes. He thought of the cluster of negro quarters and the piccaninnies he had played with; and the colts he had called his, as a child owns things; and the father and mother—gone, all gone; and the little yellow-haired sister, with eyes that had borrowed their tints from the sky of the June dawn that saw her born; and the old home as it was, with its innumerable little things so easy to remember and so impossible to describe.

Then the panorama moved and another picture came. It was black in the background with the eddying smoke of the burning home, and lurid in the foreground with the red devilment of the war and its ravage. Then there was the fierce four years of strife, the tragedy of the end, and the return to a homestead that was not home, and a family that welcomed him only in the mute syllables upon their tombstones—all save the sister. Of her there was no token. Then the fruitless search for her, but no tidings save those rather than which the knowledge of her death would have been a solace. Then the desperation, the resolve to desert forever the scenes of yore, the pilgrimage to the yellow Mecca of the Bozeman, the mining camps and the adventures, the news at last, through an old acquaintance, casually met, of the little sister, the story of her wrongs, and—"Take southin' mister?" roused the mountaineer from his reverie. It was the dealer who spoke; his trick at the box was off, and he had stopped at the bar to liquor, before he went out to that other revelry that filled what of his existence the duties of the green-cloth and check-rack left unclaimed. He saw in the man sitting on the keg in the corner, with his head resting on his hand and his long, black hair falling loosely about his shoulders, nothing but a miner or a trapper, flat broke in his encounter with the animal whose keeper he was, and needing something to revive his spirits. The least charity he could bestow upon the luckless one was a treat. "I reckon I might throw in a little southin'" said he, rising and walking up to the bar. "Powerful bad night out, mister," said the dealer. "Powerful," said the mountaineer. The dealer drank his liquor. Then he went out to a squalid little restaurant, next door, to get his lunch and cup of coffee.

The mountaineer had not touched his liquor, but had the glass in his hand. He squared himself around, rested his elbows on the bar and looked at the floor, upon which he spilled the whisky that was in the glass, drop by drop. "Wonder if I would drink with Joe Morford?" he muttered, "Recken not, I mought in hell, if I was powerful dry, but not in these parts." There was in his face that nameless expression of leopard-like ferocity that you can see under the skin and away down in the eyes, as through a transparency, when the borderer has made up his mind to put his finger on a revolver-trigger—but you never saw it on the face of any one else. He went out of the door and the moist blackness of the night shut him in. Back across the street to the dance-house he went straight, and strode in.

It, like its copartner in devilment opposite, was a long, low, half tent and half shanty sort of a structure, and was divided by canvas screens into three compartments. In the front room was a bar. In the next was a babel. At one end was a high bench, and on this sat three or four fiddlers and a clarionet-player. Around the wall was a number of benches, and these were crowded with men, to describe whose faces and styles would be impossible. If you have seen them you know how they looked. If not, you could not learn how they looked. On the floor were probably a dozen couples dancing. Now, it is esteemed a necessary item in the composition

of the full-fledged man of the world that he shall have seen the sights. He shall have viewed that half, more or less, of human life that flaunts and festers under the gas-light. There is a thing called civilization that we are proud of; that forms the staple theme of Fourth of July and after-dinner speeches; that is making the world better than it was; and that is preferable to that savagery which, having in its vernacular no such word as "vice," does not need to possess the contradistinctive term of virtue. Well this vice that is known only to civilization; that breeds fevers and ulcers; that fills the streets of great cities with *gamins*, who sleep in the snow and take a bath only when their bed melts in the gutter; that gives garrets and cellars a tenantry, that pays rent to a democracy that lives in brown-stone houses, with high front steps, and that worships God in great iron and stone temples; that makes beggars of those whom it does not mould into thieves, and starves those whom it does not feed upon crime or fatten with the crumbs from death's table. This vice carried the heraldry of our christian civilization and proclaimed it to the Pawnee Loupes on the Upper Platte. Yet we call the Wolf Pawnees a thieving set of red devils, who ought to be hunted and exterminated on foot or on horseback. This advance-guard of civilization came from New York—some of it. Philadelphia also sent missionaries of this ilk. Boston even. And thus the quota was filled. Thus we made possible this Julesburg hurdy-gurdy; and all those who danced and drank and were desperate within its board and canvas walls, had but one step more between them and the end of their civilizing mission—to die. Death was not far from any of them. For the men, it lurked in a hundred ugly irons, ready to leap out at the beck of passion, brutality on general principles, or revenge. For the women it was in shapes more hideous, because less sudden and less humane. It glared pall-gray and ghastly through the daubed white and red on their faces; grinned at them out of the drink that drowned memory and inundated contrition; and finally clasped them in its arms, the only lover that loved them truly, because of all the things in the world, death alone was kind to them and merciful.

Into this den where demons might have danced to the squeaking discord of the "Devil's Dream" and been at home, the mountaineer walked and leaned up against the wall. There was no place for him to sit down. The show drew too well for him who came late to find a reserve seat.

Presently Morford, the faro dealer, came in, having refreshed himself with a repast. He walked directly over to where a young walking-boss of a gang of railroad hands stood with his partner, waiting for the music to strike up again. He said something to the girl. "For God's sake, Joc, let me alone a little while, won't you?" she said petulently. Then there was a quarrel in undertones, and the dealer drew back to strike her. The railroader caught his arm and the dealer instantly wheeled upon him; a ten-inch bowie gleamed with that cold, cruel grimace of the naked steel. There was a rush, a flutter and muffled clicks, like the ticking of a clock in another room, and—"Wait a minute, Mister Morford," said a voice, quiet in its husky guttural. You may have heard the tone, before now, reader. It sounds like damp clods dropping on a coffin. Morford's other hand sought his pistol-butt, and he and the mountaineer were face to face. The crowd fell back around them. It always happens that way on the frontier. Men never crowd around two borderers when a voice says from the atmosphere, that one of them has got to die.

"Mister Morford," said the mountaineer, as he slowly raised his slouch hat off his forehead, looking him square in the eye. "I have been looking for you; are you fixed?"

That was all the talk. There were three shots like three drum taps, and two men lay on the floor. Two little red streaks stole out upon the boards, and the crowd rushed up. It was over? No. The girl stood with a daze in her eyes and looked at the mountaineer. Then she knelt by him, put her face down, kissed him, and said, "Henry speak to me; great God; my brother!" Then the crowd drew back and was hushed again.

The girl still knelt beside the mountaineer, and looked at him with still, staring eyes, that pain made dry. She reached for his hand and gently loosened the dying fingers from the revolver-butt. There was a murmur, a click, a crash, and there were three corpses; a brother, sister, and him who had murdered the body of the one and the other's soul.

Just over the railroad track, about eighty yards from the old tank, there are three graves. They are unnamed, and the locomotive screams by them, ever bearing onward to new lands the civilization that Julesburg pioneered.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

In the autumn of 1856, I was an Engineer on the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad, now the Galena Division of the great Chicago and Northwestern Railway, and was sent one Sunday from the junction—thirty miles west of Chicago—to Harlem, to bring up several cars loaded with railroad iron. On arriving at Harlem I found the turn-table broken, and therefore, went down to the limits, then Halsted street, to turn my engine around. At that time there were no houses between the city and Oak Ridge, nine miles out; it being a smooth, level prairie all the way, and but little travel except on the cars.

The road was an air-line, and when I had got half over the distance, I saw, walking on the track, a young man and a young woman; each one carrying a small parcel, and having the appearance of fugitives. That was long before Mr. Greeley had instructed the young men to "Go West," and this pair had really got the start of the *Tribune* seer, for they were going West as fast as they could walk, and at the time of my meeting them, had a long stretch before them, that promised no pleasing company, except as they found in each other. After turning my engine I started back, and in a short time overtook the wanderers, when I stopped the engine and invited them to ride. At first they seemed a little timid, but I quieted their fears, and having got them nicely seated in the cab I started on. By severe questioning, I learned that the young man had been in the employ of a farmer in Chautauqua County, N. Y., that the girl was the only daughter of the farmer; that they had determined on getting married against the will of the parents, and had ran away, seeking that haven of rest, Chicago. Here they got out of money, and as the young man failed to get work, they had started out to look for a place among the farmers. I took them to the junction, where his story awakened a good deal of interest for them among the railroad men, resulting in placing him at DeKalb as a night wiper of locomotives. Here they continued through the winter, and as I used to see them at times, I think I never saw two persons who seemed to be better or more lovingly mated than they.

The following spring I lost sight of them, but subsequently learned that they had returned East. A few days after Christmas, 1875, I went into Everett's dining

rooms, Washington market, New York, and ordered dinner. While waiting to be served, I saw a well-to-do farmer-looking individual enter and take a seat at the next table. He was in conversation with a butcher, and I thought I recognized something familiar in the voice and features of the new-comer.

So impressed was I with the belief that I had seen him before, that on finishing my lunch I approached and asked him if we had not met somewhere. He failed to remember ever having seen me, and I was about to go away, when I asked if he had ever been on the Northwestern Railway. At first he answered in the negative, but quickly correcting himself he said, "Why, yes, I was out there years ago." "Did you work for the Company?" "Yes, I wiped engines at DeKalb one winter?" Then, for the first time, it occurred to me who he was, and I asked if he remembered being picked up one Sunday between Chicago and Oak Ridge.

"I shall never forget that!" said he; and I know you must be the man who befriended me then. How my wife would like to see you!" and he arose and grasped my hand in token of my former kindness and his remembrance of it. I learned that his wife's parents had sent for them to come back the spring that I missed them; that he had finally come into possession of the farm, on the death of his father-in-law; had been very successful, and was at that time delivering two car loads of stock to the butcher by his side. I spent a half hour with him and we parted, I promising to call on him some good day, and he assuring me that a good wife and two children would join him in welcoming me to a pleasant farm-house in Chautauqua County, whenever I came there.—*Rochester Express*.

Washington Correspondence Pittsburgh Leader.

A GOOD STORY, TRUE OR NOT.

HOW ZACH CHANDLER GOT EVEN WITH ROSCOE CONKLING.

CHANDLER loves to boast of his strength. Upon this particular occasion he raised his arm over the table. "See my muscle," said he; "I can lick any man of my size anywhere, if I am an old man; that is because I am scienced in the business. But I won't lick a man unless he is a gentleman. Now, when a man tells damlise about me, my way is to go and lick him, if he is a gentleman. Now look at Donn Pott (Piatt); he tells more damlise about me, and I would lick him, but Donn Pott is no gentleman. George Townsend I was going to lick once for telling a damlie about me; and I hunted for him for over a week, but before I found him I learned that he was no gentleman, and so his hide was saved."

Chandler's great hobby is his skill as a pugilist. Roscoe Conkling is also a great boxer. He has a private gymnasium in his residence at Washington, where after dinner he invites such of his friends as are gymnastically inclined for a friendly little bout with the gloves. Conkling is a very good amateur boxer, and as he is a very large, powerful man, he generally has it his own way with the guests who are bold enough to put the gloves on with him.

For some time it was an open dispute between Chandler and Conkling which was the better boxer of the two. Chandler would, after every dinner party of which he was a member, calmly assert that he could lick any man of his weight in the United States. One day last winter Chandler dined with Conkling, and the latter inveigled the great war Seneator into the private gymnasium. The gloves were

donned, and the two doughty champions began to make graceful Senatorial passes toward one another, according to the most approved rules of the P. R. The bout, however, was of very short duration. Chandler suddenly received a blow between the eyes, which caused the huge Senatorial form to go over backward; his trusty legs failed him, and then he sat down so hard that tears came out of his eyes. It took four men to get the war Senator upon his legs, but he threw up the sponge at once, without any further effort to punish Conkling. The only remark he was heard to make was, "Damn strange," and "I'll fix him yet."

Conkling and Chandler were much together in a social way, and it was not long after the above occurrence when Chandler received another invitation to come up to his house and spread his legs under Conkling's social board. Chandler sent back word that he regretted very much his inability to be present, that he had a guest at his house, a valued constituent from Michigan, and he could not leave him.

Conkling sent back word, "Bring your friend along." With this form of invitation Chandler consented to come up. He brought his friend with him, and introduced him as Mr. Howard, of Detroit, Michigan.

Howard was a sad-eyed man of diffident manners, who contented himself with paying a very close attention to the themes of the bill of fare rather than to join in the general conversation of the dinner table. Conkling was in great glee during the dinner. He told over and over again the story of Chandler's discomfiture as a boxer, and never seemed to tire of asking him what he thought about his ability to lick any man in the United States. Chandler took all these remarks in an absent-minded way, as if, suddenly, he had become lifted above any such petty ambition of considering himself a fine athlete. After dinner Conkling led his guests into the gymnasium for a general smoke and chat.

"Come," said he pleasantly to Chandler, "don't you want another bout with the gloves?" and then Conkling laughed again in his most cheerful, turkey-gobbler style, as he put on a pair of gloves.

"No, I don't want to box," said Chandler, "but perhaps my friend here would consent to amuse you." Turning to Mr. Howard, Chandler remarked, "You box, do you not?"

Mr. Howard still looked sad-eyed and absent-minded. He did once know something about it, but it was such a long time ago.

"Come, come," said Conkling, "let us have a friendly bout. I won't hurt you."

Evidently the great New York Senator was pining to knock some one down. The sad-eyed Mr. Howard, evidently flattered at the prospect of being knocked down by so distinguished a man, began slowly to put on a pair of gloves. As he was drawing on the gloves Chandler was observed to walk down a little to the background. A contented look was on his face, and every now and then he would raise his huge right foot up under his swaying voluminous coat-tail and give himself a congratulatory kick, expressive of rapture.

The sad-eyed man now came forward, and the round began. Conkling was for proceeding at once to knock his opponent down, and he would have done so had he not found great difficulty in getting anywhere near the sad-eyed man. The affair culminated by the sad-eyed man suddenly rushing forward and landing a thunder-bolt of a fist between Conkling's eyes. The Senator went over like a big tree, and rolled into the corner of the room, where he lay for a moment stunned by the concussion. He was heard to say afterward that he thought a house had fallen on him.

Conkling had enough of boxing for once. Chandler made several little remarks about the skill of his friend Conkling, which were not received in the most cheerful way. Judge of Conkling's feelings the next day when he learned that Chandler had played a joke upon him by giving Mr. Howard \$100 to come up and bounce Mr. Conkling. The Mr. Howard, of Detroit, Mich., was no other than Jem Mace.

A QUERY ANSWERED!

BY N. W. PARKER.

Query—"Are Firemen paid for what they do; Engineers for what they know?"
By A. L. Burnham, B. of L. E. Journal.

My friend, how came the Engineer his good posish to have,
 To sit enthroned as monitor, and hold the throttle valve?
 Was he created, cut and dried, a full-fledged Engineer,
 Or did he climb to where he stands through trials most severe?
 Is there in this fair land to-day, where all things new are played,
 A factory where Engineers are formed and "ready-made?"
 Or do they rise as other men, who to distinction go,
 By climbing up fame's ladder, sir, and starting from below?
 Does he not run the local freight, through cold and storm and rain,
 To turn the break and watch his chance, some better post to gain?
 And when at last some better post, his merit does attain,
 And he controls the destiny of all souls on his train,
 Is he not paid for what he does, for what he knows, the same,
 As he who oils the engines wheels, and makes her furnace flame?
 Had he not passed the training school the Fireman now is in,
 He never could be where he is, to draw his monthly *tin*.
 If he is paid for what he knows, and not for labor true,
 Why don't he stay at home, my boy, and leave the place for you?
 The Engineer and Fireman, by fate are both enchained;
 The one can not desert his post, the other one remain;
 The one his engine true must guide, and watch her human train;
 The other standing by his side, must stroke her fiery mane.
 No higher post can mortal fill, with iron nerve to stand,
 To hold the lives, the hopes, the fears, of mortals in his hand;
 To watch his engine's every throb, her pulse, her mighty strain,
 To oil, and feed, and water her, her equipoise maintain.
 The twain thus blend and join in one, their labor joins them too,
 And they are paid because *they know*, just *when*, and *what to do*.
 And no distinction can be made, 'twixt what they know and do,
 For knowledge with their labor blends, or they could never do.
 And boys, if we were paid in fact, our labor's value true,
 We'd have more time for honest thought, know better *how* to do.

THE SORT OF BRIDEGROOM AN OLD BACHELOR MAKES.

London Letter from Prentice Mulford, in the San Francisco Bulletin.

I AM still married and intend remaining so for some months to come. But marriage is a fearful and risky business. No one knows what may turn up on either side. Temper and temperament are such peculiar things. However, all as yet is quiet on the Potomac. The marriage service has never been fully written out. People who marry don't know what they are promising. The bond should read: "You promise to take this man or this woman for life; you must not after this walk or talk with any other woman, if you are a man, or any other man, if you are a woman, save in the most circumspect and guarded manner; you must not become interested in any other woman; if you are interested you must not show it; you must consider your wife or your husband as the incomparable man or woman in the universe; there must be none other like unto him or her; if there be, or you think there be, you must if possible not believe it, or try not to believe it; you must now be wholly devoted to each other; you must also now lay aside all remembrance of your old flames; you must get rid of the idea that you ever had any regard for them; if you had, you must try and make yourself believe you had not, and if such a notion will stick to you, you must never mention it to each other, or there will be a row."

Young man and young woman! you think that the divine intoxication of courtship is to last forever. You think it is always going to be an ecstatic pleasure to trudge a mile through mud and rain to buy Seraphine Ann a paper of pins. But this state of things can't last. It's too high pressure. It must cool down. When you are married, and she is yours and you are hers, and the novelty of the affair is over, and you are fairly settled down into "old married folks," then comes the test. Then, if you have been a crabbed old bachelor, full of little whims, habits and peculiarities, as is the fretful porcupine of quills, then will come the tug of war. Don't you recollect how, when single, and you came home after some tedious business, heated, tired, irritable, and disgusted with the world, and got alone in your room, that you used to fling books and blacking-brushes about, and swear and thrash around for an hour or two before you simmered down into comparative calmness? Well, matrimony won't cure this—at least at first. But you mustn't cut up so now. Even a temporary raving maniac is not a proper or a pleasant person for any young woman to be shut up alone with.

And if, on entering, she sees trouble written on your face, and asks you "What's the matter?" and you reply, "Oh, nothing," because you don't want to be spoken to, and above all things, it annoys and irritates you to be so interrogated, and still she persists in asking "What's the matter?" and still you try to say, "Oh, nothing," as mildly as you can, only it won't be said mildly, and it comes off your tongue as a pistol-shot, and you would just then like to bite somebody's head off. Oh, won't you at such a time wonder where the amiability, the oil, the sugar, the honey, the sunshine of courtship has all gone to?

And how will you feel, you who have been accustomed to go in and out of your vile bachelor's den without inquiry or hindrance? How will you feel as you start to go out for the purpose of getting a drink around the corner, to hear her say

"Where are you going?" and this a dozen times a day, and every time it is asked you must stand and rack your brains for a new lie.

And those girls on the opposite side of the street who are always at the window, and with whom, before marriage, you carried on a sort of optical flirtation, which, to be sure, went no further than the eyes—how do you feel now as you catch yourself still looking into those windows and find your wife regarding you in a peculiar manner, and you know that she knows that you know how she knows all about your goings on at those windows!

But I have learned a great deal during my short matrimonial career. I would not have remained single if only for the sake of the information I've gained. I know now, in the first place, that one's wife is never in the least wrong. If there's a row, it's you, all you, every bit your fault. You may labor by the hour trying to make her own up that there being one pound avoirdupois or sixteen ounces of blame between you, you are willing to take fifteen ounces of that blame, provided she will but shoulder the remaining ounce, and she won't. When she says she will be only five minutes getting ready to go out, it means an hour, and when she says she's all ready, it means fifteen minutes more for putting on the final touches. She may never be considered really dressed until fairly out of the house and round the corner, and even then the chances are that she's forgotten gloves or handkerchief.

If there was a bed-room a mile long, and her entire wardrobe could be packed in a bandbox, still you'd find portions of that wardrobe scattered along the whole mile of dressing-room. She's a nice thing to look at when put together, but this wonderful creation is evolved from a chaos interminable of pins, ribbons, rags, powder, thread, brushes, combs and laces.

If there were seven thousand drawers in your room, and you ask for but one to be kept sacred and inviolate for your own private use, that particular one would be full of hair-pins, ribbons and soiled cuffs. Some provision, some protection in this matter, should be inserted in the marriage service.

TOIL.

BY LEE O. HARRIS.

TWAS in a visioned sleep my spirit saw,
The earth, as first at God's supreme behest,
It came from chaos, fashioned by the hand
Of Nature, His artificer, whose skill obeys
The sovereign will of Heaven's Omnipotence,
And terror lurked along its lovely vales,
In shape of savage beast, and death lay coiled,
With serpent fangs, among its fairest flowers;
And wild magnificence dwelt in the hills,
Where gloomy caverns echoed back the roar
Of rushing torrents and great waterfalls,
Of moaning forests and of battling storms;
And grandeur sat beside the lonely shore,
Where heaved the ocean, like a mighty heart
Imprisoned in the rock-ribbed breast of earth;

Tumultuous heaved and beat the sounding shore,
As beats a captive on his dungeon bars,
Despairing, hopeless, lost, yet struggling still.
Oh, wildly beautiful was earth, and yet
Insentient in its beauty as the stone
Which takes, beneath the sculptor's skillful hand,
The human form divine, yet lacks the soul.
And soulless was the earth, and all unmeet
To glorify and yield its Maker praise.
For in creations casket still it lay,
A priceless gem, yet all uncut, unset
Among the jewels in the crown of God.

* * * * *

I saw a mighty spirit tread the earth,
Strong-limbed and brown, and from his ruddy brow
Great drops of sweat ran trickling down and fell
Upon the earth and, where they lay, sprang up
The yellow harvest like a sea of gold.
He trod in majesty along the vales,
And, where his footsteps pressed the fruitful ground,
Long ranks of maize upreared their tasseled heads,
And waved their banners o'er the conquered soil.
He laid his hand upon the tangled wild,
It opened like a curtain at his touch,
And vanished like the mist before the sun,
And lo! a fruitful land, thick studded o'er
With teeming farms and hamlets, cities, towns,
Whence rose the songs of joyous industry,
The sweetest sounds that reach the ears of Heaven.
He chained the heedless torrent of the hills,
Obedient to the hand of thrifty toil.
The earth he girded with a zone of steel,
And bound the souls of water and of fire,
Subservient to his will to conquer both,
And sent them forth as messengers for man.
Where'er he trod the earth took shapelier form,
And generous-handed plenty followed close.
Brown Agriculture bared his dewy brow
To do him grateful homage as he passed,
While fair Pomona spread her wealth of fruit,
And Ceres, smiling, tipped her teeming horn,
And queenly Commerce dipped her pennon low
To greet the conqueror of land and sea.
And then I heard resound through all the land
One mighty voice of song and grateful praise,
And earth held up her thankful hands to heaven
And blessed her Maker for the gift of Toil.

NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN.

SOCRATES, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments.

Cato, at eighty years of age, began to study the Greek language.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin.

Boccaccio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in light literature; yet he became one of the greatest masters of the Tuscan dialect—Dante and Plutarch being the other two.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer.

Doctor Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death.

Ludovico Monaldesco, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen years, wrote the memoirs of his own times.

Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the Iliad, his most pleasing production.

Thousands of examples of men who commenced a new study, either for livelihood or amusement, at an advanced age, could be cited. But every one familiar with the biography of distinguished men will recollect individual cases enough to convince him that none but the sick and indolent will ever say: "I am too old to learn."

SOMNAMBULISM EXTRAORDINARY.

A BOY STEPS OFF A MOVING EXPRESS TRAIN AND ESCAPES INJURY.

[From the Milwaukee Wisconsin, Oct. 7.]

A REMARKABLE incident occurred during the run of the express train over the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway, due here at twelve o'clock last night. Among the passengers was a lady named Dixon, with a family of eight children, seven boys and one girl, the eldest of the former being fourteen years. As the train sped towards Milwaukee the children one by one dropped asleep. The train passed Lake Station, and was flying over the rails at the rate of fully thirty miles an hour when the mother missed her eldest boy, and caught a glimpse of his slender form as it passed through and out upon the platform. She hurried after him, but before she could reach the platform he was gone. He had stepped off the car, and plunged into the abyss of darkness that shrouded the train and its surroundings. The poor woman became frantic with grief when she realized that her idolized son, the oldest of her interesting flock, had encountered a danger from which the chance of escape from certain death was perhaps but one out of one hundred. The remaining occupants of the car were also terror-stricken to such an extent that steps were instantly taken to find the conductor, with the view of having the train stopped and backed to the scene of the accident.

By the time this could be accomplished, however, Milwaukee was so close at hand that the conductor concluded to make the depot and send a party of men to search the track for the lad. A switch engine was accordingly dispatched, which proceeded as far as Lake Station, where the youth was found wandering about upon the platform in a state of bewilderment, rubbing his eyes and feeling of his shoulder and head, which had sustained slight scratches and bruises. Beyond these not the slightest injury could be discovered. The lad could give no account of his singular action. He knew only that he had fallen asleep in the car with his brothers and sister and was awakened by the shock of striking the earth upon his shoulders. The violence of the concussion caused him to roll over and over down the slight embankment of the road bed, and by the time he could collect his scattered senses and regain his feet the train was out of sight. Not knowing which way to proceed, he wandered along the track at random, and soon reached the platform of Lake Station, where he had concluded to remain until daybreak, when the rescuing party came up. The joy of the mother on finding her boy safe and sound can better be imagined than described. He had passed through a terrible ordeal in a somnambulist state, and escaped without a sprain or fracture, and no discomfort beyond that occasioned by a few scratches and bruises. Mrs. Dixon is *en route* from Montreal to Manitoba, in the British possessions, where her husband is at present engaged as a contractor. She remained in the city until this afternoon, when the journey to the new home in the far north-west was resumed. The story of the wonderful escape spread like wildfire on the south side, and resulted in making the mother and her family objects of interest during their stay.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"WHAT we want," demand the tramps, "is work and pay; you do the work and we take the pay."

"WHAT is your son doing in the battle of life?" asks the *Christian Helper*. "Well, he appears to be drawing rations most of the time just at present, thank you."

A NOTED sharper, wishing to ingratiate himself with a clergyman, says: "Parson, I should like to hear you preach more than I can tell you." "Well," responded the clergyman, "if you had been where you ought to have been last Sunday, you would have heard me." "Where was that," asked the sharper. "In the county jail," was the reply.

A MOTHER out on West Hill heard the low murmur of voices in the boys' room, the other night, after she had gone to bed. With noiseless footsteps and bated breath, she stole to the door and listened. The room was dark, the voices were low and earnest. What visions of future greatness were the sons of her heart recounting to each other? What plans for wealth, for glory, for pleasure, filled their boyish hearts? She bent forward and leaned closer toward the bed to catch one earnest word of the murmured thoughts that were surging from her boys' hearts up to their lips. She heard: "Ben, you bow-legged son of a pagan, if you dont take your clammy mud-hooks off my back, I'll h'ist ye."

What will the harvest bee? Get him up the leg of your pantaloons and you'll mighty soon find out.

A Christian Home.—About thirty years ago, while Rev. Charles G. Finney was absent from home holding revival meetings in Boston, a gentleman called to see him on business. Mr. Finney's little daughter, five years old, answered the door-bell. "Is your father in?" asked the stranger. "No," replied the little girl. "But walk in, poor dying sinner! Mother can pray for you."

It is said that when the Danbury News' man has a thought strike him while in bed, he immediately gets up, lights a candle and writes out the joke. The neighbors say this. If the neighbors would watch a little closer they might see him hunting through the bed-clothes for little dark objects, or slamming his pillow up against the wall and catching it on its return, or may be rushing down stairs with his pants in his hands. One of the above is the real state of things, or else the D. N. M. forgets were he places the memoranda.

The Lime-Kiln Club on Frizzes, Bangs, and Powder.—It being generally known that no collection would be taken up, there was an unusually large attendance of Lime-Kilners, and when the bell rang the audience to order every bench seemed taken. Brother Gardner looked the picture of perfect health as he shook the kinks out of his spine, and said: "Gem'en what am dat objeck on dat sky-blue stool ober dar? "Dat's de water-pail," was the answer. "Jess so, gem'en—jess so. If dat pail war painted red or blew, what would it be?" "Nuffin but a pail." Jess so again. If we shud paint dat pail, an' fresco de handle, and siver-plate de hoops, an' call it de Tower ob London, it wouldn't be de tower any moar dan it is now. We is all agreed on dat—all but de women. My ole woman who am black as de one-spot ob spades, lame in de leff leg, and wid no moar bewty dan de hind eend of a butcher-cart, frizzes a curl ober her leff ear, ties a red ribbon aroun' her froat, puts on a bustle, squeezes her corset till she can't holler, and sails down de street wid de ideah in her ear dat she's a turkey ob de fust water. She reckons dat nobody can gaze on her widout a shiver ob admiration, and dat folks will e-magine dat I own all de corner lots on de Brush fa'm. But she's nuffin but my ole woman arter all—nuffin but a bundle ob groans an' a heap ob aches. Walk out on de street, and what d'ye see? Ebery female in de lan' rubs paint on her cheeks and powder on her face. Dey frizz deir ha'r, squeeze up on deir corsets, nip along on deir toes, and deir hull aim is to deceive de men into believin' dat dey am han'sum an' lubly. De uglier an' meaner-lookin' de woman am, de moar she frizzes and de harder she nips. De less money dey hab to dress on, de richer de duds are, an' de moar jewelry dey wave aroun'. A man stan's up in de broad light ob day, and de hull worl' kin see if he's humbly an' ugly an' lame an' sneaky, but de woman sails along in a cloud ob gorgusness, an' de lameness and de deception doan' come out till arter she's got you fas'. Ef a pig is a pig, why should we call him a cook stove? Ef a woman is a woman, why de need ob all dis paint an' powder an' nippin' aroun'? De white man doan' appreciate it, de nigger is sick ob it, an' I tell you, gem'en, dat de time am cumin' when dis country am gwine to sigh mighty hard for a return ob de days when a clean calico dress an' a healthy woman went roun' in company."—*Detroit Free Press.*



WM. N. SAYRE, *Editor.*

E. V. DEBS, *Associate Editor.*

OUR ORDER.

With the present issue we usher into existence the third volume of our Magazine. For the past two years our little book has appeared regularly, though we must reluctantly admit that it has not received the patronage to which it is so eminently entitled. Eminently entitled, did I say? Yes, and I repeat it. To those who have given its columns even a limited share of their attention, it would be useless and superfluous to say that the splendid contributions of Mr. T. S. Abbott and "Marshall," are alone worth double the amount asked for the book.

These gentlemen have been firm friends to our organization in the past, and we are assured that they will continue to be so in the future. Their contributions are able and instructive, and should be read by all classes of persons in pursuit of literary knowledge. In addition to the assistance given us by these eminent writers we shall devote considerable space to the latest railway news, and endeavor to give our patrons an insight into the object of our Brotherhood, together with a limited amount of choice reading matter. With this assurance on our part, in order to encourage our patronage, we will now speak more directly of the object of our institution and what we propose to do in the future for the welfare of our members. In the first place let us admit that the calloused hand of prejudice is slowly relaxing its grasp from our organization. We are no longer an object of contempt, but instead are recognized as a band of men joined together in order to cultivate themselves, as well as to protect their families. The ill feeling and hostility that once existed between railway corporations and the members of our brotherhood has been banished, and we trust forever. There never was a time when an object could be accomplished or a permanent point gained by the exercise of degrading means, and in recognition of this principle the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen shall act only as becomes gentlemen when they attempt to enhance their interests as laborers.

Without an established organization they can never gain an ascendancy in the estimation of their employers. And *why?* Because they have no standard by which to govern their actions; they have not given their sacred honor that they would be honest, moral and upright in their behavior; they have not pledged themselves to support the widows and orphans of their brothers, instead of depositing their surplus earnings with the keepers of some vile grog-shop. Then again our institution serves to separate the grain from the chaff. It acts as the "Great Judge," who says: "These are worthy." "Those are not." It draws the line between the man who is faith-

ful in the discharge of his duty, and the one who is wanting in this qualification. It is a solemn fact that a class of laborers are more often judged by the individual actions of a worthless few, than by the good conduct of the praiseworthy many. Unfortunately this rule is often applied to our Brotherhood, as our entire body is sometimes condemned for the misconduct of a single member. While it often occurs that some of our members grossly violate their pledged faith to act in harmony with our teachings, it is not by resorting to means of extreme severity that we endeavor to stem their course, but rather by a species of gentle reproof and admonition. We only ask that this effort on our part meet with the approbation of our superior officers. We feel ourselves in duty bound, in the face of the objects we have proclaimed, to give to railway corporations a class of sober and industrious men. A class of men who are not only satisfied with having performed the ordinary functions of their situations, but men who will be in the direct interest of their employers. Men who will save fuel and oil, and protect the machinery and other property entrusted to their care; in other words, to give to our superior officers trained and intelligent labor, shall be our highest aim. We believe that they then in return will recognize our merit and say: "Well done, my good and faithful servants." May the time soon come when these prospects will have been fully realized, and then the struggling masses of our association will not have labored in vain.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

It is with great pleasure, mingled with pride, born of a laudable ambition to please, that we invite the attention of the Brotherhood, our subscribers and exchanges, to the beautiful frontispiece that graces our present issue. It is designed to portray, in characters of living light, the thought, and sentiment contained in the poem of N. W. Parker, entitled "Our New Year's Greeting," which adorns the first page of our present volume. At the top on one hand, the old year 1878, is seen passing off of the stage of action, while on the other hand is seen the New Year 1879 entering upon the scene. In the front is seen the Head-light of an Engine, whose gorgeous rays are reflecting and sending out to all the world in general, to Canada and the United States in particular, and especially to the Brotherhood, the thoughts and deeds and sentiments of the grand old Motto, "*Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry*," so gracefully entwined about its staffs, and over its top. That Head-light and its rays mean much more than we can here express. It gives life and love and joy to the Brotherhood, to the maimed, the halt, the widow, the orphan, and the aged, whose husband, brother, father or loved one—through the broken rail, the wash-out, the open switch, and the countless other ways in which our brothers go—has stepped across the "River of Death," to rest there in the flowery arbors of the beautiful land of the Leal. Hanging pendant from the Head-light is the letter "B," the symbol of the Brotherhood. On one hand, the Order in Canada is symbolized by the Canadian emblem, the Beaver. On the other, the American Eagle, the proud bird, "Emblem of the Free," stands sponsor for the Order here.

The key to the whole scene stands in the foreground—The Widow, with grateful heart, is placing the laurel, moistened with her tears, on the head of the kneeling Fireman. Beside her stands a child clothed by the Order, while in her arms she holds a "little one" waiting for active beneficence of the Brotherhood. Her cottage

is seen in the distance. While on the other hand, we see the engine awaiting the return of her stoker. Over and above all, to crown and beautify the whole, is a steamer, floating the salutation "*A Happy New Year*," our greeting to mankind.

CUTTING PASSENGER RATES.

One of the best established facts in railroading, as well as in all other departments of industry is, that a certain profit must be made out of it, or the business must cease. Take, for instance, the passenger traffic: certain rates must be charged between certain points in order to make it pay to the owners of the road. The wisdom in carrying on this traffic consists in charging just such rates as will induce the largest amount of travel, and at the same time secure to the road a fair profit on each passenger. This maximum rate can only be arrived at by actual experience on each of the various roads. After it is arrived at, the expenses of the road and the pay of the employees should be based upon this profit, and after the matter of pay to the employees has once been established on the basis of this profit, and to the satisfaction of such employees, it should never be changed without the easily ascertained consent of such employees. For instance, certain rates of fare have been established for a long time between Indianapolis, Chicago, Cincinnati and the East; it is to be presumed that the different roads between these points were making a fair profit at these established rates, and that they could afford, out of this profit, to pay their employees at least living wages. But suddenly, from some cause known only to the Scotts and Vanderbilts, these competing lines begin to "cut" on passenger rates. They have quarreled among themselves, probably, about a division of "pools," and immediately there is a rumpus, and the great war begins. Now, the question is, who pays the fiddler? To a large extent, the employees of the road, of course. If their wages are not immediately cut down, they are compelled to wait two, three, and in some cases, six months for their pay. Is this system just? Ought there not to be certain established rates between certain points—such rates as will secure to the employees good wages regularly paid—and regulations to keep the rates up to the standard, so as to prevent these periodical railroad wars, and their consequent bad effects upon the employees? Contracts with employees should be as sacred as any others, and if competing roads *must* have a "big fight," let there be a law that employees shall not suffer for it. God knows their wages are small enough, and are paid irregularly enough, even in the best of times. We protest against cutting of passenger rates.

GRAND LODGE ORDERS.

MEMBERS of the order will be careful in examining cards, as to dates, seal and name.

RECORDING Secretaries of Lodges will make sure that each brother away from home receives a new Constitution and By-Law.

SEND in your Lodge address for MAGAZINE at earliest moment.

AGENTS for the MAGAZINE in cities and towns, where there are more than one railroad, should have their subscribers books come in separate wrappers. A subscriber failing to get his number, will be furnished the same by dropping a postal card to W. N. Sayre, Indianapolis, Ind.

Correspondence.

OUR INDIA LETTER.

BY T. S. ABBOTT.

I have often spoken of Punks in my letters. I will try and describe one to you. First make a frame of slips of bamboo, each slip being, say six inches wide, and about as thick. Make your frame six feet long by two feet wide. On this frame tack some strips of cotton cloth. Then over this cotton, is put heavy cambric or pieces of silk, to match the covering of ones furniture, or the color of the walls of the room. On the lower edge or bottom of the frame, a frill of silk or brown linen is tacked on, and your punka is done. The frill is to be six inches wide. Next thing is to hang it up. Some punkas are just covered with cotton and then painted to match the fresco of the room for which they are intended. I saw some punkas covered with red silk, and these had large gilt scrolls in each corner, and were quite gorgeous. Other punkas are made in this way: A long pole of turned teak wood, or else mahogany, many of these have gilt balls on each end; on this pole is fastened a deep frill, say sixteen inches wide. This is made of brown linen, or silk. Such punkas as these are quite ornamental. We had them at our house. We had them in the morning room, library and drawing rooms. These punkas hang from the ceiling by long cords. The houses in India are very high studded. Ours is thirty-five feet stud. Our punkas had a ring on each end, and one in the center, on top of the frame. The cords are put into these rings. These cords are 12 feet long, and are fastened to strong brass hooks in one of the beams in the ceiling. They are covered with silk or linen to conceal them. Each punka hangs high enough for people to pass under it. Well, after the punka is hung up it must be fixed so it can be used. In the centre of the frame, on each end of the punka, is a brass ring; a heavy cord is put through these rings, and in the centre of this cord, another cord is fastened, and this cord goes across the room to a hole in the wall. Just over this hole is a pulley, and the cord passes over it before going into the hole. This hole is lined with a tin tube, and the cord goes through this, and then over another pulley and hangs down outside, into the verandah or sometimes into the next room. Here sits the punka wallah, and he pulls the cord up and down, and this makes the pankha swing backward and forward, and so cools the air in one's room or office. We always had two in most all our rooms, bed-rooms also, and these were connected by cords, and one man pulled them both. In the bed-rooms these punkas hang right over one's bed. I have told you before that our bedsteads stood in the center of the room, and it is for this reason, to be right under the punka. The bearers always pin a long towel to the frill of the punka, so as to bring it down just clear of the tip of one's nose, so one gets plenty of air as it moves back and forth while they are sleeping. We never use musquito nets or curtains during the hot season. It would almost suffocate you to sleep under them. The nights are close and hot, and don't cool off as they sometimes do in America. The same heat holds on right through the night, as we have had all day, only the sun is gone. Still the glass is often up to 100° all night, and it is

anything but pleasant. Even the punka don't afford you much relief. Then the punka wallah plagues one almost to death. You have two sets of these men, one set for day, and one for night. Yet they are such cheats that your night men will let themselves out by the day, and then come to you at night half dead for want of sleep. They pull your punka till you fall asleep, then stop, lie down, and go to sleep themselves. By and by you awake with a start, and are wet through with perspiration, and lo! the punka hangs listlessly above one's head. Then one gives it a pull, and sometimes it starts the fellow up, and he pulls till you are just dozing off, and then stops. By this time one's temper gets started, and out of bed he flies, and out he goes and finds the punka man stretched out on the cool marble pavement asleep and snoring. Well, you give him a good kick, or resounding slap on the side of his head, at the same time calling him a sewer and a billy, terms of reproach, which are horrible to them, especially a sewer, which means a pig, and billy a cat. Well, the fellow gets on his knees, puts his hands up before him in a supplicating way, and says—"Sahib, Sahib, puddi poo," which means, he will work quick. So Sahib gets back into bed perfectly used up with heat, and finally falls asleep, and awakens in the early morning to find his bearer pulling the punka. Then sometimes if one gets all out of patience at night, a pitcher of water is a great thing. It is a terrible thing for natives to have water thrown on them by a European, as Europeans are as unclean beasts to them. Still if one gets out of all patience, as I often used to, I would slip out of bed, take my great pitcher, which held nearly two buckets of water, (and which my bearer always put by the side of my bed at night,) steal out into the verandah, find the fellow sound asleep, then up with my pitcher and let him have it, a regular flood. Such a time as he would make! Then I would get back to bed again, and he would pull the punka like all fury till he gets over his mad a little, and then if I were asleep he would pull it by fits and starts till daylight, and then let one of them take hold, and when I awake my bearer has my bath ready, and I get out of bed and step into my bath of sacred water from the Ganges river. We are always glad when punka time goes by. We use them during the hot and rainy season, from the first of May to the first of November. Sometimes the heat sets in early in April. It is a great relief to get rid of the wallahs or men. Of course, these punkas are everywhere, and are found in houses, offices, storcs, theatres, halls and churches. I used often to be amused at church, where they have long rows of them, ten or twelve in a row, and these hang just low enough for people to pass under them. They break the sound of the clergyman's voice, and sometimes one hears a whole sentence, and then again you don't hear a word, and sometimes you see him and again he is lost to sight. In some churches the punkas hang rather low, and being somewhat tall I generally got a blow across my forehead, much to the amusement of the crowd around me, if I stood up under a low punka. Of course it was an unexpected blow and very annoying to me; so I generally kept my sitting in church. It also seems odd to see these native men standing about in different parts of a church pulling the punkas.

[To be continued.]

TIM FAGAN ABROAD.

How natural to express our admiration of a pleasing scene! A block of marble from the sculptor's hands, a perfect model of the master-piece of the Creator's work! The canvas on the painter's easel shows to us so clearly, so life-like, that boat yonder leaving the shore, that in our admiration we forget the picture and listen to the voices in the boat, the gentle dipping of the oars, their splash in the water, and rattle of the oar-locks. Such scenes or works of art force from us an expression of the pleasure they afford.

It is this same feeling, caused by my short visit to Dunkirk, Indianapolis, and many other places of great interest, after the Convention, which prompts me to write this letter. Dunkirk is a lovely town with a breeze from the lake, that in the heat of those summer months was cool and refreshing. Here is located the extensive machine shops of the "Brooks' Locomotive Works," which of course we paid a visit, a visit that gives me a pleasure to record. When I say we, I mean a friend, whose kind invitation I accepted to spend a few days at his home in Dunkirk.

Mr. Jackson, who makes all drafts and drawings of the Brooks Locomotive Boiler—this is his special business, which he has followed in the employ of this firm for many years—took particular pains to show and explain to us the many and different kinds of boilers, of which he had plans in his office, for broad and narrow gauge engines, the number and size of flues in the different boilers, why he would lessen the number of flues—speaking of the narrow gauge engine—and increase their size from $1\frac{3}{4}$ inch to 2 inch, thereby increasing the water space without taking from the heating surface. He admired the appearance which a "wagon-top" boiler gave to the locomotive, while it added to the space for dry steam, a view in which your humble servant fully agrees. He clearly explained the relationship that all boilers bear to the size of the cylinder which that boiler would supply with the necessary steam. The foundry, the machine shop, the blacksmith shop, the boiler shop, and the different other departments were visited, and showed such an excellent system of government existing throughout, that the slightest mistake made by any of the mechanics, either by carelessness or incompetency—should there be any—could be traced back to that workman who had made it. The engines that were pronounced "done" and stood in the shop ready for the road, with their solid steel fire-boxes, were certainly to be admired for their beauty of finish and workmanship, while durability was stamped in their proportional build.

On my way back to Denver I visited Brother Sayre, and a visit to Brother Sayre is equivalent, for it means and must be a visit to see Indianapolis, with her public building, park, business houses and resources, United State Arsenal, and last and best, her public officers.

Brother Sayre showed me the court house, a fine, noble looking structure, a pile that Indianapolis may well feel proud of. The interior of this building is indeed grand, it seemed no pains or expense were spared in the decorations. Large life-size figures ornament the ceilings of the different courts, appropriately representing that court. For instance in the criminal court is represented the man branded with murder; his hands and feet are shackled; a downcast and dejected appearance. He appears entering the court accompanied by the guard; in front of him sits the judge; Justice is there, in her left hand the scales, in her right the sword. The man is doomed to die—but look at that figure kneeling close

by his side, one hand beseeching the judge, the other pointing towards two children weeping in each others arms a short distance behind. She is pleading in this humiliating position with all the power and eloquence of a wife and mother; pleading for his life, her happiness, and the future of those little ones. Where is the heart this will not touch! She is the personification of mercy. These figures are all life-size and are finely executed.

I had the pleasure to meet Sergeant Farer, at the United States Arsenal in Indianapolis, where Brother Sayre spent a few days rest. Sergeant Farer was at that time in charge of Brother Sayre, and treated him like a brother, showing him great respect and attention.

I should have stated that in the court house building are the city and county offices. Mr. Austin C. Brown, is the county clerk, a gentleman whose acquaintance I had the pleasure to form, and had a few moments of pleasant conversation with. We passed on to the mayor's office, where we found his honor, J. T. Caven, looking over some papers and busy in the affairs of his office. Mayor Caven in the course of conversation expressed a high opinion of the railroad men with whom he had any dealing. He spoke warmly of the implicit confidence he placed in them during the great strike of 1877. "They promised me," he said, "to preserve as much as in their power, the lives and property of the citizens of Indianapolis, the railroad companies' shops, engine houses, etc., and they faithfully kept their word; not a railroad spike was destroyed." He continued, and said, "why could I not trust these men in an evil hour in the face of such danger; the railroad companies give into their hands every day thousands of lives, and millions of dollars worth of property, which are faithfully taken to their destination. Then why could I not trust them with the preservation of the City of Indianapolis, and the lives of its citizens." This was Mayor Caven's knowledge of railroad men. He spoke highly of Brother Sayre's conduct during the time of the strikes, and returned him many thanks for giving him the assistance that brought about such happy results. Mayor Caven was the means of establishing a firm understanding between employer and employee. He believes that no man or body of men who have a grievance, real or imaginary, no matter how menial may be their position in life, should be turned away unheard. If it is real, remedy it; if imaginary, explain it. This will always be satisfactory with men of even limited intelligence.

Did some of those Chicago papers, yes, and Denver papers too, offer any remedy or counsel during those days of trouble in the Republic? Did they bring forth some of their classical knowledge of law and order under such circumstances? Did they ask as they should, and insist on knowing, and then show the cause of this loss of life and property, and whence came the evil? They seemed to be ignorant that we were on the brink of a repetition of '93. If they were not ignorant, they used all the means in their power to add fuel to the fire. They urged the use of the military. Their columns of comments were like the ravings of a maniac. And these very papers denounce the Brotherhood as communists, strikers, and incendiaries. However, the public are slowly coming to know the fact to the contrary, that we are truly and solely a benevolent order, and we are receiving the esteem and respect of our fellow citizens and employers. Why? Because they see we respect ourselves.

Then, brothers, let us live closely to our motto, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry. "If ever a body of men practiced benevolence, the B. of L. F. does.

Sobriety is what we must look more closely to. It does not mean that we must be temperate in only what we drink, but also in our manners and in all our passions. Subdue those angry words, and speak as though our mothers, wives or sisters were present; let our language in all our conversations be such as we would wish them to hear, for it is truly said if you play with the fool at home he will play with you abroad; in other words, you make use of expressions at home which would betray you and your associations abroad, and which you knew were disgraceful. Firemen are the most hard-working men on the train, and consequently very industrious while on the road; but how many could spend an evening with some scientific work, history, natural philosophy, or acquire a knowledge of parliamentary law, to be practiced at Lodge meetings?

Brothers please give this a thought.

TIM FAGAN.

RAILWAY NOTES.

OUR Railroads are now supplied entirely with iron of American manufacture, and instead of importing rails, our manufacturers are actually sending them abroad.

THE estimated cost of the Brooklyn bridge was \$3,000,000. It has already cost \$12,000,000, and will require \$8,000,000 more to finish it. Bad calculations.

THE "Electrician," a British journal devoted to telegraphic interests, states that at the present time, there exists in working order, over 62,000 miles of sub-marine cable, in the hands of 18 companies.

AMONG the abundant crops this season, that of apples seems to be superabundant. Recently a consignment of 2,200 barrels, making 13 car loads, was forwarded by the P. R. R., from Grand Rapids, Mich., to Liverpool; and there are considerable shipments by every steamer.—*R. R. Gazette*.

THE Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* says: The 7:15 A. M. train for Boston has been run ever since the road opened, or about 40 years, with only one change of conductors. James Parker, the first conductor, ran it 29 years, and John Clark, his successor, has just finished his tenth year.

WE give below the wages paid to Locomotive Firemen on the several lines mentioned:

MISSOURI PACIFIC R. R.

Passenger firemen, for 188 miles, \$3.00. Freight firemen for 100 miles, \$2.00.

Average time on passenger engines, 22 trips, (singly,) per month. Wages \$66.00.

Average time on freight, 22 days, or \$44.00. Meals and lodging, 25 cents each.

OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI.

Pay per 100 miles \$1.80. Average pay per month, \$33.50. Board and lodging, 22½ cents each.

DENVER AND RIO GRANDE R. R.

Average pay per 100 miles, \$2.15. Average pay per month, \$70.

KANSAS PACIFIC R. R.

Pay per 100 miles, \$2.00. Average pay per month, \$65. Meals and lodging, 25 cents each.

St. Paul & Sioux City R. R., pay for 122 miles, \$1.75 per day.

Sioux City and St. Paul R. R., pay for 100 miles, \$1,75 per day.

St. Paul & Pacific R. R., pay for 100 miles, \$1,75 per day.

St. Paul and Duluth R. R., pay for 154 miles, \$3,08 per day.

St. P., P. S. & T. F. R. R., pay for 80 miles, \$2,00.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA.

Average 24 days per month, or 120 miles for \$1,80. On freight engines, firemen earn from \$40 to \$50 per month. Board and lodging, 25 cents each.

NASHVILLE & CHATTANOOGA R. R.

Firemen's pay, 2 cents per mile. An average of \$55 per month.

We would like to hear from each Line as to rates of pay.

SUBORDINATE LODGE ITEMS.

WITHDRAWN.—John Tracy, from No. 69, to join No. 29.

Brother Wm. Bunton is requested to correspond with the Recording Secretary of No. 82.

Brother J. M. DODGE, of Chicago, is entitled to the respect of every member of our organization for the lively interest he takes in its welfare.

BUFFALO LODGE, No. 12, reports all well and doing well, and its members desire to be remembered to all brothers, especially the delegates. No. 12 has a list for Vol. 3 started.

Brother ED. GINBEY, of No. 9, starts off on Volume 3 with a rush; says the first prize will go to him if work will bring it, and Brother Ed. is alive to the cause, and has many friends in Columbus who will assist in procuring the watch.

MR. THOMAS KEYER, father of our worthy Brother John Keyer, of No. 23, has lost a son with the yellow fever. We look anxiously forward for the reports of No. 55 as to deaths.

Brother WM. MARONEY, of Chicago Lodge, is pushing Magazine matters, and at last accounts was up in the forties. Keep on William, we can take them as fast as they come.

CONSOLIDATION has at last been effected, and we trust that the time will never come when the two orders will have reason to regret the judicious step they have taken.

LATEST from Industrial Lodge, through Brother John Hayes says: Worked hard, five hours rest in twenty-four, is a prize. Seven of old 21 promoted to the right side. We realize the worth of the Order here, and hope like opportunities may be had elsewhere by all members.

VIGO LODGE, No. 16, gave its 5th annual ball on the 12th of December. A cordial invitation was extended to all, and accepted by several visiting brothers. Like all of No. 16's balls, this one was a success.

Vigo, No. 16, prospering. We had the pleasure of visiting with the brothers a short time since. Found Brothers Ebboys and McNutt handling the throttle, with flattering prospects for others of the Lodge. Brothers Debbs, Smith, Cable and a host of brothers made up the meeting and loudly applauded the work of the delegates at Buffalo. Brother Debbs and staff are making extensive preparations for our magazine.

THE first annual ball of Rockey Mountain Lodge, No. 77, was a grand success. Much credit is due to the several committees of arrangements, also the floor managers, who made the event a pleasant one for all. The invitation was appropriately headed with a design of the scoop, hammer and hook crossed, and under each one the letters emblematic of our motto, B., S., and I. We are assured that to have a full attendance and a social evening's entertainment, is to but announce that 77 will give a ball.

VISIT TO No. 9.

DURING the month of November last, we visited Franklin Lodge, No. 9, at Columbus, Ohio, and were met by Brothers McClure and Arnold, who are always on hand to extend that fraternal greeting so common among our members. After a few hours rest from our journey, Brother Frank Arnold proceeded to show us Columbus; at first the "Capitol," a grand substantial structure built to outlive many generations of public officers; second, the City Hall, another fine edifice; third, the Ohio State Penitentiary; here, by a guide, we were escorted through the entire institution, visiting the various shops and work houses; the discipline of the navy can not excel that of this mammoth prison, which at present contains over eighteen hundred prisoners. We were finally halted in front of the fountain, where could be best seen the many departments as they marched out to dinner, each squad under the command of a guard. As the last body passed into the hall and were seated, we quietly left, thinking over the scenes just witnessed.

From here we visited the building of buildings, the Ohio State Lunatic Asylum, situated three miles distant from the city, on a raise of ground which gives it a fine view of the city. On our arrival we stood and looked at this monster masterpiece of masonry, and had to acknowledge it as the largest ever before seen. Upon entering we were introduced to a gentlemanly conductor, who, by request of Brother Arnold, conducted us to the ward of Mr. Thomas Arnold, father of our esteemed Brother Frank. Mr. Arnold is superintendent of ward N, or better known as the *strong ward*; here we find the very worst cases of lunacy. We received much valuable information from Mr. Arnold as to the treatment of patients, habits, etc. The prevailing cure with all seems to be kind treatment, and good physicians, all of which is bountifully dealt out. After a half hours conversation, we were conducted by Mr. Arnold through the various wards of the male department, then the chapel, dancing-hall, kitchen, laundry, engine rooms, and last of all, through the courtesies of our guide, we partook of our first supper under the roof of an asylum, and a better one, in a home-like way, we have not sat down to in some time. After supper Mr. Arnold presented us to Mr. Malley, who has charge of the various engines, and formerly an engineer on the P. C. & ST. L. R. R., who took us into the rooms where the engines for running the elevators were located, and gave us a thorough explanation of the workings of the same, for which we are under many obligations to Mr. Malley. Having occupied two hours time in doing the building, we bade good night to the many friends of an hours acquaintance. To Mr. Arnold we owe our warmest thanks for his polite attentions and acts of kindness, and hope that at no distant day we may meet again.

From here we wended our way back to the city in time to meet with the Brothers of Old Franklin Lodge, which we can speak of as a Good Lodge and in splendid working order. Brother McClure as master, has the entire confidence of his Lodge,

and swings the gavel to success. After an interesting meeting of three hours we adjourned for the occasion. To Brother Arnold we are much indebted for his untiring efforts to make our visit a success, which we truly appreciate, and trust his aspirations for a speedy admittance to the bar will soon be realized. We are fully satisfied of results, as he has been reading under the direction of Judge H. B. Albey, of Columbus, whose reputation ranks among the highest of the profession. Sincerely hoping this will not be our last visit to No. 9, we drop the curtain.

RESOLUTIONS.

At the regular stated meeting of Welcome Lodge, No. 72, it was resolved to extend to Brother W. T. Goundie, G. M., a vote of thanks, for the able manner in which he conducted the arrangements for the grand concert, held in Philadelphia, Nov. 19, in behalf of the widows and orphans of our deceased brethren of the South. Please have the above published in the MAGAZINE, and oblige,

Yours fraternally,

ABNER HUSTON, Rec. Sec.

Camden, N. J., Oct. 30, 1878.

Welcome Lodge, No. 72.

At the regular meeting of Triumphant Lodge, No. 47, at the railroad chapel, Nov. 10, 1878, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted: Be it

Resolved, That the thanks of No. 47 are extended to Blooming Lodge, No. 40, for the use of their regalia on the occasion of organizing Chicago Lodge, No. 95, Sunday, Nov. 3, and be it

Resolved, That we appreciate the interest manifested on the above occasion by the members of No. 40, and thank them for their presence and assistance, and be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Blooming Lodge, No. 40, and also published in MAGAZINE.

J. WALSH,
N. VEGHTE, } Committee.
R. V. DODGE, }

At a special meeting of Dominion Lodge, No. 67, held on the 27th inst., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in his infinite wisdom to call away the father of our esteemed Brother William Lorimer, an honored and much respected engineer, be it

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with our Brother in his affliction, and we would commend him in his distress to "Him who is the resurrection and the life," assuring our brother that He, who has thought it wise to deprive him of a loving parent, will also send His Holy Spirit to minister consolation to him in his great sorrow.

Resolved, That we sincerely regret that information of the sad event did not reach us in sufficient time to enable this Lodge to attend the obsequies in a body to pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of the departed.

Resolved, That as a token of respect these resolutions be placed upon our minutes and a copy presented to our bereaved brother, and other relatives of the deceased, and published in our MAGAZINE.

CHAS. POPE,
JNO. SCOTT, } Committee.
JAS. KENNEDY. }

Toronto, Ont., Oct. 28, 1878.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, Nov. 25, 1878.

At our regular meeting, Nov. 24, 1878, the following resolutions were adopted, occasioned by the resignation of Brother D. T. Henderson as master of this Lodge.

WHEREAS, In the resignation of Brother D. T. Henderson, as master of Forest City Lodge, No. 10, we may consider that we have lost an efficient officer and valued friend, therefore, be it

Resolved, That a vote of thanks of this Lodge be tendered to Brother D. T. Henderson, for the efficient way in which he has conducted the business of this Lodge while serving as its most worthy master, and, be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be tendered to Brother D. T. Henderson, and the same ordered published in the columns of the MAGAZINE, and also spread upon the minutes of the Lodge.

JOSH L. CLARK,
S. S. CARD,
THOS. MORGAN, } Committee.

MARRIED.—At Decatur, Ill., Nov. 20, 1878, Brother James Nolon and Julia E. McEvoy. Brother Nolon has been running an engine on the Wabash for the past three years, giving good satisfaction to his employers. May your run through life be ever happy, and may there be one that will look up to you and say: "Pa, how long before I can take the right hand side."

Also, at Springfield, Tuesday evening, Nov. 25, 1878, Brother A. D. Hensley and Miss Florence Walters. It was a very enjoyable occasion and all present were well pleased. Brother Hensley is a good B. of L. F. man, and has been firing on the Wabash for the past four years. Success to you is the wish of your Brothers, and may you live long and prosper.

Our Lodge is getting on finely. The many friends of Brother Wisman regret his loss from among us, but at the same time we hope he is doing better on the H. and St. Joe. Fraternally,

W. R. WHITCOMB.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Dec. 1, 1878.

OFFICE OF THE AMERICAN AND UNITED STATES EXPRESS COMPANIES, }
Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 12, 1878. }

Wm. N. Sayre, Sec. and Treas. B. of L. F., Indianapolis:

Dear Sir: Your bundles of Magazines of Brotherhood will be carried by these companies free to all points you want to send, reached by these companies.

Yours truly, E. W. SLOANE. } Supts.
and C. S. PHILLIPS. }

Magazine agents desiring to have their books come to them by either of the above named companies will notify me in time. This applies to bundles of ten or more books.

WM. N. SAYRE.

THE UNION DEPOT HOTEL AT TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

We take great pleasure in recommending to travelers who chance to stop at Terre Haute, Indiana, the Union Depot Hotel, as being a first class house. It is owned by N. and G. Ohmer, and is under the immediate supervision of Mr. Robert Taggart. Mr. Taggart is a pleasant gentleman, and is ever busy in providing for the comfort of his guests. The rates of the house are low, and persons stopping there will be suited in every respect.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

W. T. GOUNDIE.....	Grand Master,
3405 Elm street, West Philadelphia, Pa.	
J. M. DODGE.....	Vice Grand Master,
No. 12 16th st., Chicago, Ill.	
W. N. SAYRE.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
S. M. STEVENS.....	Grand Instructor.
Lowell, Mass.	
J. O'KEEFE.....	Grand Warden,
North Platte, Neb.	
CHAS. POPE.....	Grand Conductor,
Toronto, Ont.	
W. HUGO.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
T. DOYLE.....	Grand Outer Guard.
St. Louis.	
B. I. WELCH.....	Grand Chaplain,
Port Jervis.	
M. COOPER.....	Grand Marshal,
St. Paul, Minn.	

GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

M. E. COBB.....	Worcester, Mass.
J. S. COOL.....	Logansport, Ind.
JOHN MCCLURE.....	Columbus, O.
JOHN L. BODEY.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. R. WHITCOMB.....	Springfield, Ill.
P. J. ROBINSON.....	Little Rock, Ark.
A. M. CROBIN.....	Memphis, Tenn.
D. T. HENDERSON.....	Cleveland, O.
JOS. BRINTNALL.....	Fort Gratoit, Mich.
L. H. INGERSOLL.....	St. Joseph, Mo.
W. F. HYNES.....	Denver, Col.
J. POPE MYERS.....	Louisville, Ky.

LODGE ADDRESSES.

Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.

- DEER PARK, at Port Jarvis, N. Y. Meets every Monday evening at 7:30.
I. B. Fisher (Box 724) Master
Ed. Salley Rec. Sec'y
N. C. Marshall Magazine Agent
- ERIE, at Hornellsville, N. Y. Meets every Monday night in B. of L. F. Hall, on Main street.
C. Hobart Master
L. W. Graves Rec. Sec'y
John Broderick Magazine Agent
- GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.
C. F. Terry, (Valonia, Pa.) Master
G. F. Dunbar (box 286) Rec. Sec'y
S. H. Quackenbush Magazine Agent
- UNION, at Galion, Ohio. Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30.
A. Jenkinson Master
C. Bennett Rec. Sec'y
Jas. Farnsworth Magazine Agent
- SCRANTON, at Scranton, Pa. Meets in Red Men's Hall, every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month.
Geo. H. Carpenter Master
Thos. Roach (Lock box 37) Rec. Sec'y
S. D. Schooley Magazine Agent
- JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. E. Hall, at 7:30 p. m.
Geo. Boas Master
L. M. Phipps Rec. Sec'y
A. J. Gabard Magazine Agent
- FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.
F. J. Kistler (14 West Fulton st.) Master
F. W. Arnold Rec. Sec'y
(Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block.)
Edward Ginnly Magazine Agent
- FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 p. m., Miller's Hall, cor. Auburn st., & Scranton ave.
S. S. Card Master
D. T. Henderson (46 John st.) Rec. Sec'y
T. H. Sheppard Magazine Agent
(19 Pelton avenue, s. s.)
- EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 p. m., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
J. S. Gorgas Master
P. C. Everitt Rec. Sec'y
D. Gorgas Magazine Agent
- BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.
James Shuffelt Master
J. C. Bradley (470 Swan St.) Rec. Sec'y
C. G. Swan Magazine Agent
(527 South Division street.)
- MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, at East St. Louis, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in Brick Bank Hall.
J. Hunt Master
Geo. McGarrahan Rec. Sec'y
Fred. Lane (Box 191) Magazine Agent
- EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., at No. 62½ East Washington street.
Wm. Hugo (79 N. Noble street) Master
Chas. Kline (530 E. Georgia st.) Rec. Sec'y
C. Kline and Wm. Hugo Mag. Agents
- PACIFIC, at St. Louis, Mo. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays. Hall, Chateau ave. near Summit avenue.
J. J. Smith Master
J. F. Clough (3012 Sarah st.) Rec. Sec'y
J. F. Clough Magazine Agent
- VIGO, at Terry Haute, Ind. Meets every Friday at 7:30 p. m., c. Main & 7th sts.
James Smith (Postoffice box 1074) Master
E. V. Debbs (Box 1074) Rec. Sec'y
R. Ebbage (Box 1074) Magazine Agent
- FRIENDSHIP, at Fort Wayne, Indiana. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, corner Calhoun and Highland streets.
J. R. Anderson Master
F. Snyder (138 Force Street.) Rec. Sec'y
Ferd. Snyder Magazine Agent
- HOPE, at Alliance, Ohio. Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30, in B. of L. E. Hall.
L. M. Holloway Master
J. Martin (Crestline Ohio.) Rec. Sec'y
R. S. McKee, (Crestline, O) Magazine Agent
- WESTERN STAR, at Galesburg, Ill. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in B. of L. E. Hall.
O. D. Pratt Master
Jonn McGee Rec. Sec'y

21. **INDUSTRIAL**, at South St. Louis, Mo.
Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30,
in Engineers' Hall.
James Bucke Master
H. Miller (c. Ellwood & 2d sts.) Rec. Sec'y
John Hayes Magazine Agent
22. **CENTRAL**, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every
Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. Hall.
Wm. Trenary (Box 598) Master
Geo. Bond Rec. Sec'y
E. Carter Magazine Agent
23. **LOUISVILLE**, at Louisville, Ky. Meets
every Sunday at 2 p. m., at Hall over
Farmers Exchange Bank, Market st.
J. H. Smith (252 Zane street) Master
F. B. Caywood (593 W. Chestnut) Rec. Sec'y
J. H. Smith (252 Zane st.) Magazine Agent
25. **PROVIDENCE**, at Providence, R. I.
Meets 1st and 3d Fridays and last Sat-
urday evenings in each month, in B of
L. E. Hall.
George H. Bragg Master
C. S. Newton Rec. Sec'y
(14 Chestnut street, Hartford, Conn.)
O. W. Cutler Magazine Agent
(Ashland, Mass.)
26. **J. W. THOMAS**, at Nashville, Tenn.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in each
month, at Knights of Honor Hall, West
Nashville.
George D. Smith (317 Church st.) Master
Will Achey Rec. Sec'y
(cor. West Gay and Hines streets)
Will Achey Magazine Agent
27. **HAWKEYE**, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Meets every Thuesday evening at 7:30.
F. A. Davis Master
A. S. Funk Rec. Sec'y
W. S. Davis Magazine Agent
28. **ELKHORN**, at North Platte, Neb. Meets
1st and 2d Wednesdays of each month.
W. J. Stuart Master
H. J. Clark Rec. Sec'y
W. J. Stuart Magazine Agent
29. **CHAMPION**, at Detroit, Mich.
John Munroe (239 Larned street) Master
Frank Clark (257 17th street) Rec. Sec'y
Frank Clark Magazine Agent
30. **HARMONY**, at Susquehanna, Dep.
James Cass Master
Frank Choate (Box 269) Rec. Sec'y
31. **FORT CLARK**, at Peoria, Ill.
A. F. Eaton Master
D. B. Wright Rec. Sec'y
32. **AMERICUS**, at Grand Rapids, Mich.
Charles Jewell, (82 Center street) Master
George H. Scott Rec. Sec'y
33. **CECIL FLEMING**, at Jackson, Tenn.
J. Jones Master
R. T. Chappell Rec. Sec'y
J. Jones Magazine Agent
34. **ORCHARD CITY**, at Burlington, Iowa.
Win. James Master
L. H. Ingersoll Rec. Sec'y
L. H. Ingersoll Magazine Agent
35. **WASHINGTON**, at LaFayette, N. J.
Meets 2d Monday and last Saturday
evenings of each month at 7:30, in B.
of L. E. Hall.
Horace Allen Master
A. Zindle Rec. Sec'y
(157 Pine street, Jersey City, N. J.)
J. Conklin Magazine Agent
(183 Pine street, Jersey City, N. J.)
36. **TIPPECANOE**, at LaFayette, Indiana.
Meets every Sunday, at 2 p. m., at B.
of L. E. Hall, cor. Fourth and Terry
street, Wallace Block.
J. L. Birmingham Master
J. H. Brewer Rec. Sec'y
J. H. Brewer, 94 13th st. Magazine Agent
37. **MOUNTAIN CITY**, at Altoona, Pa.
Meets every Sunday afternoon, 11th
avenue, between 12th and 13th streets.
John Gardner Master
J. Miles Stonebraker (Box 343) Rec. Sec'y
J. H. McMurray (Box 343) Magazine Agent
38. **KEY STONE**, at Pittsburg, Pa. Meets
every Monday evening at Odd Fellows'
Hall, Beaver avenue.
Gust Sold Master
Thomas Vanvoy Rec. Sec'y
(148 Bidwell street, Allegheny, Pa.)
Burt E. Grove Magazine Agent
(134 Juniata street, Allegheny, Pa.)
39. **NORTH STAR**, at Austin, Minn. Meets
2d and 4th Sundays.
R. Talbott Master
J. T. Brown Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Scagel Magazine Agent
40. **BLOOMING**, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets
in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday night
James Crotty Master
Thomas O'Neil Rec. Sec'y
(905 West Locust street)
Wm. O. Webster Magazine Agent
41. **FOX RIVER**, at Aurora, Ill. Meets
every Sunday at Engineers' Hall.
C. Riddle Master
C. E. Powell Rec. Sec'y
G. L. Cummings Magazine Agent
42. **MISSOURI VALLEY**, at Sedalia, Mo.
Meets every 3d Sunday and every 4th
Wednesday.
R. C. Yopst Master
C. Schernowkie Rec. Sec'y
L. D. Palmer Magazine Agent
43. **ST. JOSEPH**, at St. Joseph, Mo. Meets
in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and
9th streets, every second and fourth
Sundays in each month.
L. H. Ingersoll Master
O. W. Richardson Rec. Sec'y
L. H. Ingersoll Magazine Agent
44.
45. **ROSE CITY**, at Little Rock, Ark.
Meets every Monday at 7:50 p.m., cor-
ner Main and Markham streets.
Wm. Coyne Master
M. W. Campbell (Lock box 648) Rec. Sec'y,
M. W. Campbell Magazine Agent.
46. **CAPITAL**, at Springfield, Ill. Meets
every alternate Sunday, at Eng. Hall.
John Walsh (532 North Fifth st.) Master
G. D. Partington (Box 1126) Rec. Sec'y
Joseph Henry Magazine Agent
47. **TRIUMPHANT**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets
2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at
2:30 p. m., in Railroad Chapel.
M. Gepper Master
J. M. Dodge, No. 12 16th st. Rec. Sec'y
R. M. Ormsby (402 3d ave.) Magazine Agent
M. Gepper do do
48. **AMICITI**, at Harrisburg, Pa. Meets
every Saturday night and Sunday al-
ternoon, corner 3d and Broad sts.
R. T. Shepherd, (5th, near Riley) Master
L. C. Clemson Rec. Sec'y
937 Pennsylvania avenue.
C. W. Guyon (642 Colder st.) Magazine Ag't

49. **SPRINGFIELD**, at Springfield, Mass.
C. O. Mansus Master
J. W. Hurlbert (Box 396) Rec. Sec'y
C. H. Porter (Box 396) Magazine Agent
50. **NEW YORK CITY**, at New York.
Meets every 2d Sunday & 4th Saturday
of each month, at 869 Second avenue.
D. E. Elliott (107 E. 46th st.) Master
Henry J. Glover, (231 E. 45th st.) Rec. Sec'y
L. J. Park (211 E. 46th st.) Magazine Agent
51. **FRONTIER CITY**, at Oswego, N. Y.
Meets every Thursday at 2:30 P. M., at
Engineers' Hall.
A. L. Baldwin, East Mitchell st. Master
L. J. Boynton, 112 W. Utica st., Rec. Sec'y
J. McCarthy 49 W. Erie st., Magazine Ag't
52. **GOOD WILL**, at Logansport, Indiana.
Meets every Friday at 8 P. M., corner
Market and Canal sts.
A. Ross Master
R. Warner Rec. Sec'y
Ambrose Ross Magazine Agent
53. **FIDELITY**, at Sunbury, Pa. Meets
every Sunday at 2 P. M. in B. of L. E.
Hall.
John Pittinger Master
D. F. Vollmer, box 276 Rec. Sec'y
54. **ANCHOR**, at Moberly, Mo. Meets every
Monday night at 43 Reed street.
C. H. Root Master
Geo. R. Stacey, box 820 Rec. Sec'y
J. Bresson Magazine Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY**, at Memphis Tenn.
Meets 2d and last Saturday evenings
of each month, at Knights of Honor
hall, 298 2d street.
John Clark, L. & M. engine house... Master
Alex. M. Cronin Rec. Sec'y
Alex. M. Cronin Magazine Agent
56. **TOPEKA**, at Emporia, Kan. Meets
every alternate Sunday at A. O. U. W.
Hall.
S. McGaffey Master
Wm. Tangman, Topeka, Kan. Rec. Sec'y
J. R. Goheen Magazine Agent
57. **BOSTON**, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st
and 3d Sundays of each month, at 10:30
A. M., and 2d Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. in
Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.
Francis Beadle Master
No. 31 Russell St., Bunker Hill District.
Everett Sias Rec. Sec'y
123 Chelsea street, E. Boston, Mass.
L. L. Parker, Jr. Magazine Agent
70 Cambridge street, E. Cambridge.
58. **STAR**, at Hoboken, N. J. Meets 2d Sun-
days & 4th Thursdays, at 67 Newark st.
C. E. Borland Master
O. Gillen, box, 41 Hoboken Rec. Sec'y
O. Gillen Magazine Agent
59. **ASHLEY**, at Ashley, Pa. Meets 2d and
4th Sundays, at I. O. O. F. Hall at 2 P. M.
J. M. Peck Master
A. E. Detro Rec. Sec'y
Joseph Bennett Magazine Agent
60. **UNITED**, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets
1st Wednesday night and 3d Sunday
morn., cor. Hancock and Diamond sts.
J. L. Body, 2013 N. 3d st. Master
A. B. Collom, 2206 Lawrence st. Rec. Sec'y
J. A. Falls, 2224 North 2d st. Magazine Ag't
61. **MINNEHAHA**, at St. Paul, Minn.
Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 P.
M., cor 7th and Jackson sts., Engineer's
Hall.
S. J. Murphy, 56 Goodrich ave. Master
C. Sinks, 58 Goodrich ave. Rec. Sec'y
R. Peel, 183 Exchange st. Magazine Agent
62. **VANBERGEN**, at Carbondale, Pa.
Meets every 2d and 4th Thursday of each
month, in Engineers' Hall.
O. E. Histed Master
Jno. Bryden Rec. Sec'y
A. Hoyle Magazine Agent
63. **HERCULES**, at Danville, Ill. Meets
every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.
J. A. Bain Master
John D. Franklin, box 772 Rec. Sec'y
F. Rogers Magazine Agent
64. **LOYAL**, at Ellis, Kan. Meets in B. of
L. E. Hall, every Sunday.
W. H. Hamilton Master
Matthew Richards Rec. Sec'y
W. H. Hamilton Magazine Agent
Box 16, Brockville, Kan.
65. **ISLAND CITY**, at Brockville, Ontario,
(Canada). Meets 2d and 4th Sundays,
King street, over McClean's boot and
shoe store.
Wm. T. Simpson Master
W. H. Stewart Rec. Sec'y
W. H. Stewart Magazine Agent
66. **CHALLENGE**, at Bellville, Ont., (Can-
ada.) Meets 2d and 4th Sundays in B.
of L. E. Hall,
Patrick Flannery Master
James Cummins Rec. Sec'y
Jno. C. McKnight Magazine Agent
67. **DOMINION**, at Toronto, Can. Meets
every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M., in
Occidental Hall, Queen street.
Wm. Newlove Master
Wm. Prenter, box, 697 Rec. Sec'y
George Shields, box 697 Magazine Agent
68. **HUDSON**, at Jersey City, N. J. Meets 1st
Tuesday night and 4th Wednesday after-
noon, cor. Macer and Washington sts.
John McAuley Master
W. J. Gardner Rec. Sec'y
232 Union street, Elizabeth, N. J.
R. Hare, 245 Grand street Magazine Agent
69. **HURON**, at Fort Gratiot, Mich. Meets
1st and 3d Sundays, over Post Office.
Thomas Bruce, box 13 Master
Charles Macklow, box 13 Rec. Sec'y
Charles Raymond, box 13 Magazine Agent
70. **LONE STAR**, at Marshall, Texas. Meets
every Friday night in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. Greenwood Master
Geo. W. Ralston, lock box 8 Rec. Sec'y
C. T. Smith Magazine Agent
71. **CAPITAL CITY**, at Albany, N. Y.
Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays, and 2d
and 4th Friday nights, at 281 Green st.
D. O. Shank, 281 Green st. Master
L. O'Brien, 7 Union Street Rec. Sec'y
D. O. Shank Magazine Agent
281 Green street, Albany, N. Y.
72. **WELCOME**, at Camden, N. J. Meets
every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th
and Arch streets.
Wm. Cows, 410 Hartman st. Master
L. Elberston, 417 Henry street Rec. Sec'y
A. Huston, 318 Bridge ave. Magazine Agent

73. **BAY STATE**, at Worcester, Mass.
Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in
Piper's Block, Room No. 3.
Geo. A. Hewitt, Union Depot.....Master
Marshall E. Cobb, 86 Park st.....Rec. Sec'y
W. E. Cobleigh.....Magazine Agent
74. **KANSAS CITY**, at Kansas City, Mo.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic
Hall, West Kansas City.
B. B. McCrum Master
John Clinton..... Rec. Sec'y
Cor. 14th and Hickory, West Kansas City.
B. B. McCrum, 905 Penn st.....Magazine Ag't
75. **ENTERPRISE**, at West Philadelphia,
Pa. Meets every other Sunday after-
noon, at Hancock's Hall, 40th street
and Lancaster avenue.
C. E. Austin, 3800 Story st.....Master
W. T. Goundie, 3405 Elm st..... Rec. Sec'y
W. T. Goundie..... Magazine Agent
76. **VALLEY CITY LODGE**, at East Sagi-
naw, Michigan. Meets Sunday eve-
nings at B. of L. E. Hall.
F. C. Blanchett Master
J. Lennox, box 860..... Rec. Sec'y
W. Hannon, box 1199.....Magazine Agent
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN**, at Denver, Col.
Meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30
p. m., at Engineers' Hall.
George Klock Master
W. F. Hynes Rec. Sec'y
Jas. Collins, lock box 1588 ...Magazine Ag't
78. **BINGHAMPTON**, at Binghampton, N.
Y. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and
4th Saturday evenings.
Thomas Milan, box 725.....Master
Wm. T. Worrell, box 978..... Rec. Sec'y
Wm. T. Worrell, box 978...Magazine Agent
79. **MIAMI**, at Cincinnati, Ohio. Meets in
B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays,
at 9 a. m., corner 8th and Freeman sts.
J. T. Coaxley Master
G. Horrocks, 400 George st..... Rec. Sec'y
W. H. Sperry, 432 George st.....Magazine Ag't
80. **EARLY SUNRISE**, at Palestine, Texas.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in I. O. O. F.
Hall.
J. H. Morely.....Master
C. Reitch..... Rec. Sec'y
A. P. DraperMagazine Agent
81. **READING**, at Reading, Pa. Meets
every 2d and 4th Sunday, Bland's Hall,
cor. Ninth and Penn streets.
W. Hynes.....Master
C. J. Butler, 28 Church st..... Rec. Sec'y
Jas. Goodman.....Magazine Agent
82. **NORTHWESTERN**, Minneapolis, Minn.
Meets in Druids' Hall, Masonic Block,
Nicolet avenue, between 1st and second
sts., on the 1st and 3d Sunday evenings
J. W. Cole Master
S. T. Brown, 1807 6th st. south...Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Cole, 1223 S. 7th st.....Magazine Ag't
83. **MISSISSIPPI**, at Winona, Minn.
John Herwick Master
Wm. Warren, box 686..... Rec. Sec'y
B. F. Weller, box 26..... Magazine Agent
84. **AT OMAHA**, Neb.
C. R. Campbell Master
S. W. cor. 17th and Dodge Sts.
85. **FARGO LODGE**, at Fargo, D. T. Meets
in I. O. O. F. Hall, every other Sunday.
Jas. Burke.....Master
N. A. Bassett, box 104 Rec. Sec'y
M. C. Brady Magazine Agent
86. **AT LARAMIE**, W. T.
87. **AT RAWLINGS**, W. T.
88. **AT EVANSTON**, W. T. Meets in the B.
of L. E. Hall, every Thursday evening.
Frank Hutchins Master
J. Bicker.....Rec. Sec'y
89. **SILVER STATE**, at Carlin Nevada.
Silby Jones.
90. **AT WEST OAKLAND**, CAL.
91. **AT SAN FRANCISCO**, CAL.
92. **MARSHALL**, at Marshalltown, Iowa.
Jno. Tipton.....Rec. Sec'y
James Crawley..... Magazine Agent
93. **AT KEOKUK**, IOWA.
94. **GREENBRIER**, at Staunton, W. Va.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays in each
month, at Firemens Hall, cor. 4th ave-
nue and 3d street.
Jos. Hynes.....Master
Jno. McCulloch..... Rec. Sec'y
W. E. Watson Magazine Agent
95. **CHICAGO**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets in
Engineers' Hall, 229 Milwaukee ave-
nue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30
p. m., and last Sunday at 2 p. m.
Wm. Maroney..... Master
Wm. T. Ross, 14 N. Sangamon st. Rec. Sec'y
Wm. Maroney.....Magazine Agent
21 W. Kinzie street.
96. **AT BALTIMORE**, MD.

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For the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

THE WINTER STORM!

BY N. W. PARKER.

PART FIRST.



THE day was cold, and merciless the storm,
The snow was floating from the azure vault
Of Heaven, towards the marred and gloomy face
Of Earth. The lakes were cheerless, and the winding
Streams, that in the summer past were wont to
Chant their rhythmic songs to cheer the face of
Nature, and the sturdy sons of toil, were
Cold and stiff, and silent as a corse; their
Glassy breasts gave back a ray as cold and
Joyless as the glazed and stony eye of
Death. The mountain torrent that in summer
Days poured her libation on the thirsty
Plain, was hanging pendant by her snowy
Locks from crag and cliff, and motionless in
Winter's cold embrace.

As falls the Day-God's
Shimmering rays o'er earth, in Spring's exuberant
Budding time, so fell the countless flakes of
Snow, until all nature was enwrapped in
Winding sheet of purest white, sent down from
Heaven, and by the winds tucked close about the
Old and giant form of Earth. And now the
Frown and sorrow stain were gone; the lakes and
Streams and woods were white; intensely so, and
Dazzling to the weary eye. Nor man nor
Beast did venture forth to battle with the
Raging storm; the mighty ships that e'rst did
Plow the bosoms of our lakes and streams, were
Now, like bright adornments, firmly set, and
Bedded in their homes by snow and ice. O'er
All the earth was silence, save the fury

Of the universal storm. Ah! no; o'er
All the elements that mar the earth, the
Mind of man has proudly triumphed, and e'en
Now, he holds them all subservient to his
Will; and while the earth seems thus bereft of
Life; behold! across the desert, through the
Wood, and o'er the rolling prairie, thundering
Comes a thing of fearful grandeur, and of
God-like might; with power to brave the elemental
Strife, and hurl the drifting snow on either
Side, it moves along all heedless of the
Storm. That Engine, with its freight of living
Souls,—of all the grand inventions of mankind—
Alone can brave the tempest in its might,
Alone can face with iron nerve the puny
Winds, that e'rst would check his onward course,
And with a wild, disdainful laugh, ride still
The *monarch thought* of man.

The winds blew on,
And sang, and whistled through the grand old trees,
Or moaned a doleful cadence 'round the huts
And habitations where the toilers dwell,
In want and destitution most appalling;
And through the cracks and broken panes, of all
Those poor abodes, the wind came sadly moaning,
And bearing on its icy breast, a load
Of spotless snow-flakes, so pure and guileless,
And so beautiful in form; yet, oh! what
Agony, and unspoken pain of heart,
Each lovely flake vouchsafed to those upon
Whose unwarmed threshold playfully they came.
The widow, with her orphaned one, sat shivering
O'er the dying embers of her farewell
Fire; while without, the winds were piling high
The shining snow, and piercing with their icy
Breath her very heart.

The cold increased in
Its intensity, and faster fell the
Snow; while o'er the hills and down the valleys
Rushing came, the Storm-king in his might,
Bearing on his troubled breast, the groans and
Cries, the prayers and tears, the countless heart-aches,
And the sad forebodings, of *God's humble*
Poor. It reached the city, and with changing
Tone, sang joyously about the homes where
Plenty sat enthroned, or wailed in agony
Along the dirty lanes, and through the creaking

Doors, and shaking habitations, where Want
And Famine, ruled o'er all, with helpless babes
And starving wives, for subjects; where the strong
Right arm of him, who Heaven had decreed to
Guard, to feed and shelter, sat as one bereft
Of life and hope, his arm hung helpless at
His side, and sighs that shook his very soul
Within, were torn from out his heart of hearts,
And tears did trace each other down his cheeks.
He too was helpless, as the starving babe
His wife now held in frenzy to her throbbing
Heart, in hope perchance to keep its sinless
Soul within its beautiful environment.
If ever souls were lifted up into
The grand and holy atmosphere of that
Omniscient One "who tempereth the winds,"
Then it was these souls were lifted up, and
Poured out upon the vast expanse, and in
The ear of all Infinity, a prayer
So full of faith, so full of love, of earnest
And sincere devotion, that the tempest
Paused in its wild career, the winds subsided
To a gentle lull, and the crystal flakes
Were melted by the warmth of such devotion,
And shed pitying tears above the sad and
Joyless homes of want and woe.

In spirit

Now, I rode the storm, and followed it in
All its wild meanderings. It passed along
The busy street, and cloaks and wraps were quickly
Folded 'round the form of each pedestrian,
Who smiled at playful pranks of snow or wind,
Or sighed a "God have mercy on the poor,"
And then sped swiftly on. In sportive glee
It hurled the snow full in the face of every
Passer by. It shook the window, and blew
Ope the door of the adorned and gilded
Courts of Sin: where manly forms are all unmanly
Grown, and angel woman, stooping from her
High estate, becomes the crowning jewel
In the diadem of Sin.

It paused in

Whirling eddies, and in sadness, 'round the
Courts and corridors, where *Justice*, sadly
Symbolized, sits wrapped in her judicial
Robes of purest white; where cringing thief, or
Murder, lurid-eyed, set all enchained, while

Vengeance, in the name of law, is meted
 Out to them. Then rising up o'er halls and
 Courts, full laden now with groans and prayers, and
 Bacchanalian shouts, it toys anew with
 Domes and spires, and sways the lofty steeple,
 Where below, a massive pile of brick and
 Stone and mud adorn the earth; and peeping
 Through the stained and gilded windows of that
 Gorgeous Church, beholds both saint and sinner,
 Hypocrite and honest soul, uniting
 In their orisons, to swell the voice now
 Borne upon the winds.

A DESPARATE RUN.

HOW TWO TRAINS WERE SAVED.

ONE of the few holidays which life has afforded me is made memorable to me by an event of peculiar sadness. It occurred at a secluded little village on the Welsh coast, which I shall call Machno.

I had retreated to this out-of-the-way nook to finish, in quiet and retirement, the great work on which I was engaged, which was one day to electrify the world and cover me with laurels. I may incidentally remark that it did neither.

When I describe the place as on the coast, I do not mean that it was close to the seashore, between which and the village lay more than two miles of undulating moorland, traversed by a road which wound away seaward like a white ribbon among the gorse and heather.

Midway between the village and the sea a railway—the H—— line, which runs for many miles parallel to the coast—crossed the moor, intersecting the road; and just beyond the level crossing, with its two wide gates, the main line diverged, following the curve of the coast toward Corven, while the other set of rails kept a straight course inland to Brynteg. At this spot stood a pointsman's (in the United States the men are called "switchmen") cabin, with its trim little garden, fragrant with mignonette, and bright with all the gaudiest flowers that blow.

The little low, long-bodied, whitewashed cottage in which I lodged was the last in the village on the side next the sea, and my window commanded the whole extent of the moor, all ablaze with golden gorse and purple heather and the rich bronze of withering ferns. I could watch the trains for miles as they wound, like long black serpents, over the heath, the light puffs of steam scudding away before the wind, and dappling the ground with fleeting shadows.

Fully agreeing with Pope, that "the proper study of mankind is man," and being, moreover, of free-and-easy Bohemian habits, before I had been a tenant of the whitewashed cottage a week, I had established a gossiping acquaintance with every man, woman and child in the village; had chatted with the coastguard men at their lonely station, and with the pointsman at his little cabin, scarcely less solitary, near the level crossing.

The responsible post was shared by two men, who relieved each other every

twelve hours, taking the night duty in alternate weeks. It was the younger of the two, Evan Wynne, who was my acquaintance, and I loitered away many an hour chatting with him over the white gate; or, when he was on night duty, smoking in his little cabin, where everything was stowed away, neat and shipshape, as if it were ready at a moment's notice to put out to sea.

I sometimes took a moonlight walk across the moor, where the fresh, salt breeze came laden with the aromatic smell of health and wild thyme, and dropped in on my friend the pointsman just in time to share the last hour of his solitary watch, and to walk back to the village with him when it had expired.

He was a stalwart young Welshman, of an athletic and vigorous build, though with somewhat too much flesh for perfect "condition;" a healthy sanguine complexion, with dark brown hair, and mustache and beard bleached to a lighter shade by exposure to wind and weather.

He was an intelligent fellow and excellent company, the path of his destiny having led him through many varied scenes of life before it brought him to the village on the moor; and he had a manly bearing and a modest ease of manner which were very taking.

He was a bachelor; but from village gossip which reached me, I gathered that a Mrs. Evan Wynne would shortly be introduced to society, and it did not require much penetration to divine that a certain plump, buxom, black-haired young Welshwoman, with laughing, dark eyes under her tilted-up sun-bonnet, whose business seemed to take her very often over the level crossing was the "coming woman."

In the course of my *tele-a-teles* with Evan Wynne I acquired an immense amount of information concerning railways in general, and the H—— line in particular. I was initiated into the mysteries of "points," and grew learned on the subject of signals. I could tell you the starting point and destination of every train which passed across the moor, from the "4:30 up," which was the first in the morning, to the "12:15 down," which was the last at night. They were numerous, for the H—— line is the highway to Ireland; still the pointsman seemed to have plenty of leisure at odd times for floriculture and gossip.

I remarked as much to him one night—a silent, moonlit, autumn night—as we leaned against the garden fence, waiting for the "12:15."

"You are right, sir; there is not so much to do," he answered; and yet it is a life that takes a good deal out of a man, one way or another. The work is light, but the responsibility is heavy. To know that you hold in your hand, so to speak, hundreds of lives, and that a blunder or omission of yours may send them all crashing into eternity—why, if you have got a heart in your body the thought weighs on it heavy. When first I came to the work—that's five years ago—I thought it would be too much for me; I did, indeed. What with the loneliness, and what with my nervousness, I thought I should go off my head. And even when I was off-duty I could get no rest, for I used to wake with a start two or three times in a night, fancying I heard the noise of a coming train, and that I had forgotten to set the points. I will assure you, sir, I lost flesh, as if I were training for a race; yes, indeed."

"You have regained it since," I observed, dryly.

He laughed. "That is what Winnie says! (Winnie was Mrs. Wynne *in futuro*), and I tell her it is to keep her in countenance. Indeed, I am very hearty—very

hearty, I thank God! I have never had a day's illness—not to say illness—in my life, though, at odd times I have a stitch—a queer sort of a pang—that takes me just here,” pointing to his breast, “and goes through me like a knife, coming out between the shoulder-blades. It is sharp while it lasts, but it doesn't last above a moment.” “Have you ever had advice about it?” I inquired, looking at him.

“From a doctor, sir?” he asked, opening his eyes. “No, indeed; I would be ashamed to go to one; he would laugh in my face. Goodness knows, I do not look like a subject for a doctor!” he added, laughing and straightening his tall figure, as he moved from the fence to answer the summons of the signal-bell.

“The 12:15 Express,” he explained, as he went to set the points, “she passes”—(trains, like ships, are feminine)—“she passes the ‘12:15 up’ from Brynteg, close by here.”

“What would happen if you omitted to set the points?” I demanded absently, as I watched the red lamps of the coming train.

He looked up at me. “Do you recollect what happened this time last year between Corven and Pencrae?” he asked, gravely.

I shuddered. I was not likely to forget, having, as the “special” of a daily newspaper, visited the scene of that awful collision immediately after it occurred.

“That is just what would happen here. Instead of turning off along the curve, the Express would keep head on along this line, and run smash into the Brynteg train about a mile from here. Here she comes!” he exclaimed.

And there she came—sweeping down upon us with a roar and a rush, like a whirlwind and earthquake combined; shaking the ground beneath our feet, and half-blinding us with dust; then, smoothly rounding the curve, she skimmed off along the coast to Corven.

Not more than three minutes afterward another whirlwind tore past, from the opposite point of the compass, taking its way inland.

“That's sharp work,” I remarked.

“Yes; they cut it rather too fine; they often do. Sometimes when the express is a minute or two late, it has barely time to get on the curve before the Brynteg train comes by. And now my work's done for to-night; there are no more trains 'till the 4:30, and then my mate will be here. Are you walking back to the village, sir?”

We walked back over the moor together, and parted at the cottage gate.

As I wished him “Good-night,” I said: “Take my advice, Wynne, and tell a doctor about that queer pain of yours; he won't laugh at it, you'll find.”

But he only shook his head with a cheery, incredulous smile, and went on his way home, whistling the “Men of Harlech.”

The autumn days slipped away insensibly, nothing particular happening to distinguish one from the other; indeed, it appeared that nothing ever did happen at Machno; it was a place where “all things seemed the same,” so that I lost all count of time, and it gave me quite a shock of surprise one day to find that I had loitered away a whole month, while that great work which was to perch me on a pinnacle of fame was yet unfinished. I sternly resolved to turn over a new leaf with the new month, and, in pursuance of this determination, gave up idle gossip and aimless rambles, and harnessed myself to my “gray goose quill,” taking my exercise, quarter-deck fashion, in the oblong strip of ground before the cottage, which had been fenced in from the moor by a low stone wall, and dignified by the name of a garden.

I now saw but little of my friend the pointsman, though I heard his cheery whistle as he passed at night, and once or twice, when I rose with the dawn and sat at my window to watch the sun rise, I hailed him as he went by to day-duty, and he stopped for five minutes' chat.

One morning—a heavy autumn morning, the air full of soft, steamy vapor, which gave a Turneresque effect to the sunrise—in the course of our confabulation he confided to me, with a radiant face, that "Winnie" had at length consented to name the day, and "next Monday three weeks" would make him the happiest man in the principality.

It appeared that the course of their true love had, at first, met with an obstacle in the shape of Winnie's father—a well-to-do "general dealer" in the village—who had set his face against the match; but, thanks to Winnie's clever coaxing, he had soon "come round," and, moreover, had "come down" with something handsome toward furnishing the little cottage on the moor, where they were to begin their married life. All this, and more, my companion poured out with a beaming face, standing in the garden, under my window. I congratulated him heartily, and watched him with something like envy, as he went buoyantly on his way across the dewy moorland, full of health and hope and happiness, and was lost to my sight in the golden mists of sunrise.

The misty morning turned out a sultry day. I sat at my desk till evening, working as if for a wager; and work and weather combined having given me a racking headache, I took a cup of strong green tea before going to bed, about ten o'clock.

As a natural consequence, I could not sleep; and, after tossing for an hour or so in restless misery, I arose, dressed myself, lighted a cigar, and sat at my window, which, though the room was on the second floor, was not above eight feet from the ground.

The yellow harvest moon hung like a great silver lamp in the broad, bare expanse of purple-dark night sky, flooding with light the undulating sweep of moorland. The air was so clear, the moon so bright, that the distant line of rails and the white gates of the level-crossing were as distinctly visible as at mid-day; and as I sat at the window sill, puffing my cigar, and listening to the silent harmonies of the moonlit landscape, my thoughts reverted to my friend the pointsman. What was he doing at this moment, I wondered—dozing in his lonely little cabin, or wide-awake and thinking of Winnie? I glanced at my watch; it was just twelve. If I choose to take a midnight "constitutsonal" across the moor I should come upon him just as he was setting the points for the 12:15 express. Should I go? No, I decided; I would not, as it might incapacitate me for work to-morrow. I would smoke out this cigar, and then tumble into bed again.

I puffed away for a few moments longer, my eyes dwelling with a sort of fascination on the distant white gate and the shining rails, when suddenly there stole over me an unaccountable and very uncomfortable sensation. I felt as if some one was looking at me fixedly. Mechanically I withdrew my eyes from the distance to the foreground, and then started so violently that I nearly fell from my seat.

In the garden, close under the window, just where he had stood that morning, was Evan Wynne.

He stood motionless, looking at me intently; waiting, as it were, for me to address him. The moonlight rested full upon his face, which was only a few feet from

mine, and made his clear, sanguine complexion look of a dull, leaden pallor. For a moment I was too startled to utter a word, and could only gaze at him as fixedly as he at me: then, as he was still silent, I spoke.

"What is the matter, Wynne? What do you want?"

Without removing his eyes from my face he pointed toward the distant line of rails, and said in a tone which had a sharp ring of entreaty or command:

"Set the points for the 12:15 express!"

I stared at him blankly. "What did you say?" I asked, though I had heard plainly enough.

In exactly the same tone he repeated exactly the same words:

"Set the points for the 12:15 express!" and then retreated a few steps backward toward the gate.

As I still sat looking at him out of a dense mist of bewilderment, he paused; he did not speak again, but his eyes, fixed on mine, urged, implored, commanded me to obey, and his warning hand pointed again toward the railway.

Mechanically following with my eyes the direction of his finger I looked across the moor to the left, and saw, far, far off, three tiny red sparks—the lamps of the approaching train.

When I looked back again Wynne was gone. Gone where? Before me was the barren little garden, with not a single shrub or bush high enough to conceal a man's figure; beyond was the unfenced road, winding away over the broad, bare moor, and lighted by the brilliant moon. Not a living creature was in sight.

I sat for a moment like one stunned, then, under the stimulus of a shapeless dread, which quickened my pulses and set my heart throbbing, I threw away my cigar, and, without waiting another moment in conjectures, prepared to obey that mysterious summons.

Opening my window to its widest, I let myself drop gently into the garden, cleared the low stone wall, and set off across the moor.

As I proceeded I looked sharply to right and left, strained my eyes down the road before me, and now and then paused and turned, half expecting to see Wynne behind me; but to right and left, before and behind, in all the extent of the moonlit moor there was no human being to be seen.

The strangeness, the unaccountableness of this sudden disappearance impressed me more the longer I thought of it.

The man could not melt into air, or sink into the ground; there was no place where he could hide—how then could he have vanished so utterly?

Had he slipped round to the back of the house while I was looking across the moor? or was—I stopped abruptly as the thought struck me—was the whole thing a dream?

The idea seemed probable. I had gone to bed after a hard day's work, on a supper of strong green tea; I had sat at the window in a half-dozing condition, thinking of the pointsman, and—yes, that was it. I remembered now that there was something strange in the man's appearance; his face looked unfamiliar, unreal, as well known faces do sometimes in troubled dreams, and his voice, though close to me, had a hollow, distant sound, as if it came from far away. Yes, I had simply dreamt it all, and the best I could do was to go quietly back to bed, and in the future take more exercise, and abjure green tea.

The coming train was now only a few miles distant, rushing across the moor like

a fiery meteor, with its three blood-red lamps and its long train of lighted windows. No doubt, I thought, Wynne had just turned out to set the points, his last task for the night: if I walked slowly back he would probably overtake me before I reached the village.

But at that very moment, as I was about to turn back, I saw him standing in the road before me, where, only a second before, there had only been empty air.

He did not speak; but his eyes held mine spell-bound, with a gaze of entreaty so agonized, of command so urgent, that it made my heart stand still.

As I looked at him he lifted his hand and pointed, this time in an opposite direction, and straining my eyes into the distance I saw, coming down the inland line, the other midnight train, which passed the express just before the level crossing. He then extended his hand toward me in a gesture of warning or menace and was gone—gone utterly, as if he had never been there.

For a moment supernatural fear paralyzed me, mind and body; then, in a flash, my faculties returned to me, and I understood it all.

Evan Wynne was lying dead at the level crossing, and the two trains, with their precious freight of human lives, were rushing down upon each other—nearer to destruction with every turn of the wheels.

I caught my breath with a gasp, and ran as I never ran before or since. The nearest train, the express, was coming tearing over the moor to the left; I could hear, through the rushing in my ears, the panting of the engine, and the dull, muffled thunder of the wheels, but I looked at nothing but the white gates before me, between which and myself lay a long, horrible stretch of road.

Should I ever cover it in time?

On—on I ran in this mad race against steam, and at length the gate was reached. I saw at a glance that Wynne was not at his post, and dashed through, across the rails to the points of the Corven line.

Great Heaven! I had forgotten which lever to use! A moment before I knew it as well as the pointsman himself; now, to save my soul, I could not recollect which of those slanting handles it was. And the train was tearing down upon me; the ground shook under my feet—the air vibrated. As I stood there, fixed and frozen, for the third time the apparition appeared to me.

It stood close to me; pointed to one of the levers and was gone again. I seized the one indicated, and pushed it down and held it, just as the first wheels of the engine touched the points where the rails branched off.

There was a jerk, a shock, then the train wound smoothly along the curve, and with a shrill scream of triumph, rushed on its way.

I had just time to change the points again when the other passed, scattering a long train of sparks behind it; then there was silence again, and the lonely line and the moonlit moor.

I stood for a moment like one in a dream, then as I looked to right and left after the red lamps of the fast disappearing trains, as I thought of all those human lives, each with its golden circle of loves, hopes, memories, joys, sorrows—linked with other golden circles in that ever-lengthening chain of humanity which reaches from earth to heaven; as I thought of them all—fathers, mothers, lovers, little children—going on their way safe and unconscious, and remembered what might have been, I fell on my knees under the stars, and thanked God from my soul, while the tears poured down my cheeks like rain.

Then I arose and looked round. There stood the little cabin, in its tiny plot of garden, its door, as usual, open. I felt a shuddering reluctance to enter; but, putting a strong constraint upon myself, crossed the lines, and approached the door.

A lamp burned on the little table, and there, with his back to me, sat Evan Wynne. A book was open before him, and he seemed to have fallen asleep over it, for his head was lying on his folded arms. But before I touched him, before I raised his head, and turned his calm, dead face to the light, I knew that he slept the "sleep which knows no waking."

Yes, he was dead—struck down by heart disease in the prime of his lusty manhood. His body was not yet cold; probably life had not left it more than a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes; perhaps his spirit was summoned only a few seconds before it first appeared to me. * * * * *

There was an inquest at which I was the only witness. The evidence I gave amounted only to the fact that, calling at the pointman's cabin in the course of a night walk, I had found its inmate dead. No accident having occurred on the line, it was taken for granted that he had lived long enough to set the points for the 12:15 express. I let the belief pass uncontradicted, and until this day have never told the story of my "Desperate Run."

A TRANSCONTINENTAL BEAT.

A Journeyman Printer's Free Passage from San Francisco to New York.—Three Hundred Miles Locked in a Freight Car Without Food or Water.—Unpleasant Companions.

"**T**ALK about beating railroads, a man who can beat the Union and Central Pacific roads don't want any more lessons in the business."

The remark was addressed to a small but select group of printers assembled for mutual improvement at "Brooter" Millers, on Frankfort street. The speaker himself was an "art preservative" man, and had been giving his experience on a trip in which he said he had "spanned the continent and never paid a cent."

To a reporter he gave the following account of his long tramp:

"It's no picnic, and the man who wants to go to San Francisco or Sacramento overland had better pay his way if he can. I couldn't. I left San Francisco on the 15th of April with \$7. I had been working down at the 'bay' all winter, off and on—principally off—and found times pretty rough. Before the seven week's rain, which they call winter out there, was over, I came to the conclusion that I had had enough of California, and was going to beat 2,200 miles of railroad and go East. I waited till the worst of the snow was off the Sierras. Going over mountains when the snow is deep and in a box-car a man is liable to freeze. First I made Sacramento. It is only 140 miles from Sacramento to Truckee, well over the summit of the Sierras. I wanted to make this on one train, if possible, and avoid footing it over any part of that division.

"I had to wait in Sacramento three days before I could find a car going East that I could get into. The \$7 was reduced to \$4. On the third night I found a car loaded with flour for Virginia City with an end door unlocked; I crawled into it,

hooked the door on the inside, and in about two hours was spinning over the road. I had to dance around a good deal to keep warm going up the slope. At daylight we rolled into Truckee, and I opened the end door and got out, although I could have gone on forty miles further to Reno, where the flour car branched off, but I was too cold to stand it. I hadn't been about the depot half an hour before I fell in with half a dozen other fellows all bound the same way. From them I heard that a tramp had been killed there the day before, and that it was almost impossible to make a train to Wadsworth, the end of the 'next division. The run is eighty miles. I made the first water-station out on an express train up behind the coal on the tender. When the fireman came up to take water he saw me.

"Hello, young fellow, what are you doing up here?"

"Taking a ride."

"Where are you going?"

"Omaha."

"Well you'll be older when you get there. You don't expect to beat your way, do you? Got any money?"

"I explained the situation, and he sympathized with me and gave me a few points about beating trains and went back to the cab. I walked back to the second baggage car, put my foot on the break-wheel and hopped on top. Every man connected with a train on the Union and Central Pacific roads is on the lookout for tramps. The brakeman came forward with his lamp, looked under the car on the truck, passed back, the whistle tooted and the train pulled out. When we were well under way I got down as I got up, and was good for Reno, as she didn't stop again. At Wadsworth the real hard part of the road begins. No empty cars go East from there and all loaded cars are locked and sealed. The one passenger coach a day is closely inspected, and it is next to impossible to get out on her. She leaves about 3 o'clock in the morning. I was up waiting for her, and saw the brakeman take his lantern forward just as she was about to start, climb up on the front baggage car, and walk on top the length of the train. When he was about the middle, and while another brakeman was standing on the second baggage-car with his lantern, I got up on the first and lay down across the front end of it. By getting up on top at each stop, just before we got into the station, and staying until she pulled out, I made sixty miles, which made it broad daylight, and I got down and let her go. As I got off I saw a young fellow come out from the trucks, while the crew of the train stood looking at us both. But they were 'beat,' and couldn't take us back a mile.

"Well, boys," said the conductor, 'you had a windy ride.'

"You bet," said the boy, who had got off the truck, 'but it double discounts walking.' This young fellow was bound for Omaha, too.

"The place where we found ourselves when the express rolled away was about the wildest and dreariest I ever saw or want to see. The station was called Brown's, and was a kind of coaling station, there was one house and the station, and a hole in the ground to hold the water brought out by the water train. Sage-bush and sand as far as we could see on all sides. With one dollar I bought of, presumably, Mrs. Brown about as much bread and meat as I could buy in a cheap New York restaurant for ten cents, and we ate it and waited for the night freight. From some Chinese section hands who came in in the evening I bought some more bread, and found I had about a dollar and a half left. My companion was broke. When the freight came in we found

she took coal, and after a little talk the fireman told us to 'coal up' and he would see that we got a ride. He put us in a car half full of empty egg-boxes, bound for the Utah valley. But about daylight we were waked up by a tremendous hammering on the side of the car and a voice saying, 'Hello, there! What the h—ll are you doing in there? Hop out of that!' We found that from some cause the train had made only thirty miles through the night. We were still fifty miles from Winnemucca, at a station called Olean. We stayed here two days trying to get out, but all trains passed in the daytime. At least twenty tramps put in at the station while we were there, all making for California, 'broke,' ragged and hungry. Here I 'went broke,' and it began to look bilious for the first time. My hopes were to strike a little work at Winnemucca, and Ned, who was a carriage painter, expected to get a little work in his line. But Winnemucca was fifty miles off. The third day at Olean a long extra freight pulled in just at dinner-time. While the crew were at dinner I walked along the side away from the depot, and luckily found a lumber-car with the door ajar. We didn't lose much time in getting in and closing the door. We made the next station, and here, while we were waiting for something, another tramp saw the unlocked car and tried to get in. He had got the door open when a brakeman saw him and yelled at him. The poor devil jumped down, badly scared. We were hid behind some lumber in the car that we had piled up. The brakeman came up, and, after looking in for a moment, muttering something about 'tramps,' got down and shoved the door to with a bang. As he shut it the conductor came along and locked it. Ned and I looked at each other, hardly knowing whether to be pleased or scared. We were sure of a ride, and we were sure we had no water, or anything to eat. We determined to stick it out until we couldn't stand it any longer, and then kick the end of the car out to get out. We stayed there two nights and a day and a half. At daylight on the morning of the third day we woke up and found the car standing still, the end door wide open, and the car cut off from the train. A man's head appeared at the door, and I heard him ask somebody else if this was 'the lumber for Eureka.' I knew then where we were; we had made Palisade, something near 300 miles. The engineer gave us a feed and Ned volunteered to paint his cottage, which we both did, staying with him until the next night. We took in the magnificent scenery of the Palisades and the country to Elko on foot, making the thirty-seven miles by five o'clock in the afternoon. I made three dollars in that town, and my partner managed to corral a dollar by buying whisky for the Indians. The place was full of them, and they were all anxious to get whisky. He was driving a rushing business from his fees as a middleman, when I found out that it was a penal offense and stopped him. He had half the Indians in town drunk, though. Then he heard of work at Eureka, and I was left alone.

"From Elko to Ogden is a little over three hundred miles. A freight train pulled in just at dark, with a snow-plough in the train. I made myself comfortable in the plough until the next day noon, which brought me to Terrace, 100 miles from Ogden. That distance I made partly on the pilot of an express in the night, eighty miles, and twenty miles with some workmen on a construction train. Here I worked two weeks, and was sick afterwards until the 4th of July. On the 4th I concluded to strike out again. At Ogden the Central road of California ends, and the Union Pacific road begins, 1,070 miles to Omaha. All freight is transferred here, and a good many tramps manage to get in the cars and get locked in. I fell

in with a good-natured employee while I was moping around the depot, who told me that as soon as I got able to go on he would give me a lift. At 12 that night, after getting a couple bottles of water and something to eat, I began going through the empty cars. I wasn't long in finding one with half a dozen tramps. The night was comparatively dark and we managed to get in undiscovered. At seven in the morning we felt the cars bumping, and presently a man came around to seal the one we were in. We stood close to the side of the car, on tip-toe, almost holding our breath while we heard him fumbling with the lock; but it was all right, and we were soon out on the road. If we had been fixed for food and water we could have made Omaha in that car. It was sweltering hot, and when the cars stopped at the different stations we were half suffocated. We stayed in that car past Evanston to Green River, 220 miles, when one of the crowd couldn't stand it any longer and kicked hard against the door just as the wheel-tappers were passing.

"What's in there?"

"Tramps."

"How did you get in?"

"Locked in at Ogden. There is a man in here about dead. Let us out?"

"There was a short consultation, and we were given to understand that the agent had been sent for. Even the agent had no right to break the seal, and it was some time before he made up his mind to do it, but he finally broke it and let us out. The sick man recovered very suddenly and took to his heels up the yard. There were about forty lanterns about the door as we crowded out, and all hands took a surprised look at us, but didn't molest us.

"From Green River I made Rawlins on the bumpers of a night freight. At Rawlins I had the benefit of another night train for Laramie and waited for it that day. When she came in I found a door partly opened and held by a chain fastened to the lock and sealed. It was open just enough to get in by tight squeezing. If I had thought a second time I wouldn't have got into that car, for I saw that one end was loaded with bars of lead, and might have known they didn't need ventilation. But I didn't think. Suddenly I stumbled over two coffins and would have given something to have been out of there. The train was a tea train, and ran as fast as the express. It was cloudy and getting to be a bad night. I crawled to the other end of the car, and after thinking it over concluded to stick it out until we got to Laramie. When we got there in the morning I lost no time in changing cars. At Laramie Edison and his party were at the depot on their way to Rawlins. From Laramie to Cheyenne is forty-nine miles, and most of this I walked after making \$4 in the *Sentinal* office. At Cheyenne I made another raise, and left there with \$10 or \$12. If I had been in the East, traveling under the same circumstances, I would have squandered a few dollars of it on railroad fare. But I had roughed it too far to begin at that stage of the trip; besides, it costs about as much from Cheyenne to Omaha as it does emigrant fare to San Francisco. The road from Cheyenne to Omaha was literally swarming with tramps coming from and going to the Black Hills—hundreds of men who had been there and got 'broke,' and hundreds 'broke' trying to get there. There I saw Potter, the wheel-barrow man, who was walking from Albany to Sacramento. He was full, 'broke,' and happy.

"From Cheyenne I had 500 miles to make before reaching Omaha, which, with the assistance of another tramp who had got hold of conductors' checks for each of the two divisions between Cheyenne and Omaha, I made in an artistic way. We

walked out to the first station and managed to board the train as she came along without being seen. I had split the checks and we each took half and stuck them in our hat-bands with the printed sides out. When the conductor came along we were looking carelessly out of the windows. As he hadn't seen us get on he took us for through passengers and passed on. Ten miles west of Grand Island, the end of his run, we got off and walked in. With the next conductor we did the same, excepting the getting off part. This we had intended to do, but found ourselves running into Omaha before we expected it. We had passed the station where we had intended getting off and had to face it out. The conductor, a round-faced, good-natured man, came through taking up his checks. When he got to us he pulled the checks out, saw the white side of each and looked at us. We both looked at him, and like Artemus Ward's crew staring at death, we had the advantage.

"'Well,' said he, 'you'r two pretty fellows. Where did you get on?'

"But the whistle blew, and without waiting for a reply he hurried on, taking up his checks. From Omaha to New York it is easy enough, too easy to talk about."

For the Locomotive Firemens' Magazine.

"SPEAK NO ILL."

BY MISS A. C. EVANS.

NAY, speak no ill; a gentle word
 Can never leave a sting behind;
 And, Oh! to breathe each tale we've heard,
 Is far beneath a noble mind.
 Full oft a better seed is sown,
 By choosing thus the kinder plan;
 For if but little good be known,
 Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide—
 Would fain another's faults efface.
 How can it pleasure human pride
 To prove humanity but base?
 Now let us reach a higher mood—
 A noble estimate of man;
 Be earnest in the search for good,
 And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill, but lenient be
 To other's failings as your own;
 If you'r the first a fault to see,
 Be not the first to make it known.
 For life is but a passing day,
 No lips may tell how brief its span,
 Then, Oh! the little time we stay,
 Let's speak of all the best we can.

Editorial.

WM. N. SAYRE, *Editor.*

E. V. DEBS, *Associate Editor.*

OUR MAGAZINE.

The necessity of arousing the members of the Order to a full sense of their duty and their obligation, as members, to do all in their power to further the interests of the organization is painfully manifest in the lack of interest on the part of the different societies throughout the country towards the MAGAZINE, the organ and mouthpiece of the Order in the United States and Canada.

In many localities there are many societies numbering from one hundred and fifty to two hundred members, and they send us a subscription list of seventy-five or eighty. In some cities East there are two or three lodges, with a membership of hundreds, while our list of subscribers number about eighty. This ought not to be. The MAGAZINE belongs to the Order and to its members; it is published and edited for you, and in your interest, and it is surely one of the first duties of the membership to subscribe for, and support their own organ.

It is a MAGAZINE, which our exchanges say, compares most favorably with any thing of the kind now published. No pains are spared upon our part to make it all it purports to be, and to awaken in the minds of our readers a desire to see and read each new issue. The subscription price is within the reach of all, and no possible plea of poverty can avail as an excuse for gracing our list of subscribers with your name. Let every lodge make this a special matter and urge it upon the membership, and we feel sanguine that our next issue will be greatly increased, and the true interests of the Order thereby enhanced.

BENEVOLENCE.

The word Benevolence, the head light of the grand motto of our Order, is used and applied by the members in its broadest sense and fullest definition. It means that the members of the Order are possessed of a disposition to do good; that they are filled with the love for mankind, accompanied with a desire to promote their happiness. Not by wild and reckless charities, whereby the undeserving, the idle, and profligate are enabled to live without producing, by appeals to the active benevolence of our Order, but by love and kindness, tempered with sense and good judgment. To see that the meritorious do not suffer, and that honest suffering humanity may know that there still lives a sentiment and race of men, who have higher aspirations and more lofty conceptions of life and its duties than the mere struggle for sordid gain. To see that the brother disabled in the line of duty is provided with a weekly stipend sufficient to keep the wolf at bay, the wife and little ones from suffering and want.

Benevolence, as used and understood by this fraternity, means *practical humanity*; that rational application of the laws of right and justice inherent in the heart of *natural* humanity; but too often, alas! educated out of the heart and mind, by too much theorizing and too much theology. We have no patience with that kind of

seedy benevolence that starves our next-door neighbor, and contributes money to send gospel and food to the benighted heathen. If the heathen needs gospel, the hungry need food, and practical benevolence says: A wise and beneficent father will save in his own good time the untutored mind, let us attend to the demands of suffering, ever present need.

Benevolence is not a theory full of high sounding words and platitudes about the elevation and amelioration of the condition of the whole race; it is a living, acting principle that aids the needy and helps the truly deserving to help themselves. If a brother is unfortunate, and without blame, aid him until he can aid himself and repay all. If he has lost a position aid him to another, and thus without squandering recklessly means for the suffering, we only lend a helping hand to the halt, the lame and the blind, until their lameness is cured and their blindness removed, and they are able to help themselves. We have seen men upon the streets respond to a pathetic plea for help and watched the recipient squander his charity for tobacco or whisky. The world is too full of such sickly sentimentality about true benevolence. Unless your labors for the alleviation of suffering result in some practical good, it is worse than folly to expend either time or money. A false benevolence makes beggars of men and criminals of destitute persons. True benevolence as practiced by our Order makes men brave, manly and self-reliant, and humanity the better for it.

All questions of minor importance relative to the MAGAZINE, should be addressed to E. V. Debs, our Associate Editor, as Brother Sayre is invariably over-crowded with work and cannot always be prompt in answering communications.

"Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," the grand trinity that characterizes a model man.

Attend your meetings, pay your dues and other assessments promptly; subscribe and labor for our MAGAZINE; be temperate, industrious, and treat your family with becoming kindness, and we assure you that you will be prosperous and happy.

GRAND LODGE ORDERS.

In answer to many inquiries as to Grand Lodge Register: Every member must have his name registered on Grand Lodge Register, and *also* be in good standing with his lodge, to draw any benefits arising from death or disability. *This is the Law.*

Lodges admitting a member must pay one dollar Grand Dues within thirty days from such time as he becomes a member.

Visiting cards have been done away with altogether.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

I have forwarded to J. H. Smith, of Lodge No. 23, a fine 6 oz. gold mounted watch, P. S. Partlett latest improved works, as first prize for vol. 2.

To Robert Peel, of No. 61, second prize, a 14 carat, 27 pwt. curb chain.

To W. J. Stuart, of No. 28, third prize, a monogram pin, handsomely engraved with B. of L. F. in gold, and name on back.

To C. T. Smith of No. 70, fourth prize, a bound volume of No. 2, in gilt and morocco.

WM. N. SAYRE.

Correspondence.

OUR INDIA LETTER.

BY T. S. ABBOTT.

The natives have no respect for the Christian religion, or worship. If they become Christians, Europeans take no notice of them, and will not associate with them; they are despised by their own race, and have to give up friends and kindred, property, caste, and all that is dear to them, and become outcasts in their own country.

At the Mission Church, in the city of Calcutta, I often saw two native Hindoo women who had been converted to Christianity by the efforts of our American Missionaries. These two women were always at church, and appeared very devout. When the service was over, and people were leaving the church, talking with friends, no one took the slightest notice of these two poor creatures; they stood aloof. I pitied and sympathized with them, and wanted to go and speak to them, but was told they were not used to having strange gentlemen speak to them, and would be much disturbed, so I gave up the idea. These two poor souls were shunned by all. They always had a sad, down-cast look. It was a sin and shame they were treated so, especially by those who called themselves followers of Christ. What had these two poor creatures gained in a worldly point of view? Nothing. They had suffered untold indignities; had lost their friends; their kindred had deserted them; they had lost their property, and above all, their caste, and being very high caste ladies, it was like parting with life itself. Then, according to their ideas, it is against all precedent for high caste ladies to appear in public unveiled, to be seen of men, so they had endured all this for embracing a strange religion, and yet they were unnoticed and uncared for by European Christians.

One day I met one of these female missionaries, and as she had a good deal to say about her glorious work, I asked her if those two poor women were specimens of it. She answered yes. I at once said, "I pity them; they have given up their caste which is as dear to them as life itself, property, kindred and friends, and have become outcasts, and all to embrace a strange religion and become Christians. I would not do it myself, and I do not believe you would." "Oh," said this missionary, "you are a heretic; don't talk so; you are enough to ruin a whole mission." "Well," says I, "these are my sentiments, and I intend to let the people know them."

Most of the missionaries I met were ladies of uncertain ages, who, tired of staying at home in America had, I suppose, concluded to try the missionary business. The American Board paying their expenses. It being out of date now-a-days to go to India by sailing ships, the missionaries go by the way of England, visit France, then take a short trip on the continent, and thence to India by the Suez Canal, and reach Calcutta after a three months' trip. After getting there, it takes a year to get used to the climate, and also learn to speak the Hindoostan language, and are then ready for work.

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Most of these missionaries would be better off in their own country. In Calcutta they lived in a large house right in the native part of the city, so as to be able to visit among these people easily. An English woman can go about in those native parts, where a man would not dare to, and so they do a great deal of good among the sick and poor, as they could in England or America, and they also do good by teaching them to sew and knit, and teach the children to read, but as to converting them to Christianity, it is all moonshine. These natives are too bright for that. They know the penalty of becoming Christians, and so do not trouble themselves much about it. I think that many of the children do become Christians and they are allowed to go to Sunday schools. I think that in the generations to come there will be many Christians. The English Government have started a great many public schools, where all these native children can be educated; and they have abolished many of these native cruel customs, such as throwing live babies into the Ganges river, widows burning themselves alive, and many other things. These people are well cared for by this government. I say, let them alone; they are well enough off. Let them worship their gods as they like. They have done so for ages, and as they say, why is not their religion as good for them as ours is for us. They don't trouble us, why do we trouble them?

I never could see any use or understand why these missionaries come out to India. They are poorly paid, do not get half enough to eat, and can only afford a joint of meat once a week. In this climate people require strengthening food, so they can bear it, and keep in health. I have no faith in such works. Charity begins at home, and we can find enough to do here at home in America, close to our own doors, and not send our money off to foreign lands to help people who do not want it, or need our help. These missionaries are unhappy and home-sick most of the time. I would not be a missionary, or advise any one to become one, unless they had a great desire to travel.

Many of these Hindoos, like men in other countries, will make a pretense of religion, to help themselves on in life, and often, to secure a good place as servants in a European family, will pass themselves off as Christians. But Europeans, now-a-days, are shy of these Christian servants, and always choose Hindoos who stick to their gods; they are more faithful than the Christians. They only imitate all the vices they see among Christians, and say they see nothing but vice, profanity, &c., so of course they are not fit for servants. They think all Europeans are Christians, and so do not discriminate between those who are, and those who are not, and so say they see nothing good among any of them, and do not want to become like them, but still, to secure a good situation, will try and pass themselves off for Christians. Hence every one suspects them, and they often have hard work to get a good place. Very few people in Calcutta employ Christian servants.

A friend of mine wanted a servant. A Madrassi boy applied for the berth, and when he came to the house, he immediately said "I'se a Christian native." So my friend said, "What can you do? What kind of a Christian are you?" The boy answered, "I same as Master; I drink brandy and water; I smoke cheroot; I get mad and swear, all same as Master." This was his idea of a Christian.

I have no doubt but that these missionaries do good in relieving the wants of the poor and taking care of the sick, but they are not a necessity in India by any means. They would not be missed much if the whole party left at any time. So let us spend our money for those around us who need help, and then we can know

what becomes of it, and the good it accomplishes. This is better than having it spent to send a parcel of lazy people to the ends of the earth, to teach heathen nations, who do not want or need their help, and despise the religion they teach.

To be continued.

VICE GRAND MASTER'S ADDRESS.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

BRETHREN: We enter upon this new year with a great deal of encouragement. The principles of our order have been thoroughly tested, and we feel satisfied that, if we live up to those principles, success will always attend us individually and as a body. "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry" are three essentials to the development of true manhood:

The first teaches kindness, good will and sympathy for all, especially those who are suffering from sickness, poverty and bereavement; and as first in order so does it receive our first and chief attention.

The second implies a restraint on all passion and self indulgence; and the third presents the idea of a full and complete exercise of all powers of mind and body with which we are invested.

The statistics of the past year show a large increase of lodges with a corresponding proportion of members; in consequence of which we are better able to extend liberal aid to brothers in sickness, and to families where death has deprived them of their only means of support.

Our insurance plan works admirably, and by a very small assessment from each member we are enabled to place widows and orphans in comparative comfort.

We are happy to have welcomed into our ranks so many of our brothers formerly belonging to the International Firemens Union, who are manifesting so much interest and working so diligently for the good of the Order, and are thus giving good promise of being earnest and faithful co-laborers. We now, by this last addition, extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the North and South also have done their share towards increasing our numbers.

Our Order is taking a higher stand in the eyes of the world, and it remains for us to be faithful to our principles to raise it still higher in the opinion of our fellow men. We are rapidly disabusing the minds of those who have been prejudiced against our Order by showing them that we were not banded together for merely selfish ends, or in vindictive opposition to our employers; but that it has been for mutual advantage, and that by our united counsel and plan of action we have become more effective and serve our companies to more advantage.

The high character of our last Convention at Buffalo, as no doubt was the case at former conventions, was shown in the attention we received from some of the chief officers of the city. We appeared as gentlemen and were treated as such. No body of men could have been shown greater courtesies than were shown to us at that time. It seemed almost like a new era to have *labor* appear in such a dignified form and to be treated with so much respect. It is only to be hoped that our future course will be such as to increase rather than diminish such respect.

Brothers, the time is not far distant when railroad managers will open their eyes

to the fact and frankly acknowledge, that by the care and attention we pay to injured and sick brothers we save them a great deal of expense. Keep on with the good work, we must do all in our power to increase our numbers; bear in mind that every additional member is so much gain for our Insurance; that alone should be inducement enough to stimulate us to proceed. Let us then begin the New Year with a determination to live up to our standard and thus show that the workman needeth not to be ashamed of his calling.

Hoping that this will prove a prosperous year to all, I am, as ever,

Yours fraternally,

CHICAGO, ILL., Jan. 28, 1879.

J. M. DODGE, V. G. M.

RAILWAY NOTES.

THE Central Pacific Railroad Company employs 11,800 white men and 1,300 Chinamen. Those regularly employed are paid as follows:

Machinists, 30 to 42 cents per hour; blacksmiths, 35 to 40 cents; helpers, 22½ to 27½ cents; boiler makers, 25 to 36 cents; carpenters, 25 to 35 cents; painters, 25 to 33 cents; engineers, \$110 to \$122 per month; firemen, \$70; passenger conductors, \$110 to \$115; freight conductors, \$85 to \$90; brakemen, \$65 to \$70; laborers, \$2 to \$2.25 per day.

QUERY, by Inquirer, of No. 39. How do you find the leading engine on a locomotive?

How do you determine when your valves are blowing and which one it is?

A TERRIBLE EXPLOSION.

An Engine Attached to a Freight Train Blown up near Summit—W. C. Norton, Engineer Instantly Killed—Charles T. Hoy, Fireman, so Badly Injured that he Died, soon after—Conductor S. H. Green Badly Bruised—Wreck Wrought by the Explosion.

TRUCKEE, January 2d. The most dreadful accident ever known on the Sacramento Division occurred about 3 o'clock this afternoon, one mile east of Summit. Engine No. 17, a mammoth ten-wheeler, weighing forty tons, exploded, instantly killing W. C. Norton, engineer, fatally wounding Charles T. Hoy, fireman, and seriously injuring S. H. Green, yard master at Truckee. Engines No. 17 and 38 left Truckee at 2 o'clock on a special freight train, ahead of train No. 8.

S. H. Green acted as conductor of the special, and was standing on the engine, within two feet of Engineer Norton, at the time of the explosion. Three minutes prior Green noticed that the steam-gauge indicated one hundred pounds of steam, and the water-glass was two-thirds full. Charlie Hoy was putting in wood at the moment of the explosion. Green was hurled fifty feet forward, and landed in the snow outside the sheds. He has no recollection of the explosion. He thinks he remained unconscious five or ten minutes. At first he thought the sheds were fall-

ing in, and in trying to avoid them he came near falling over a three hundred-foot precipice. He heard Hoy calling for help, but was too badly hurt to render any assistance. Green's coat was blown off his back and turned inside out. One leg of his pantaloons was literally blown off. He was badly scalded, was cut about the left eye, and was bruised considerably. The doctor says he will be all right, however, in a few hours. His watch stopped at 3:17 P. M., probably indicating the exact time of the accident.

Norton was hurled upward and backward over two box cars. One side of his face and head and all of the brain was blown away, leaving a profile of his face unhurt and perfectly natural. His shoulder, legs, and many of the bones of his body were crushed.

Hoy was also thrown backward some distance, and was terribly crushed and scalded. The brain protruded from a wound in the forehead; his neck was cut severely, and his face was badly mangled. The boot and sock was stripped from one foot, and lay on the top of the second box car, near a portion of Norton's brains. Hoy lived five hours. He was conveyed to Summit, and received medical attention and the kindest treatment, but was either unconscious or unable to converse on account of his injuries.

The force of the explosion was so great that one hundred and twenty feet of the roof, and eighty feet of the lower side of the snow sheds were blown over the precipice above Donner Lake. Large sections of roof, huge beams, and fragments of machinery, were hurled hundreds of feet down the mountain. Fourteen-inch shed timbers were rent in two like pipe-stems by the force of the explosion.

Engine No. 17 was a confused mass of rent and broken iron, fragments of car wheels, and crushed beams. The boiler, lifted from its bed, was hurled ahead one hundred feet, the hind end being forwarded and resting high up against the granite composing the upper side of the snow-shed. The entire hind end of the boiler was blown out. The tender was on top of the forward driving-wheels, and the other drivers were scattered all through the wreck. The smoke-stack, sand-box, cab, braces, and running gear were shivered and demolished. Blood was spattered on the beams and over the snow. The forward car was crushed in, and a heavy beam pierced the second car.

N. S. Peck, engineer of the head engine, says he heard a terrible explosion and felt his locomotive lifted bodily from the track and hurled forward as if shot from a mammoth cannon. The explosion broke the coupling. Luckily, the wheels did not get off the rails, and Mr. Peck was enabled to go to Summit and give the alarm.

Frank Trahan, brakeman on the special car, felt a slight jar when the train stopped. He first ran back to flag No. 8, then met and cared for Green, saw that Hoy and Norton were past helping, and, knowing that Peck had gone to Summit, ran all the way to give the alarm. Until he reached Summit he supposed that both engines were destroyed.

A wrecking train left Truckee as soon as the news came. A physician, the Coroner and a large number of citizens were conveyed on the train to the scene of the disaster. J. W. Hoy, father, and Willie Hoy, brother, of the wounded fireman, went on the train and were with the sufferer during his last moments.

Charles Hoy was 23 years of age, and was a steady, moral, industrious young man. His mother and sister were in Wadsworth, as was also the wife of Mr. Norton. Frank Free, Division Superintendent, at once started an engine and special car

from Wadsworth with these ladies, and they reached Truckee at 8 o'clock P. M. Mr. Norton was about 45 years of age, and was a first-class engineer. He married a Miss Annie Gray, in Truckee, last May, and the grief of the young wife, and of Mrs. Hoy is heart-rending.

Little light can be thrown upon the cause of the accident. The "17" is an old engine, and last Spring blew out a plug near Reno, severely scalding Pete Lish, a freight conductor. She was then completely overhauled in the Wadsworth shops, and came out last Summer in splendid condition. The cause of the accident will probably remain a mystery.

SUBORDINATE LODGE ITEMS.

E. STURGES will learn something to his advantage by writing Recording Secretary of No. 56.

BROTHER ED. F. INGLES, of No. 90, visits Los Angeles, California, this month to institute No. 97. We wish you success Brother Ed—never say die.

WE are under obligations to the members of No. 9, for a kind invitation to their annual ball. Can not be with you, brothers, but wish you a "power" of success.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Members of Vigo Lodge No. 16, who have not corresponded with their Lodge for some time, will please do so at once, as they will learn something to their interest. Address E. V. Debs, Box 522, Terre Haute, Ind.

WE hear from Brother Stacey, of No. 54, regularly. He reports the promotion of Brothers Geo. W. Cooper and M. G. Urbin, of Old 54, from the scoop to the throttle. We wish you well, Brothers; may you hold to the rail without a slip.

THE many friends of Brother Wm. Maroney, of Chicago Lodge No. 95, will be pleased to hear of his promotion to the throttle. We take pleasure in drawing the attention of all Brothers to the fact, and trust they will with us wish him God-speed.

WE record the promotion of Brother Convey, of No. 46, a good and faithful employee, and a worthy brother. His trials thus far have been a test, yet he ploughed the snow manfully, and for hours fought for the life of his engine, and to his credit, she lived through one of the biggest snow storms known for some years on the I. C. R. R. We wish you well, and hope for a prosperous future.

NEW LODGES.—Brother John Walsh, of No. 46, has for the past ten days been acting as Deputy Grand Instructor, in which position he has organized four (4) lodges formerly of the I. F. U., located at Stuart, Clinton and Waterloo, Iowa, and Amboy, Ill. Too much credit can not be given Brother Walsh for his earnest endeavors to promote the welfare of our Order. We are proud to record him as an exemplary member, worthy of all thanks from our officers and members. Brother Walsh desires to return his sincere thanks to Brothers Baker of No. 95, and Morse of No. 20, also engineers J. Stevens, of the C. R. I. & P. R. R., W. L. Webb, of the W. U. R. R., Mr. Baker, of the C. C. D. & M. R. R., and Mr. Wood, of the I. C. R. R., for kindness shown him during his tour.

BENEVOLENCE, SOBRIETY AND INDUSTRY,

The Motto of the Locomotive Firemen—The Third Annual Ball of Blooming Lodge.

Blooming Lodge No. 40, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, contains about sixty members, embracing in its organization the most of the better class of the Chicago & Alton firemen. In the history of the secret societies of Bloomington none is found which has been productive of more good to its members and to the public than this. Its motto is Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry, and acting under this banner, it cannot fail to reach success and the achievement of the objects for which it was called into existence, the improvement of the mental, moral and worldly condition of a worthy class of men.

The third annual ball of Blooming Lodge was given last evening at Phoenix Hall, and was one of the most successful, happy and pleasant balls ever given in that time-honored assembly room. Its two predecessors were worthy of notice for their social and orderly character, but this far surpassed them. It was an invitation party, and the utmost care had been exercised in issuing the cards. Nevertheless, the attendance was large enough to guarantee a financial success.

The music was by Hohmann and Hastings' complete orchestra and the calling by Espey. The programme consisted of twenty-seven numbers, embracing a number of new features.

The following was the Floor Committee: James H. Cunningham, Chief; Thomas O'Neil, Charles M. Stone, Charles A. McCabe, Peter Rafferty, Michael Gleason, John Finley, William O. Webster, James Burke, S. H. Smith, and Ed. Powers.

The refreshments were served in the lower hall by Messrs. Lipp & Fickweiler, and were delicious.

That sobriety is a rule with the members of Blooming Lodge was shown last evening in the perfect order and good feeling that prevailed. Until late in the night the brave and stalwart railroaders and their wives and sweethearts tripped it merrily in the dance, and nothing whatever occurred to mar the pleasure of the night.—*The Pantagraph.*

LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S BALL.

"I gazed upon the dance, where ladies height
 Were moving in the light
 Of mirrors and of lamps. With music and with flowers,
 Danced on the joyous hours;
 And fairest bosoms
 Heav'd happily beneath the winter roses blossoms;
 And it is well
 Youth hath its time,
 Merry hearts will merrily chime."

"Straws show which way the wind blows." Socialistic improvement in a town is as sure an indication of its healthful and rapid growth as the erection of brick blocks and warehouses, and Fargo may well feel proud of her showing in this direction thus far this season. Thanksgiving evening, 1878, will long be remem-

bered as the occasion of one of the principal social events which marked the beginning of a new era in the history of Fargo. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen are deserving of the highest praise for the manner in which their arrangements were planned and executed, especially since they demonstrated beyond peradventure, the fact that Fargo is socially, as well as from a business standpoint, one of the very best and foremost cities in the north-west, being perfectly capable of furnishing all the details for the most *recherche* affairs, including an elegant hall, faultless music, efficient caterer, etc. Shortly after 8 o'clock the gay party began to assemble at Chapin & Erickson's hall and kept pouring in for more than an hour, swelling the numbers to over four hundred, probably the most largely attended ball ever given in Fargo, where all were so well accommodated. Everybody was received in proper manner by the courteous reception committee whose gentlemanly bearing and quiet dignity impressed all. The floor managers, consisting of Messrs. J. E. Burke, C. D. Herbert, N. A. Bassett, and M. C. Brady, "did their work up brown," reflecting much credit on themselves as well as the organization which they represented. The music, by Prof. Humphrey's orchestra, was rich and *Rac(e)y*, and was pronounced by good judges to be as good for all dancing purposes as any band that could be imported. Their selections were all good, and the calling by Messrs. Larcon and "Joe" Humphrey was entirely satisfactory. The people in attendance represented the best society of Fargo and vicinity, an enumeration of whose names would consume too much space and for that reason are omitted. The ladies were stylishly attired and their array of beauty would have made the heart of an erratic Bismark editor kick his brains out with tumultuous throbbing, (a narrow escape from which he had about a week since.)

To sum up the whole affair, the first annual ball of the Fargo Lodge, of Brotherhood of Locomotive Fireman, was a decided success in every respect: An honor to the N. P. R. R.; an honor to Fargo; an honor to themselves.—*Fargo Republican*.

IMPORTANT TO OFFICERS AND MEMBERS.

January 1st was the day set to pay the claim of Mrs. Pope. Several lodges are yet to be heard from. This is uncalled for. A notice served on a Financial Secretary is sufficient for him to send the claim in, and if it is sent at all can just as well be in three days ahead of time as that much late. Had you the least idea of the letters which pour in on the Grand Secretary and Treasurer, asking why this or that lodge had not forwarded their claim, you would be more prompt. Don't let this occur again.

W. T. GOUNDIE.

A notice will be forwarded to all lodges February 1st, of the death of Brother Gleason, of Lodge No. 4, who was run over and killed at Levittsburg, Ohio, on the line of the A. & G. W. The deceased was one of the first members of our Order, and truly a worthy one. He leaves a wife and three children with no support in this cold world. All lodges will pay the sum of 25 cents per member, by March 1st, excepting Nos. 20, 30, 34, 35, 50, and 97, these six being instituted since the death of Brother Gleason.

W. N. SAYRE, Sec'y for Insurance.

RESOLUTIONS.

At a regular meeting of Great Western Lodge, No. 4, of Locomotive Firemen, held December 22d, the following was adopted in regard to the death of Brother Chas. Gleason.

WHEREAS, It has pleased our heavenly Master to remove from our midst our worthy Brother Chas. Gleason, of injuries he received while coupling cars, which finally resulted in his death on the morning of December 8th, 1878, therefore be it

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the will of the Almighty, and guided by the power of love, we sincerely sympathize with his bereaved wife, children and relatives, and we tender them our heartfelt sympathy in their sorrow, and a sincere regard for their future welfare.

Resolved, That we tender our grateful thanks to the Rev. N. N. Bartlett, for the able and appropriate sermon delivered on the occasion.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge are hereby tendered to our worthy brothers of Cleveland Lodge, No. 10, for their kindness in assisting at the funeral of our late brother.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be tendered to Mr. L. Cobb, engineer, and Mr. E. Ferguson, yardmaster at Leavittsburg, Ohio, for the many acts of kindness rendered our brother and family.

Resolved, That our Charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, in token of respect to the memory of the deceased.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the wife of our deceased brother, and that they be published in the MAGAZINE.

W. H. MAXWELL,
JOHN F. HOFFMAN, } Committee.
GEO. F. DUNBAR.

At a regular meeting of Challenge Lodge, No. 66, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, By a visitation of Divine Providence we are called upon to mourn the loss of our much loved Brother, Hugh McGregor, who was killed on the morning of December 23d, 1879, at Trenton Station. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That in his death this Division has lost one of its oldest members, and each one of us a brother.

Resolved, That we extend to his affianced bride our heartfelt sympathy in this her great affliction.

Resolved, That as a token of respect for our departed brother, we drape our Charter in mourning for the space of sixty days.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the MAGAZINE, and that a copy be sent to the affianced bride of the deceased.

D. SUTHERLAND, } Committee.
J. BROWNLEE,
J. McKNIGHT,

Belleville, Ont., Dec. 9, 1878.

At a regular meeting of Rocky Mountain Lodge, No. 77, held November 21st, 1878, the Lodge was presented with a very handsome motto, "Love One Another," done in silk colors, beautifully harmonized and incased in a neat frame. By the beauty of the blending of its colors it not alone teaches us our duty to each other, but

gives an illustration of its truth. It is an ornament on the walls of our lodge room.

The fair donor is the wife of our worthy Master, George Klock. In gratitude for the above presentation the Lodge passed a vote of thanks, and appointed a committee to draft appropriate resolutions, and have the same published in the MAGAZINE. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Rocky Mountain Lodge, tender our sincere thanks to Mrs. George Klock, for this her gift, the first to our prosperous Lodge, and hope its teachings will guide us in all our deliberations and debates, and our conduct of brother to brother.

W. F. STYNES, }
S. B. TURMAN, } Committee.
JAS. COLLINS, }

MATRIMONIAL.—Realizing the fact that it is not well for man to live alone, and having found one in every way calculated to make him happy, Brother Davidson was, on Christmas Eve, united in the bonds of matrimony to Miss Mary Albright. The ceremony was performed in the groom's own house, Rev. Thompson officiating. A few months ago Brother Davidson was placed in charge of the switch engine in North Platte, Neb., a position he is capable of filling with credit to himself and employers. Bob has been a member of Elkhorn Lodge, No. 28, almost since its organization, is an earnest worker in the cause and a terror to evil doers. May your track of life be a B line and free from trouble, and when your run is out and the great station is reached, may your reward be that of the just, is the wish of Elkhorn Lodge, No. 28.

THE members of division 56 were agreeably surprised last Wednesday on learning that our worthy Brother S. B. Fisher, had been united in the holy bands of wedlock to one of Emporia's fairest daughters, Miss Nettie Jones. In congratulating them we extend our best wishes for their happiness and prosperity, hoping as they walk hand in hand down life's path, they will reap the full measure of happiness accorded to mortals here below.

"Around this loving pair may joy serene,"

On wings of balm forever wind and play,

And laughing health her roses strew between,

Making their life one long, sweet flowry way.

M. S. M., Div. 56.

BROTHER JOHN FOSTER to Miss Carrie Smart, of LaGrange, Ky. If John fosters this as a smart trick, we do not. No cards.

WRITTEN IN REMEMBRANCE OF WALTER PARISH.

BY A FRIEND.

A comrade has a sad fate met,
A brakeman his last brake has set;
The body that did once control
The train has lost its life and soul;
He now no more his friends will greet,
At points where "on the road" trains meet,
For Walter Parish has gone o'er

"The road" to the Eternal Shore.
 The signal sounding its alarm
 No warning now conveys of harm
 To him who once did quick respond
 To place the train all risk beyond.
 The *Great Dispatcher* called him back
 From running over Earth's rough track,
 To put him on a "run" where blessed
 The soul no longer sighs for rest.
 Great grief now fills a mother's heart,
 Tears from a mother's eyes do start;
 For now no more to her will joy
 Be brought by presence of her boy;
 But let her heart be cheered for she
 May yet with him united be;
 For souls which cherish truest love
 Shall not be severed when above,
 And all should travel that safe road
 Which leads them to a safe abode.
 On Earth no sure abode we find,
 Death leaves delusions all behind—
 The grave the gate, and death the door,
 Which leads to life forevermore;
 When those who wear a robe of white
 To seats are ushered on the right.
 May we who yet are left behind
 Forever this bear well in mind:
 At home, abroad, or on the train,
 To not take *His good name in vain*.
 But ever try to feel secure
 By leading lives sincere and pure;
 And we some day shall get our "pay"—
 Our "orders" have endorsed "O. K."

Waukesha, Nov. 14.

From the Woman's Tribune, Indianapolis, Ind.

LITERARY NOTES.—The January number of the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, edited by Wm. N. Sayre of this city, comes to us in an entire new dress; the new design representing a "Headlight" on the title page is not only suggestive but very appropriate; it displays the taste and good judgment of the editor. The motto "Benevolence, Sobriety, Industry" could not be improved.

Conspicuous among its contents is the poem entitled "Our New Year's Greeting," by Noah W. Parker, whose name is quite familiar to the readers of the Tribune.

It is the organ of the Brotherhood, and if the members will heed its teachings they will be Benevolent, Sober, and Industrious, and will abundantly provide for the widows and orphans of the Order.

We predict that while Mr. Sayre is firing the mental Locomotive of the Brotherhood, not only the Magazine, but the Firemen's Association will continue to prosper.

Office of CONDUCTOR'S MAGAZINE AND REPOSITORY.

Wm. N. Sayre, Esq., Dear Sir:

Your Magazine came in this morning. Permit me to congratulate you on its fresh, bright appearance, which surely must be highly appreciated by the Order to whose interest it is devoted.

Its general construction shows great care and ability and should be hailed with delight, and receive a welcome from every member of your fraternity. I dare say many of your members are like some I have had experience with for the past nineteen months, who seldom, if ever, give a thought to the perplexities surrounding an editor of a "Craft" Journal. Every department of railway employees have distinct peculiarities, and are sensitive in the extreme to any imaginary slight or personal insinuation, consequently to be successful it requires a man with a knowledge of such idiosyncrasies and wisdom enough to steer between extremes, to please all. I hope you will, through your valuable Magazine, endeavor to interest your fraternity in the matter of establishing a Home and Hospital for all classes of Employees. My plan and prospectus you will find in my January issue which you can copy if you choose.

Hoping you will meet with the patronage and success you so richly deserve,

I am, very truly yours,

J. WARD BOYLES,

Chicago, Dec. 26, 1878.

Editor Conductors' Magazine and Repository.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"SHE's pretty hot, ain't she?" said a backwoods passenger, addressing the engineer of a Mississippi steamer that was racing with another boat. "So-so," responded the engineer, as he hung an additional wrench on the safety-valve cord to stop the steam from escaping. "I reckon we'll overtake that craft soon," pursued the stranger. "That's about it," returned the engineer, giving the cord another twitch and hallooing through the trumpet to the firemen to "shove her up." "One hundred and ninety-five," hummed the passenger, looking first at the gauge and then at the boilers. "That's about where she's rustivating," put in the engineer. The passenger ran his fingers through his hair nervously, and walked about the decks for a few minutes, when he came back to the engineer and observed, "Hadh't you better leave that boat go?" "Can't do it. Must pass her." "But s'posen we should blow up?" "Well," said the engineer, as he peeped over the guard to see how fast he was going, "if it is the will of Providence for the boat to blow up, we'll have to stand by it." Then he hallooed to the fireman to coal, and give a little more turpentine and oil. The next moment there was a splash in the river; but before the yawl could be lowered the man had succeeded in reaching the shore, and hallooed out: "Go on with the race. I guess I'll walk."

"Is this the place," she asked, as she wandered down on the barren sands, "where a young lady—a beautiful young lady—fell into the water last season, and was rescued by a gallant young man, whom she afterwards married?" He looked at her carefully, estimated her at a square forty-seven, with false teeth, and said: "Yes, ma'am, but I don't know how to swim."

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

W. T. GOUNDIE.....	Grand Master,
3405 Elm street, West Philadelphia, Pa.	
J. M. DODGE.....	Vice Grand Master,
No. 12 16th st., Chicago, Ill.	
W. N. SAYRE.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
S. M. STEVENS.....	Grand Instructor.
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North Platte, Neb.	
CHAS. POPE.....	Grand Conductor,
Toronto, Ont.	
W. HUGO.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
T. DOYLE.....	Grand Outer Guard.
St. Louis.	
B. I. WELCH.....	Grand Chaplain,
Port Jervis.	
M. COOPER.....	Grand Marshal,
St. Paul, Minn.	

GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

M. E. CORB.....	Worcester, Mass.
J. S. COOL.....	Logansport, Ind.
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W. F. HYNES.....	Denver, Col.
J. POPE MYERS.....	Louisville, Ky.

LODGE ADDRESSES.

Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.

1. DEER PARK, at Port Jarvis, N. Y. Meets every Monday evening at 7.30.
I. B. Fisher (Box 724) Master
Ed. Salley Rec. Sec'y
N. C. Marshall Magazine Agent
2. ERIE, at Hornellsville, N. Y. Meets every Monday night in B. of L. F. Hall, on Main street.
C. Hobart Master
L. W. Graves Rec. Sec'y
John Broderick Magazine Agent
4. GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.
C. F. Terry, (Valonia, Pa.) Master
J. F. Hoffman (Box 501) Rec. Sec'y
S. H. Quackenbush, W. E. Nichols, Mag. Agts
5. UNION, at Galion, Ohio. Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30.
A. Jenkinson Master
T. Woolley Rec. Sec'y
Jas. Farnsworth Magazine Agent
7. SCRANTON, at Scranton, Pa. Meets in Red Men's Hall, every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month.
Geo. H. Carpenter Master
Thos. Roach (Lock box 37) Rec. Sec'y
S. D. Schooley Magazine Agent

8. JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. E. Hall, at 7:30 P. M.
Geo. Boas Master
L. M. Phipps Rec. Sec'y
A. J. Gabard Magazine Agent
9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.
John McClure Master
F. W. Arnold Rec. Sec'y
(Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block.)
E. Ginbey (123 Spruce st.) Magazine Agent
10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 p. m., Miller's Hall, cor. Auburn st., & Scranton ave.
S. S. Card Master
D. T. Henderson (46 John st.) Rec. Sec'y
T. H. Sheppard Magazine Agent
(19 Pelton avenue, s. s.)
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 p. m., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
J. S. Gorgas Master
P. C. Everitt Rec. Sec'y
D. Gorgas Magazine Agent
12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.
James Shufelt Master
J. C. Bradley (470 Swan St.) Rec. Sec'y
C. G. Swan Magazine Agent
(438 South Division street.)
13. MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, at East St. Louis, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in Brick Bank Hall.
John McGarrahan Master
Jerry Benedict Rec. Sec'y
Fred. Lane (Box 191) Magazine Agent
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., at No. 62½ East Washington street.
Wm. Hugo (79 N. Noble street) Master
Chas. Kline (530 E. Georgia st.) Rec. Sec'y
C. Kline and Wm. Hugo Mag. Agents
15. PACIFIC, at St. Louis, Mo. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays. Hall, Chateau ave. near Summit avenue.
J. J. Smith Master
J. F. Clough (3012 Sarah st.) Rec. Sec'y
J. F. Clough Magazine Agent
16. VIGO, at Terra Haute, Ind. Meets the 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at 1:30 P. M., S. E. cor. Main and Seventh sts.
James Smith (Box 1074) Master
E. V. Debbs (Box 522) Rec. Sec'y
James Smith (Box 1074) Magazine Agent
17. OLD POST, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets in No. 2 Engine House every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.
F. B. Wheeler Master
C. A. Cripps Rec. Sec'y
C. A. Cripps Magazine Agent
20. STUART, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.
Wm. McBride Master
D. Hartigan (Box 418) Rec. Sec'y
Wm. McBride Magazine Agent

21. **INDUSTRIAL**, at South St. Louis, Mo.
Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30,
in Engineers' Hall.
James Bucke Master
H. Miller (c. Ellwood & 2d sts.) Rec. Sec'y
John Hayes Magazine Agent
22. **CENTRAL**, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every
Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. Hall.
Wm. Trenary (Box 598) Master
Geo. Bond Rec. Sec'y
D. M. Wills Magazine Agent
23. **LOUISVILLE**, at Louisville, Ky. Meets
every Sunday at 2 p. m., Farmers Ex-
change Bank.
J. P. Myers (c. Bender's drug store) Master
(Cor. Wenzel and Jefferson streets.)
J. W. Richardson Rec. Sec'y
J. H. Smith (252 Zane st.) Magazine Agent
25. **PROVIDENCE**, at Providence, R. I.
Meets 1st and 3d Fridays and last Sat-
urday evenings in each month, in B of
L. E. Hall.
George H. Bragg Master
C. S. Newton Rec. Sec'y
(14 Chestnut street, Hartford, Conn.)
O. W. Cutler Magazine Agent
(Ashland, Mass.)
26. **J. W. THOMAS**, at Nashville, Tenn.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in each
month, at Knights of Honor Hall, West
Nashville.
George D. Smith (317 Church st.) Master
Will Achey Rec. Sec'y
(cor. West Gay and Hines streets)
Will Achey Magazine Agent
27. **HAWKEYE**, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Meets every Thurseay evening at 7:30.
F. A. Davis Master
A. S. Funk Rec. Sec'y
W. S. Davis Magazine Agent
28. **ELKHORN**, at North Platte, Neb. Meets
1st and 2d Wednesdays of each month.
W. T. Chadwick Master
Joe Tooley (Box 166) Rec. Sec'y
W. J. Stuart Magazine Agent
29. **CHAMPION**, at Detroit, Mich. Meets
every Thursday evening at 7:30, at their
hall, 65 Michigan Avenue.
Frank Clark Master
Martin Cooper Rec. Sec'y
Jas. Thomas, John Shaw Magazine Agents
30. **CEDAR VALLEY**, at Waterloo, Iowa.
J. M. Dubois Master
L. C. Chase Rec. Sec'y
W. R. Saunders (Box 799) Magazine Agent
33. **CECIL FLEMING**, at Jackson, Tenn.
J. Jones Master
R. T. Chappell Rec. Sec'y
J. Jones Magazine Agent
34. **At CLINTON, IOWA.**
B. S. Keith Master
B. S. Keith (Box 636) Magazine Agent
35. **At AMBOY, ILL.**
36. **TIPPECANOE**, at LaFayette, Indiana.
Meets every Sunday, at 2 p. m., at B.
of L. E. Hall, cor. Fourth and Terry
street, Wallace Block.
J. L. Birmingham Master
J. H. Brewer Rec. Sec'y
J. H. Brewer, 94 13th st.) Magazine Agent
37. **MOUNTAIN CITY**, at Altoona, Pa.
Meets every Sunday afternoon, 11th
avenue, between 12th and 13th streets.
John Gardner Master
J. Miles Stonebraker (Box 343) Rec. Sec'y
J. H. McMurray (Box 343) Magazine Agent
38. **KEY STONE**, at Pittsburg, Pa. Meets
every Monday evening at Odd Fellows'
Hall, Beaver avenue.
Gust Sold Master
Thomas Vanvooy Rec. Sec'y
(148 Bidwell street, Allegheny, Pa.)
Burt E. Grove Magazine Agent
(134 Juniata street, Allegheny, Pa.)
39. **NORTH STAR**, at Austin, Minn. Meets
2d and 4th Sundays.
Geo. R. Talbott Master
J. T. Brown Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Sengel Magazine Agent
40. **BLOOMING**, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets
in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday night
James Crotty Master
Thomas O'Neil Rec. Sec'y
(905 West Locust street)
Wm. O. Webster Magazine Agent
41. **FOX RIVER**, at Aurora, Ill. Meets
every Sunday at Engineers' Hall.
C. Riddle Master
C. E. Powell Rec. Sec'y
G. L. Cummings Magazine Agent
42. **MISSOURI VALLEY**, at Sedalia, Mo.
Meets every 3d Sunday and every 4th
Wednesday.
R. C. Yopst Master
C. Schernowkie Rec. Sec'y
L. D. Palmer Magazine Agent
43. **ST. JOSEPH**, at St. Joseph, Mo. Meets
in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and
9th streets, every second and fourth
Sundays in each month.
L. H. Ingersoll Master
O. W. Richardson Rec. Sec'y
L. H. Ingersoll Magazine Agent
44.
45. **ROSE CITY**, at Little Rock, Ark.
Meets every Monday at 7:50 p. m., cor-
ner Main and Markham streets.
J. A. Blondsoe Master
P. J. Robinson Rec. Sec'y
E. W. Mills Magazine Agent
46. **CAPITAL**, at Springfield, Ill. Meets
every alternate Sunday, at Eng. Hall.
W. R. Whitcomb (c. 9th & Market sts) Master
G. D. Partington (Lock box 1126) Rec. Sec'y
Joseph Pollis (Wabash Shops) Mag. Agent
47. **TRIUMPHANT**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets
2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at
2:30 p. m., in Railroad Chapel.
M. Gepper Master
J. M. Dodge, No. 12 16th st. Rec. Sec'y
R. M. Ormsby (402 3d ave.) Magazine Agent
M. Gepper do do
48. **AMICITI**, at Harrisburg, Pa. Meets
every Saturday night and Sunday al-
ternoon, corner 3d and Broad sts.
R. T. Shepherd, (5th, near Riley) Master
L. C. Clemson Rec. Sec'y
937 Pennsylvania avenue.
C. W. Guyon (642 Colder st.) Magazine Ag't
49. **SPRINGFIELD**, at Springfield, Mass.
C. O. Mansus Master
J. W. Hurlbert (Box 396) Rec. Sec'y
C. H. Porter (Box 396) Magazine Agent
50. **At CHICAGO.** Organizing.

51. **FRONTIER CITY**, at Oswego, N. Y. Meets every Thursday at 2:30 P. M., at Engineers' Hall.
A. L. Baldwin, East Mitchell st.....Master
L. J. Boynton, 112 W. Utica st., Rec. Sec'y
J. McCarthy 49 W. Erie st., Magazine Ag't
52. **GOOD WILL**, at Logansport, Indiana. Meets every Friday at 8 P. M., corner Market and Canal sts.
A. Ross.....Master
R. Warner.....Rec. Sec'y
Ambrose Ross (Box 626).....Magazine Agent
54. **ANCHOR**, at Moberly, Mo. Meets every Monday night at 43 Reed street.
J. J. Murphy.....Master
Geo. R. Stacey, box 820.....Rec. Sec'y
J. Bresson.....Magazine Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY**, at Memphis Tenn. Meets 2d and last Saturday evenings of each month, at Knights of Honor hall, 298 2d street.
John Clark, L. & N. engine house... Master
Alex. M. Cronin.....Rec. Sec'y
Alex. M. Cronin.....Magazine Agent
56. **TOPEKA**, at Emporia, Kan. Meets every alternate Sunday at A. O. U. W. Hall.
S. McGaffey.....Master
Wm. Tangman, Topeka, Kan.....Rec. Sec'y
J. R. Goheen.....Magazine Agent
57. **BOSTON**, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at 10:30 A. M., and 2d Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.
C. H. Moulton (Box 93, Lynn, Mass.) Master
L. L. Parker, Jr.....Rec. Sec'y
L. L. Parker, Jr.....Magazine Agent
72 Cambridge street, E. Cambridge.
58. **STAR**, at Hoboken, N. J. Meets 2d Sundays & 4th Thursdays, at 67 Newark st.
C. E. Borland.....Master
O. Gillen, box, 41 Hoboken.....Rec. Sec'y
O. Gillen.....Magazine Agent
59. **ASHLEY**, at Ashley, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, at I. O. O. F. Hall at 2 P. M.
J. M. Peck.....Master
A. E. Detro.....Rec. Sec'y
Joseph Bennett.....Magazine Agent
60. **UNITED**, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets 1st Wednesday night and 3d Sunday morn., cor. Hancock and Diamond sts.
J. L. Bodey, (2013 N. 3d st.).....Master
A. B. Collom, 2206 Lawrence st.....Rec. Sec'y
J. A. Falls, 2224 North 2d st.....Magazine Ag't
61. **MINNEHAHA**, at St. Paul, Minn. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 P. M., cor 7th and Jackson sts., Engineer's Hall.
S. J. Murphy, 56 Goodrich ave.....Master
C. Sinks, 58 Goodrich ave.....Rec. Sec'y
R. Peel, 183 Exchange st.....Magazine Agent
62. **VANBERGEN**, at Carbondale, Pa. Meets every 2d and 4th Thursday of each month, in Engineers' Hall.
O. E. Histed.....Master
Jno. Bryden.....Rec. Sec'y
A. Hoyle.....Magazine Agent
63. **HERCULES**, at Danville, Ill. Meets every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.
J. A. Bain.....Master
John D. Franklin, box 772.....Rec. Sec'y
F. Rogers.....Magazine Agent
64. **LOYAL**, at Ellis, Kan. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, every Sunday.
W. H. Hamilton.....Master
Matthew Richards.....Rec. Sec'y
W. H. Hamilton.....Magazine Agent
Box 16, Brockville, Kan.
65. **ISLAND CITY**, at Brockville, Ontario, (Canada). Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, King street, over McClean's boot and shoe store.
Wm. T. Simpson.....Master
W. H. Stewart.....Rec. Sec'y
W. H. Stewart.....Magazine Agent
66. **CHALLENGE**, at Bellville, Ont., (Canada.) Meets 2d and 4th Sundays in B. of L. E. Hall,
J. McKnight.....Master
D. Sutherland.....Rec. Sec'y
J. McKnight.....Magazine Agent
67. **DOMINION**, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M., in Occident Hall, Queen street.
P. Kennedy (Box 697).....Master
C. Pope (Box 697).....Rec. Sec'y
P. Kennedy (Box 697).....Magazine Agent
68. **HUDSON**, at Jersey City, N. J. Meets 1st Tuesday night and 4th Wednesday afternoon, cor. Macer and Washington sts.
John McAuley.....Master
W. J. Gardner.....Rec. Sec'y
232 Union street, Elizabeth, N. J.
R. Hare, 245 Grand street.....Magazine Agent
69. **HURON**, at Fort Gratiot, Mich. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, over Post Office.
Thomas Bruce, box 13.....Master
Charles Macklaw, box 13.....Rec. Sec'y
Charles Raymond, box 13.....Magazine Agent
70. **LONE STAR**, at Marshall, Texas. Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays in each month.
C. Greenwood.....Master
Geo. W. Ralston, lock box 8.....Rec. Sec'y
C. T. Smith.....Magazine Agent
71. **CAPITAL CITY**, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays, and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 281 Green st.
D. O. Shank, 281 Green st.....Master
L. O'Brien, 7 Union Street.....Rec. Sec'y
D. O. Shank.....Magazine Agent
281 Green street, Albany, N. Y.
72. **WELCOME**, at Camden, N. J. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.
L. Elbertson.....Master
Abner Huston, Jr.....Rec. Sec'y
(322 Bridge avenue.)
Abner Huston, Jr.....Magazine Agent
73. **BAY STATE**, at Worcester, Mass. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.
Geo. A. Hewitt, Union Depot.....Master
Marshall E. Cobb, 86 Park st.....Rec. Sec'y
W. E. Cobleigh.....Magazine Agent
(48 Salem street, Worcester, Mass.)
74. **KANSAS CITY**, at Kansas City, Mo. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic Hall, West Kansas City.
B. B. McCrum.....Master
John Clinton.....Rec. Sec'y
Cor. 14th and Hickory, West Kansas City.
B. B. McCrum, 905 Penn st.....Magazine Ag't

75. **ENTERPRISE**, at West Philadelphia, Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at Hancock's Hall, 40th street and Lancaster avenue.
C. E. Austin, 3800 Story st.....Master
W. T. Goundie, 3405 Elm st.....Rec. Sec'y
W. T. Goundie.....Magazine Agent
76. **VALLEY CITY LODGE**, at East Saginaw, Michigan. Meets Sunday evenings at B. of L. E. Hall.
F. C. Blanchett.....Master
J. Lennox, box 860.....Rec. Sec'y
W. Hannon, box 1199.....Magazine Agent
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN**, at Denver, Col. Meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall.
George Klock.....Master
W. F. Hynes.....Rec. Sec'y
Jas. Collins, lock box 1588.....Magazine Ag't
78. **BINGHAMPTON**, at Binghampton, N. Y. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Saturday evenings.
Thomas Milan, box 725.....Master
Wm. T. Worrell, box 978.....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. T. Worrell, box 978.....Magazine Agent
79. **MIAMI**, at Cincinnati, Ohio. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays, at 9 a. m., corner 8th and Freeman sts.
J. T. Coaxley.....Master
G. Horrocks, 400 George st.....Rec. Sec'y
W. H. Sperry, 432 George st.....Magazine Ag't
80. **EARLY SUNRISE**, at Palestine, Texas. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. H. Morely.....Master
C. Reich.....Rec. Sec'y
A. P. Draper.....Magazine Agent
81. **READING**, at Reading, Pa. Meets every 2d and 4th Sunday, Bland's Hall, cor. Ninth and Penn streets.
W. Hynes.....Master
C. J. Butler, 28 Church st.....Rec. Sec'y
Jas. Goodman.....Magazine Agent
82. **NORTHWESTERN**, Minneapolis, Minn. Meets in Druids' Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet avenue, between 1st and second sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday evenings of each month.
J. W. Cole.....Master
S. T. Brown, 1807 6th st. south.....Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Cole, 1223 S. 7th st.....Magazine Ag't
83. **MISSISSIPPI**, at Winona, Minn.
John Herwick.....Master
Wm. Warren, box 686.....Rec. Sec'y
B. F. Weller, box 26.....Magazine Agent
84. **MISSOURI RIVER**, at Omaha, Neb. Meets 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month in K. of P. Hall.
J. M. Byers.....Master
Chas. R. Campbell.....Rec. Sec'y
P. H. Swift.....Magazine Agent
85. **FARGO LODGE**, at Fargo, D. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every other Sunday.
Jas. Burke.....Master
N. A. Bassett, box 104.....Rec. Sec'y
M. C. Brady.....Magazine Agent
86. **BLACK HILLS**, at Laramie, W. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays of each month.
A. E. Ralston.....Master
J. E. Carroll.....Rec. Sec'y
87. **SUMMIT**, at Rawlins, W. T. Meets every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at 7:30 p. m.
Dennis P. Murphy.....Master
John F. Hittle (Box 5).....Rec. Sec'y
James Noonan.....Magazine Agent
88. **MORNING STAR**, at Evanston, W. T. Meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every Thursday evening.
Frank A. Hutchens.....Master
J. Becker.....Rec. Sec'y
David Hamilton.....Magazine Agent
89. **SILVER STATE**, at Carlin, Nev. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at 5:20 p. m.
Martin Kline.....Master
Frank A. Resseguie.....Rec. Sec'y
Selby Jones.....Magazine Agent
90. **PAY AS YOU GO**, at West Oakland, Cal.
Ed. F. Ingles.....Master
C. C. Walker.....Rec. Sec'y
E. Yale.....Magazine Agent
91. **GOLDEN GATE**, at San Francisco, Cal. Meets every 1st Sunday, 2d Monday, 3d Tuesday, and 4th Wednesday of each month.
G. A. Aldrich.....Master
E. F. Smith (8 Adair street).....Rec. Sec'y
C. Detrich (223 15th st.).....Magazine Agent
92. **MARSHALL**, at Marshalltown, Iowa.
Jno. Tipton.....Master
N. J. Tallmadge.....Rec. Sec'y
James Crawley.....Magazine Agent
93. **GATE CITY**, at Keokuk, Iowa. Meets in Engineers' Hall, on Jounson, bet. 2d and 3d sts., every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month, at 2 p. m.
M. H. Bennett.....Master
Jeb. Moore (Lock Box 7).....Rec. Sec'y
Milt E. Clark (Box 550).....Magazine Agent
94. **GREENBRIER**, at Hinton, W. Va. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays in each month, at Firemens Hall, cor. 4th avenue and 3d street.
Jos. Hynes.....Master
Jno. McCulloch.....Rec. Sec'y
W. E. Watson.....Magazine Agent
95. **CHICAGO**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall, 229 Milwaukee avenue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 p. m., and last Sunday at 2 p. m.
Wm. Maroney.....Master
Wm. T. Ross, 14 N. Sangamon st.....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. Maroney.....Magazine Agent
21 W. Kinzie street.
96. **BALTIMORE CITY**, at Baltimore, Md. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month. Hall between Linden ave. and Eutaw street.
L. V. Tipton.....Master
John O'Neil (146 Cathedral st.).....Rec. Sec'y
L. V. Tipton (272 Park ave) Magazine Ag't
97. At LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THE
Locomotive Firemen's
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. 3.

MARCH 1879.

No. 3.

For the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

THE WINTER STORM!

BY N. W. PARKER.

PART SECOND.



RAPPED in the bosom
Of the storm, we speed o'er desert waste, o'er
Prairies grand and beautiful; o'er fruitful
Fields and awe inspiring woods; then rising
With the monarch of the air, we pause upon
The topmost peak that gilds the Rocky Mountains
Cold and granite brow. There the eternal
Fields of snow and ice, spread out before the
Wonder-widened eye, as pure and stainless
As the angel robes that mantle earth's most
Sinless child.

With newly gathered forces
On we go, o'er shoreless seas, o'er deserts
Wide and desolate, and through dense forests
Where the centuries, hoar with age, have left the
Foot-prints of the passing years in circling
Wavelets on the brown old trees; and moving
On, the cities of mankind, the nations,
Continents, and empires of old earth, in
Panoramic view, with the rapidity
Of thought, go passing by.

In sweeping down
The busy street, a massive door of some
Stately home flew open wide; and with a
Gleeful laugh the wind went rushing in, and
Threw a thousand flakes of fastly falling
Snow, into the hall, and through the keyhole
Whistled in the ears of those who sat within;
And lovely flakes fell 'round about on velvet
Cushions, and on carpets grand and beautiful.
There great and learned men discoursed upon

The snow-flakes lying 'round, and of the manifest
Design, the great First Cause, the universal
Fountain, source of all Intelligence, that
Had so grandly formed so small and such an
Insignificant a thing as that poor
Little flake of snow—that speck of vapor
Crystalized—those atoms floating on the
Mighty sea of space, and falling down upon
The lap of earth, with each vibration of
The pendulum of time, six hundred kinds
Of crystals, perfect formed, each grandly beautiful
As if just forged, and hurled in smiling prodigality
From a hand Divine.

Onward, and increasing
Still, the wild tornado goes; with one hand
Giving to the wealthy few, the joys and
Pleasures that the cold and snow alone can
Bring; and with the other, seemingly unkind,
It pours a flood of agony and woe
That all o'erflows the cup of mortal desolation,
Till full many a weary soul, is borne
Upon the bosom of the storm, far out
Beyond the pain and torture of this weary,
Fretful life.

And now to add new sorrows
To the reigning gloom, old Erebus did
Robe the earth in mantle of the blackest
Night, that e'er her denizens beheld. The
Winds now howled and whistled through the land, and
Made night hideous with the ghostly sounds that,
Ever and anon, came tapping at the
Doors and windows of the weary ones that
Happily were sheltered from its piercing
Breath. And like the heartless hoarder of his
Worldly goods, who robs his brother of the
Little all, of values, that his hands have
Made, and chides him then for want of energy
And thrift, the storm now rushed upon the homes
Where hungry ones were perishing for bread;
And soon the hunger cries were still, and Death
Had fixed his signet on the pulseless human
Form. In one short night, this ghastly trio
Of all human ills, *Want*, *Cold* and *Death*,
Disrobed the souls of many sorrowing ones.
None other than the all-pervading spirit
Of a God, can ever see or know the
Silent and unspoken agony that

Floats upon the lamps uncertain ray, far
Far out into the cold and stormy night, from
Countless homes of penury and woe: their
Lives go out in darkness, and their souls are
Borne upon the wind and storm, beyond the
Shores of Time, and anchored on the borders
Of that unknown land, where, we are told, that
Cloudless skies, and glory all milennial
Eternal reigns.

Now bidding earth adieu,
The tempest, laden with a thousand songs
And shouts, and prayers and tears, moves on and up
Towards the throne of all Infinity.
In vast incomprehensible expanse
Of space, the storm is hushed, and musical
The winds; all sounds save those intended for
The ear of the Omniscient One, now die
Into an echo, and softly fade away:
A reverential awe pervades the broad
Expanse; each prayer and tear, now gathering strength,
Are borne through space on wings of strong desire,
While universal nature answers back
With that unceasing, soulful aspiration
Of each atom of His will, "*Nearer, my
God, to Thee.*" To follow thus the raging
Storm, is but to send the human soul into
The limitless expanse, unmasked, before
God's universal empire, there to look
With honesty of thought and purpose, full
In the face of the Omniscient One, that
We perchance, may wake the spark of the Divine
Within, and learn the folly of this earthly
Strife for earth's most sordid dross; that we must
Gain the world's applause, her gaudy trappings
And her tinsel gear, by murdering the
God within, and stabbing poor humanity
To death.

The Storm had crossed a continent
And circled round a globe, and in its every
Clime, and on its every breeze, the same unceasing
Voice was heard, the same condition found; the
Hand of toil, the strong right arm of labor
Was enchained; wealth in gorgeous prodigality
Enjoyed the fruits of all the earth, and ruled
The bronzed and hardy sons of toil with merciless
Barbarity. On one hand, peace and plenty

Reigned, and on the other, want and misery
Profound.

The Storm King, throned in vast immensity,
Now folds about his royal form the robes
Of cloud, and wind, and snow, and waving o'er
The spaceless sea of space his regal hand,
He stills the elemental strife, and like
The plutocrat, who gloats above his sordid
Pile, and talks economy "to hunger
Maddened men," he looks with proud unfeeling
Eye, upon the broken ruins where his
Mighty feet have trod, and glories in the
Desolation of his reign.

SEVENTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR.

[*F. J. F. in New York Mercury.*]

I HAD spent a night in a stage, a day in the saddle, a night in a sleeping car, half a day doing business, half a day in bed, and was, after supper, enjoying a cigar and a newspaper, in the reading room of the Redwood House, Fayette, Indiana. The newspaper was uninteresting, or else I was rather sleepy—and I guess it was a little of both—so that I soon neglected it, to watch the fantastic curling of the smoke from my fine flavored cigar. I didn't feel much like talking and felt still less like reading; but I did feel as if I would like exceedingly well to hear a good story.

I had barely come to this conclusion, and commenced wishing for some one of my acquaintances to amuse me till the time was up for the train which was to take me to Indianapolis, when I recognized in the person who sat next to me a fellow-traveler in the sleeping car of the night before.

He, too, had laid aside his paper, and was apparently like me, watching the smoke of his cigar and wishing for absent friends to keep him company.

He was a very agreeable looking little man, with a clear grey eye, light hair, sandy whiskers and smiling mouth. Indeed he had so much the appearance of the man that I would like to hear tell a story that I thought Dame Fortune had smiled upon me when he recognized me with a genial "How d'ye do stranger?"

I returned his salutation and asked him some commonplace questions about how he had enjoyed the ride we had together.

He said something in reply about the running being too fast for the poor track; and from this the conversation ran upon fast traveling in general, for some time. At last I remarked that sixty miles an hour was the most speedy traveling I had ever done. Whereupon my friend informed me, with a pleasant but knowing smile, that he had traveled considerably faster than that, and, in fact, faster than he had ever heard of, besides. Of course I was anxious to know where, how, and when he had done it; and after the modest assurance that he feared his tale would not be interesting, my friend relieved my anxiety by relating the following story:

"I am a railroad engineer. Away along in '57, during the great panic, I was running on the P. and C. R. R. The railroad companies were going under in all directions. Every day we heard of new failures, and quite often in a quarter where least expected. Our road was generally looked upon as the most substantial in the nation; nobody seemed to have any fears that it would fail to survive the general smash up. But yet I did not share in the general confidence. Wages were cut down; arrearages collected; and a great many other little matters seemed to indicate to me that the road had got in rather deeper water than was agreeable all around. Among other things, the master mechanic had told me in the spring that the company had ordered four first-class Taunton engines for the fall passenger business. The road was put in the very best condition, and other preparations were made to cut down the time, and put the trains through quicker than was ever known before, when the new engines should come. Well, there was but one of the engines came.

"I said there was but one engine came; but she was, in my opinion, altogether the best ever turned out of the Taunton works; and that is saying as much as can be said in praise of any engine. She was put in my charge immediately, with the understanding that she was mine.

"It was Saturday when she came out of the shop, and I was ordered to take a special train up to Y—. The train was to carry up the president and several of the other officers of the road, to meet some officers of another road, which crossed ours there, and arrange some important business with them.

"I had no trouble at all making my forty miles an hour going out. The engine handled herself most beautifully. We were just holding up at Y—, when Aldrich, the treasurer, who had come out on the platform to put the brake on, slipped and fell. As we were yet under good headway, he was very much injured, and was carried off to the hotel insensible.

"According to the president's directions, I switched off my train, turned my engine and stood ready to start back to C— at a moment's notice.

"Aldrich's presence was of so much importance that the business could not be transacted without him; so all those I had brought out, except the president and Aldrich, went back to C— on the 3 o'clock express train. This was the last regular train which was to pass over the road until the next Monday.

"Early in the evening I left the machine in charge of my fireman, and went over to an eating house to see if I could not spend the time more pleasantly than on my engine. The hours dragged themselves away slowly. I was playing a game of dominoes with the station agent, when in came Roberts, the president, in a state of great excitement.

"'Harry,' said he to me, 'I want you to put me down in C— at 12 o'clock?'

"As it was nearly 11 o'clock then, and the distance was 75 miles, I thought he was joking at first; but when we got outside the door he caught me by the arm and hurried me along so fast that I saw he was in earnest.

"'Harry,' said he, 'if you don't set me down in C— by 12 o'clock I am a ruined man and the road is a ruined road. Aldrich is dead; but he told me before he died that he had embezzled, from time to time, five hundred thousand of our money; and his clerk is to start with it on the 12 o'clock boat from C— for Canada. If we don't have that money on Monday morning to make some payments with, the road goes into other hands; and if you put me down in C— at the right time, so

that I save the money, you shall have five thousand dollars. Understand it, Harry? Five thousand dollars!'

"Of course I understood it. I saw now the reason why the wages had been cut down; I understood it all, and my blood boiled. I felt that I would save the road if I lived, and told Roberts so.

"See that you do it, Harry,' he replied, as he climbed up on to the steps of the coach which was coupled to my engine.

"I sprang up into the foot-board, got up the switch tender to help my fireman, opened the throttle, and just as she commenced moving, looked at my watch—it was just 11 o'clock, so that I had one hour to make my 75 miles in.

"From Y— to C— there were few curves on the road; but there were several heavy grades. I was perfectly acquainted with every rod of it; so that I knew exactly what I had to encounter, and when I saw how the engine moved, I felt very little fear for the result.

"The road for the first five miles was an air line, and so smooth that my engine flew along with scarcely a perceptible jar. I was so busy, posting myself up as to the amount of wood and water aboard, etc., that we danced by the first station almost before I was aware of it, having five miles accomplished.

"'You are losing time!' yelled a voice from the coach. I looked around, and there stood Roberts with his watch in his hand.

"I knew very well that we would have to increase our speed by some means, if we carried out our plans of reaching C— by midnight, and looked anxiously around to see what I could do to accomplish that purpose. She was blowing off steam fiercely at one hundred and ten pounds, so I turned down the valve to two hundred, for I knew we should need it all to make some of the heavy grades which lay between us and C—.

"It was three miles to the next station. With the exception of a few curves, the track was as good as the last. As we darted around what commonly seemed to be a rather long curve, at the station, but which at our high speed, short enough, I looked at my watch; and had done it in two minutes and a half.

"'Gaining,' I shouted back to Roberts who was yet standing on the platform of the coach. "'Look out for the heavy grades,' he replied and went inside the car.

"The next six miles rose gradually from a level the first, to ten and a half feet grade the last, which lay between us and the next station. My firemen kept her full; and now she began to get hot. The furnace door was red, and the steam raised continually; so that she kept her speed, and passed the station like a streak of light in five minutes.

"Now came nine miles like the last, over which she kept pace with her time, and passed the station in seven and a half minutes.

"Here, for ten miles, we had a twenty-foot grade to encounter; but the worst of it all was, at this place we would have to stop for wood. I was just going to speak to Roberts about it, when I looked around, and saw him filling the tender from the coach with wood which had been placed there before starting, while he was gone after me.

"I believe we would have made this ten miles at the same speed as before; but through the carelessness of the fireman, the fountain valve on the left hand side of the engine got opened, and the water rose in the boiler so fast as to run the steam down to one hundred pounds before I discovered where the difficulty lay.

"At first Roberts didn't appear to notice the decrease of speed and kept at work at the wood as for dear life. But presently he looked up, and seeing that the speed had decreased he shouted: 'Harry, we are stopping!' and then coming over to where I was he said: 'Why, here we have been ten minutes on the last ten miles, and I believe we will come to a dead stand if something is not done. The speed is continually slacking. What is the matter?'"

"I explained the case. He was apparently satisfied with my explanation, and, after having tied down the safety valve, he climbed back over the tender, exhorting me 'to put her through for God's sake, or we are all beggars together!'"

"Just then we passed the next station, having taken nine minutes for eight miles. We were now more than half over the road; but we had lost nearly ten minutes' time, and had left only 27 minutes to do the 34 miles in.

"I had shut the water off from both my pumps, a little distance back, when I discovered what was the matter, and she was making steam finely down a slight grade. From less than 100, with which we started over the 10 mile stretch, she had 200 pounds before she finished it; and as the gauge indicated no higher than that, and as the valve was tied down, I could not tell how much more than 200 pounds she carried, but she certainly carried none less for the rest of the journey. And well might she carry such an enormous head of steam; for after passing over the ten miles in eight minutes, there lay 10 miles of up grade and 14 miles of 20 feet to the mile depression between us and C—, and it was now 11 o'clock and 47 minutes.

"Now the engine was hot in earnest. The furnace door, smoke arch and chimney, all were red; while she seemed to fly onward as if the very evil one himself operated her machinery. Six minutes carried us over that ten miles; and we darted by the last station that had lain between us and C—. Now we had 14 miles to go; and my time showed 11 o'clock and 53 minutes.

"'If I live, said I to myself, 'I will make it.' And we plunged down that twenty-foot grade with all steam on. Persons who saw the train on that wild run, said that it was so soon after they heard the first sound of her approach when the strange object, which looked as if it was a flame of fire, darted by and then the sound of its traveling died away in the distance, that they could hardly convince themselves they had really seen anything. It seemed more like the creature of a wild dream than a sober reality.

"And now let me tell you that no engine ever beat the time we made on those 14 miles. Those great wheels, seven feet in diameter, spun around so swift that you couldn't begin to count the revolutions. The engine hardly seemed to touch the track as she flew along; and although the track was as true as it was possible for it to be, she swayed fearfully, and sometimes made such prodigious jolts that it required considerable skill for one to keep his feet. No engine could hold together if crowded to a greater speed.

"Well, just as I came to a stand-still in the depot at C— the big clock boomed out 12, and the steamboat was getting her steam on. Roberts got on board in time and nothing to spare." * * * * *

"And he saved the money, did he?" I asked, when I saw that my friend had finished his story.

"Yes, he found it hid away in some old boxes as Aldrich had directed him."

"If you are the passenger for I—," said the waiter, "the 'bus' is ready."

So I thanked my friend for his story and bade him "good-bye."

AN ENGINEER'S STORY.

IT was a sad scene. Around Tom's bed at the hospital was his wife and Tom's old father. Tom had a house of his own, but as the accident had happened at our end of the line, some seventy miles from Perrington, he had been taken at once to the hospital. I knew him quite well, for, as I was in the pay department, when I traveled occasionally on his section of the road, it was mostly on Tom's engine. Tom was a matter-of-fact man, temperate, well educated for his station in life, and not given to whims.

It was touch and go with Tom, but at last, thanks to good nursing, he seemed to be coming slowly around. Though he might be crippled, still there were hopes that he would not lose his place. If, at the worst, he couldn't run his engine, he might find a berth in the company's repair shops, for he was a good all-around mechanic. Tom was able to sit up when I last saw him. For the first time he seemed chatty. His mind would, however, revert to the accident, in which some eight people had been killed outright, and some twenty-five wounded. A careful investigation had followed the accident, and it was clearly proven that it was no fault of Tom's. I didn't see why he should mope so and seem to have trouble on his conscience. "Bunker," said Tom to me, "it's in my mind, and it will take years before that accident will be cleaned off of my brain. If—if I had only followed my inclinations, I never would have run 33. Eight killed and twenty-five wounded! I never thought of that before—that makes 33!" "Nonsense, Tom," I said, "what has 33 to do with it?" "No, it ain't nonsense. I felt she was growing vicious. She was but eighteen months old, and had been running rather ugly, when six months ago she got to be as cruel as a tiger. She showed it to me I ought to have known it—"

"Come, old man," I replied gently, interrupting him. "It's the stimulants that you have been taking, by the doctor's orders, and your nerves are unstrung. Take some of this calming medicine the doctor has left you, and stop talking."

"I ain't a bit nervous, but am as cool as a cucumber, and my head is as clear as a bell. I ain't a bit shaky. Now just you listen. Thirty-three was built in the company's shop, and I had a hand in her construction. Just the day before we put steam in her there came an old fellow into the shop who claimed that we were infringing on an injector or feeder, or something, of his invention. It wasn't any of our business in the shop, so, though he was civil, he didn't get much redress. He was cussing us for thieves, and all that kind of thing, for stealing his patent, when the boss of the shop walked up, and hearing the chinning, ordered the old man out. It was Bub Harrington that hustled the old chap out, under the boss' orders of course. Just as the old fellow got to the door, and Bub was bouncing him, he turned around and wished that every one of us around that engine might meet our death. We thought him crazy. Well, 33 was put on the road, and Bill Given he ran her. She commenced right off killing stock. It was a cow or a horse that was smashed 'most every week. It was alleged that Bill was to blame, and he was discharged. Then Bill took to drinking and went to the bad. Bub Harrington then got sick of shop work, and took his old place of engineer. Just then he married Sue Morris. I was at the wedding, seeing that Sue is a second cousin of my Jennie. Now, Bub had gone through the war, and wasn't skeery. This spring—it was in May—I met Bub at Hoppling Junction. Denny Keef was his helper, and 33 had a hot Journal, or

something was out of kelter, and Denny Keef was a-cooling and oiling her. I was running 98, and was on the siding waiting for the through freight to pass. Says Bub to me, 'Tom, I ain't going to run 33 no more.' "'Why?' says I."

"'Cause she's showing temper,' says he."

"'How,' says I laughingly; and I remember I borrowed some cavendish from him." "'Tom,' says he, 'engines is like humans. For the last week 33 has been showing spite.' "'Mebbe she wants overhauling,' says I."

"'Nary a bit,' says Bub, 'she is just out of the shop. She makes steam kind of reckless and wants watching. I have to keep my eye on the steam gauge all the time. Sometimes, out of pure cussedness, she won't burn her coals, and all of a sudden you would think she wanted to melt out her grate-bars. She is always a-getting something jammed or sprung, and heating on her bearings, no matter how you keep 'em iled. She is beginning to throw sparks and burn up things. Three days ago she set fire to an awning in a shop a full mile from her.'

"'Cool your head, Bub,' says I, 'at the next water-tank.' Just then the freight train passed along, and I started my old engine, and we went lumbering along. How it happened I don't know, but the face of the old man in the shop who cursed us appeared before me. That very night 33 killed poor Bub Harrington!"

"Nonsense, man!" I exclaimed.

"No; it is no nonsense. As Bub was crossing Sane's bridge, over Soldier's Creek, he put his head out of the cab window. Some of the hands had been working on that bridge, and had left a bit of scaffold, a piece of 4 by 6 square stuff, hanging over a truss. His head struck plump against it, he tumbled out of the cab a dead man, and the tender cut him in two. That very next week 33 was shoved on me. I told Jenny I didn't want her, and Jenny she laughed at me. I was mighty careful of her. First thing she did, that was Monday, two weeks ago, was to play hob with a wedding party. There were three carriages in a file, and they were crossing the bridge at Stapleton, most 30 feet above the track. I stopped the exhaust to kill her snorting, and was sliding down grade, making no noise worth mentioning, when the horses in the first carriage got frightened and turned round, and last I see of 'em they were galloping down the hill!"

"'Stop, Tom, how do you know they were people going to a wedding?'" I inquired skeptically.

"'Didn't I read about it next day in the Stapleton paper? I was kind of thankful that it was not worse. The man only had his collar-bone broken and a couple of ribs smashed, and the marriage had to be postponed. Next night she killed her first man. You know Mather Hollis?'"

"Yes, a half-witted lad."

"So they said he was, but he was a human being all the same. Never was known to have done such a thing before—and, poor fellow, he never will do it again. It was pitch dark, a raining, storming and thundering. I was keeping a sharp look-out as we came to Cross Hollow about 9 o'clock. How that boy was killed the Lord only knows. He was either half asleep or dazed. We never saw him—neither I nor Keef, my fireman, until he stood right up on the track before us. He might have got off but for his fishpole. That was driven clean through him. I got down-hearted then. I felt that something dreadful was in store for me. One thing about 33 that was strange was that, from being a tidy engine, all of a sudden she got to be dirty, always splashing herself with oil, and accumulating cinders. A week

passed along without anything a happening, only she kept burning more coal than she should, so that I was grumbled at for waste. Then came Friday two weeks ago. Right off on starting she showed her spite on a little girl that had crept almost on the track. So help me heaven, I think the cursed beast of an engine tolled children on the track. We just grazed that baby. Everything went contrary that morning. Denny Keef who was a merry fellow, would keep a-cracking jokes, but I couldn't laugh. First, there was a bother about a freight train that had broke an axle ahead of us. That kept us back. At Croley's the station master got orders for me to make up some sixteen minutes I had lost, because there was an excursion train back of me, waiting to be on time for a rowing match as was to take place on Lilly Lake. Well, I let her have it, and she just took the bone in her teeth, and kind of shrieked and howled, her whistle keeping a-moaning. Every now and then I had my hand on the throttle to be certain of her. It hadn't been raining for some days, and I knew no sleepers could be loose, and that there were no wash-a-ways. But I had a kind of presentment. I seed the face of the old man and Bub Harrington. Poor Bub was before me when——All I remember was seeing poor Denny Keef mangled by my side. I could hear—my God!—his bones crunch! All that I knew after that was that I was in bed here, with poor Jenny a-crying over me. They say it was a broken rail. Now, in freezing weather a rail can break, but in summer mostly never. It was 33 that made up her mind to go a-killing. The only thing that I am glad about is that 33 has gone to hell. When Mr. Malcomb, that's the boss of our repair shop, came to see me this morning, (he's mighty kind, his wife a-sending me jellies and soups,) he asked me if I had no inquiries to make about 33.

"'33,' said he, 'is ground up into fine bits. Just a lot of smashed up, tangled, and battered iron. Her bed frame even is cracked.'

"'Only fit for the scrap-pile?' I asked.

"'That's where most of her is now,' said Mr. Malcomb.

"'Then thank God for that,' says I, 'for a more murderous engine the hand of man never turned out. She was accursed before she started.' * * *

Poor Tom had a bad relapse which ended in a brain fever which set in that night. Poor Jenny is a widow now. Tom raved about 33 until exhaustion came, when he passed away.

As it was easy for me to have access to the machinery account and accident book of the road, I did look up the history of 33, and I am forced to say that poor Tom Massey's story, as far as related to that particular engine, was true to the letter. Have, then, machines certain idiosyncrasies?

OLD GERMAN LOVE SONG.

(THIRTEENTH CENTURY.)

Since creation I was thine;
Now forever thou art mine.

I have shut thee fast
In my heart at last.
I have dropped the key
In an unknown sea.

Forever must thou my prisoner be!

ON MELANCHOLY.

BY J. CURRAN KEEGAN.

Oh! Melancholy!
 Who ever yet could sound thy bottom?
 Find
 The ooze, to shew what coast the sluggish carack
 Might earliest harbor in?

THERE is nothing so insupportable to the heart of man, as that of melancholy in excess; it is a spirit, which, if we indulge, will imperceptibly steal upon us, like eating time, and weaken the active and rational springs of life. How weak and imprudent is it for mankind to indulge in silent and pensive grief, since it is far more prejudicial to the constitution than the most turbulent passions, and so dangerous, when it once becomes habitual, that it is often attended with fatal consequences. Were we to exercise our reason, as is incumbent upon us, we should never suffer sabb and sullen melancholy to enter into our mortal tabernacle, but resist and oppose it with a becoming fortitude, and christian-like courage, While man is under this dispicable and unhappy condition, the fugitive hours will drag heavily upon him, nor will he have an adequate or perfect idea of the Almighty, the universe and himself; and instead of having a just idea of things, everything on this and the other side of the grave will bear to him a tremendous and dismal aspect, till slow and lingering grief departs from him. Benificent Providence never ordained man to pass through this transitory valley of life in a state of that unremitting perplexing solitude that is consequent to despair, or her dejected sister melancholy, nor to tread in the paths which lead to irrecoverable perdition; but that we might live in full enjoyment of that peace and tranquility that virtue ever meets with, and with the full possession of the balmy hopes that ever enlivens her, of enjoying hereafter uninterrupted felicity in the mansions of her merciful God.

From the Lowell (Mass.) Weekly Sun.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN.

ASSOCIATIONS for mutual benefit are a bright feature of our later Christian civilization. Not alone providing for the physical wants of members and their dependents, their influence for good extends over the entire community in which they may be placed. Their presence aids alike the minister of the gospel and the guardian of the law, by infusing into the hearts of the people a spirit of gentleness and forbearance and cultivating a disposition to view one's neighbor in the light of a brother. This silent influence, it may be, is seldom appreciated, and then only by the few; but one need not hesitate to allege that it deserves to rank as a moral force by the side of the church and the home circle. Susceptible human nature yields to its pressure without knowing whence it comes, and is ever exalted and ennobled by the contact. It may indeed be accepted as a social axiom that the average "society man," to use a popular term, is in every way better—as father, friend and citizen—than he who plods along through life all the while apart from his fellows. That "it is not good for man to be alone" has as strong and more

varied an application in the social sense as in the moral. Intercourse serves to teach men how nearly alike they are, and develops the fraternal instinct planted in their natures by the Creator, and which ennobles the individual with its growth.

We have been led into making these observations by a perusal of the constitution and by-laws of the organization whose name heads this article. The motto on the outside gives at a glance the organization's beneficent aims—"Benevolence, Sobriety, and Industry." Opening the little pamphlet we learn from the preamble that the purpose is unity for the protection of the interests of locomotive firemen "and the direct interests of our families and those dependent upon us for support." A few lines further on the declaration is made that the interests of the firemen are "coupled with those of their employers," which shows how friendly a feeling this brotherhood of labor entertains towards the vast capital engaged in its employment. The oneness of interest existing between employer and employee here receives its due recognition. The brotherhood follows up its declaration by substituting arbitration for strikes in the settlement of wages. The choice is one in which the intellect is seen to supercede brute force, and the principle is as admirable in practice as in theory. The head is the judge, and not the arm or the stomach. While the very worst results may accompany the strike, none but the very best are possible to arbitration. The one excites and indulges the passions, the other exercises and satisfies the judgment and produces a more lasting as well as more pleasant effect.

The meetings of the lodges are held fortnightly. Membership in a subordinate lodge is obtained by the payment of one dollar initiation fee, two dollars "apprentice fee," and two more for the degree of "full membership." A monthly due of fifty cents, and a capitation tax of one dollar per annum for the support of the grand lodge, constitute the fees after admission.

Of the benefits the constitution states that "No member of a lodge who may become unable to follow his usual occupation by reason of sickness or disability shall be allowed to want or suffer for want of protection as a majority of the lodge determines," thus leaving the amount of aid to be fixed by a majority vote. Another section provides that "when a member becomes totally disqualified from performing the duties of a fireman his case shall be treated the same as a death claim, and such money as his heirs would have been entitled to at his death shall be paid to him." This provision, we believe, was inserted at the last convention through the earnest advocacy of Mr. Samuel M. Stevens, Grand instructor of the organization, and who was the Greenback nominee for Congress in this district in the last campaign. The moneys referred to are obtained by a general collection of the monthly dues, one-half of which are transmitted to the family of the dead or disabled members; so that the more numerous the members the greater is the amount.

The organization extends over the United States and Canadas, and numbers some one hundred lodges. It was organized Dec. 1, 1873, and has since held five annual conventions, the last of which occupied five days, at Buffalo, N. Y., and was attended by delegates from fifty-seven lodges, many being located thousands of miles apart. So large a representation coming from such distances indicates the lively interest which the organization inspires among its members.

The four chief officers of the grand lodge are reputed to be gentlemen of excellent abilities and most earnest in purpose, to which much of the prosperity of the organization is ascribable. The Grand Master, William T. Goundie, is a resident of

Philadelphia, is 32 years of age, and was for some time a student at the naval academy at Newport, R. I. Mr. J. M. Dodge, the Vice Grand Master, is about 30 years old and is the son of a well-known clergyman of Chicago, where he resides. Grand Secretary and Treasurer William N. Sayre has his headquarters in Indianapolis. This gentleman, who is aged about 37 years, was private secretary to a certain noted commander in the army of the Potomac during the war, and is editor of the monthly magazine which is issued in the interests of the brotherhood. Mr. E. V. Debs, of Terre Haute, Indiana, is associate editor, and together they get out a very neat and entertaining periodical. Among the contributors to its pages are T. S. Abbott of this city, who is an entertaining writer, and John M. Raymond, Esq., of Salem, known for his eloquence on the people's side in the late campaign in this State. Grand Instructor Stevens, of whom we have already spoken, has been a resident of this city for some years past, being engaged on a local engine on the Boston and Lowell railroad. He has set out within a few weeks to organize lodges in different parts of the country, in which duty those who know his ability and earnestness will confidently look forward to his success.

[We insert the above from the fact that the *Lowell Weekly Sun* has given us, as an order, a fair and impartial exhibit of the truth—that we are an order for *good*, not for bad purposes. We trust that members of the order will see, as we do, that the good influences are fast becoming known among the public.—Ed.]

HOW LOGS ARE GOT OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS.

A CHUTE is laid from the river's brink up the steep mountain to the railroad, and while we are telling it, the monster logs are rushing, thundering, flying, leaping down the declivity. They come with the speed of a thunderbolt, and somewhat of its roar. A track of fire and smoke follows them—fire struck by their friction with the chute logs. They descend the 1,700 feet of the chute in fourteen seconds. In doing so they drop 700 feet perpendicularly. They strike the deep water of the pond with a report that can be heard a mile distant. Logs fired from a cannon could scarcely have greater velocity than they have at the foot of the chute. Their average velocity is over 100 feet in a second throughout the entire distance, and at the instant they leap from the mouth, their speed must be fully 200 feet a second. A sugar pine log sometimes weighs ten tons. What a missile! How the water is dashed into the air! Like a grand plume of diamonds and rainbows, the feathery spray is hurled to the height of a hundred feet. It forms the grandest fountain ever beheld. How the waters of the pond foam and seethe and lash against the shore! One log, having spent its force by its mad plunge into the deep waters, has floated so as to be at right angles with the path of the descending monsters. The mouth of the chute is, perhaps, fifteen feet above the surface of the water. A huge log hurled from the chute cleaves the air and alights on the floating log. You know how a bullet glances, but can you imagine a saw-log glancing? The end strikes with a heavy shock, but glides quickly past for a short distance, then a crash like the reverberation of artillery, the falling log springs 150 feet vertically into the air, and with a curve like a rocket, falls into the pond 70 yards from the log it struck.—*Truckee (Nev.) Republican*.

ERICSSON'S TORPEDO BOAT,

THE THIRD TRIP OF THE SHIP DESTROYER.

A BOARD of naval officers, composed of Chief Engineer Henry L. Snyder, Captain K. B. Breese and Commander C. L. Huntington, conducted a trial trip of the new Ericsson's torpedo boat Destroyer yesterday. This was the third trial trip made with as many different screws, the object being to develop the best speed possible with screws of a different pitch. The distance run yesterday was a measured mile on the North River, from the foot of Fifty-ninth street to Seventy-ninth street. The distance was made in 3 minutes and 11 seconds, equal to 18 8-10 miles an hour. This, the board stated, was not as satisfactory as was anticipated, and was only the same speed made on the first trial trip a few weeks ago. The board will make their official report to the navy department in a few days.

The boat was built at an expense of nearly \$50,000, and was launched in April last. She is 130 feet long, 11 feet deep, 12 feet beam, and both ends, precisely alike, terminate with fine wedges. The top of the rudder is four feet under water. It is intended that the vessel, under attack, shall be submerged as deeply as the monitors. As the plate iron deck house, or cabin, 70 feet long, is riveted water tight to the hull and has no opening in the sides, the vessel can be run with the upper deck below water. The hull is provided with an intermediate curved deck, extending from stem to stern, composed of plate iron, and sustains a heavy solid armor plate, inclined at an angle of 45 degrees. The leading feature of the plan is that of projecting under water a wooden torpedo enclosing a six inch shell, which is to be discharged by percussion. A force of ten men is estimated to be sufficient to command her, and Captain Ericsson says she is the best war ship ever constructed.

—*New York Star.*

FIRST THINGS.

ENVELOPES were first used in 1839.
 Anæsthesia was discovered in 1844.
 The first steel pen was made in 1830.

The first air pump was made in 1650.

The first steamship was built in 1830.

The first lucifer match was made in 1829.

The first balloon ascent was made in 1783.

The first steamer plied the Hudson in 1807.

Ships were first "copper-bottomed" in 1782.

Coaches were first used in England in 1569.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826-7.

The entire Hebrew Bible was printed in 1488.

Gold was first discovered in California in 1848.

The first watch was made in Nuremburg in 1477.

Omnibuses were introduced in New York in 1830.

The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652.

Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.

The first almanac was printed by G. V. Purback, 1450.

The first copper-cent was coined in New Haven in 1687.

The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829.

The first telescope was probably used in England in 1608.

The first saw maker's anvil was brought to America in 1819.

The first chimney was introduced in Rome from Padua, 1229.

The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, Jr., in 1846.

The first steam fire engine on this continent was brought from England in 1853.

The first society for the promotion of Christian knowledge was organized in 1698.

The first attempt to manufacture pins was made in this country after the war of 1812.

The first algebra originated with Diophantus, in either the fourth or sixth century.

Gas was first used as an illuminating agent in 1702. Its first use in New York was in 1827.

The first national bank in the United States was incorporated by Congress, Dec. 31, 1781.

Glass was early discovered. Glass beads were found on mummies over 3,000 years old.

Organs are said to have been first introduced into churches by Pope Vitalianus, about A. D. 1670.

The first glass factory in the United States of which we have definite knowledge was built in 1780.

The first temperance society in this country was organized in Saratoga county, N. Y., in March, 1808.

The first machine for carding, roving and spinning cotton made in the United States was manufactured in 1786.

The first compass was used in France in 150, though the Chinese are said to have employed the loadstone earlier.

The first society for the exclusive purpose of circulating the Bible was organized in 1805, under the name of "British and Foreign Bible Society."

The first telegraph instrument was successfully operated by S. F. B. Morse, in 1835, though its utility was not demonstrated to the world until 1844.—*Trojan Observer*.

WIT AND HUMOR.

PEOPLE have a greater respect for the sun than they have for the moon. It pleases a girl to tell her that she has a sunny disposition, but tell her that she has a lunny one, and then see.

JOSH BILLINGS suggests that many a young poet might be able to collect his scattered thoughts if he would look into an editor's waste basket early in the morning.

THE great art of conversation consists in not wounding or humiliating any one, in speaking only of things that we know, in conversing with others only upon subjects which may interest them.

I HAVE noticed that all men speak well of all men's virtues when they are dead, and that tombstones are marked with epitaphs of the good and virtuous. Is there any particular cemetery where the bad men are buried?

AN Irishman, on enlisting, was asked by the recruiting officer, "When you get into battle Paddy, will you fight or run?" "Ah, faith," replied Pat, with a comical twist of his countenance, "I'll be afther doin', yer honor, as the majority of ye does."

"MY deceased uncle," says a humorous writer, "was the most polite man in the world. He was making a voyage on the Danube and the boat sank. My uncle was just on the point of drowning. He got his head above water for once, took off his hat, and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, will you please excuse me?' and down he went."

THE MIDNIGHT FAREWELL.

He packed his valise in the bed-room
And quietly raised the sash,
And to the end of the well-worn handle
Tied the end of a long whip lash.

Softly his darling descended,
And he thought how the landlord would sware,
When he arose next morning,
And found his man wasn't there.

Slowly the valise descended
Into the darkness of night,
When he heard the voice of the landlord crying,
"Let go, I have got it all right."

ON a recent occasion Mr. S. S. Merrill, general manager of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road, noticed the awkward or careless movements of a man who was testing the wheels of a train from which Mr. Merrill had alighted at Austin. Without much ceremony he took the hammer out of the man's hands. The workman snatched it back and went on with his task after a few not complimentary comments on Mr. Merrill's action and his general appearance. Subsequently the following colloquy ensued between the employee and a spectator:

"Do you know who that was?"

"Divil a bit."

"Why; that was S. S. Merrill!"

"Holy Jases! phat'll I do?"

"Go and apologize."

Afterwards, when the conductor had shouted "All aboard!" the son of Erin awkwardly approached Mr. Merrill, and while nervously twisting a refractory lock of reddish hair, delivered himself as follows:

"Misther Mirril, I belave? Faith, and I didn't know I was spaking to you out there. You know I musn't pay attention to every d—d fool that comes along!"

Editorial.

WM. N. SAYRE, *Editor.*

E. V. DEBS, *Associate Editor.*

SOBRIETY.

This word, forming as it does, one of the trio of the Motto of our Order, means, and is intended to mean much. It not only means abstinence from the use of intoxicants, but it means sobriety in language, in judgment, in action and in thought. "The sobriety of riper years." It is as great an evil to be overheated in imagination; inordinate in the manifestation of passion; and intemperate in the use of language: often leading to the commission of as great crimes, and entailing as much suffering upon humanity as the excessive use of liquors. It is the aim of the order to avoid all these evils, and our motto means just that much. No more; no less. We do not mean that men should become stoics, refuse to smile, or to take any pleasure in the things of this life: We mean that they should do all things coolly and deliberately; let judgment ever hold her seat in the court of reason, and mold and guide the head and heart. Sobriety means more than simply "*don't drink*;" it means do not under any circumstances allow the animal to control the mental; do not subject yourself to the humiliating self examination that will pronounce you a fool for the want of better judgment. *Think well of yourself*; merit the good opinion you have of your own worth, and the world will not be slow to learn the fact and to give you credit for it. Be sober in all things; intemperate in nothing. With this resolve molding your life and shaping your acts, the world will be the better for your having lived in it, and you will reap the reward of a conscience void of offense, and that degree of happiness that comes to the lives of very few of the children of earth.

AGENTS who receive their books by either the American or United States Express Companies, *will call at the offices of the above on the second of each month.* There are *no charges* on the same. All that go by mail, either in single wrapper or in bundles, should be called for as Brotherhood Magazines. By so doing you will avoid all trouble. The books leave this office on the 27th of each month, giving from three to four days to reach their destination before the first.

CORRESPONDENTS will, in order to insure insertion, get copy to this office *by the 10th of each month.*

WE desire to establish a column headed "Queries," as it is the wish of many of our mechanical brothers, yet we find no one ready to answer them. If they are considered of no importance, you only prove, by not answering, that they are difficult, as there are many who look for answers.

Correspondence.

Editor Locomotive Firemen's Magazine:

I desire to write a subject under the head of "Admission of Members and Discipline." The doors of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen are alike open to all worthy firemen of at least one year's experience. Wealth constitutes no recommendation; poverty no disqualification. With the former is often associated a hard and stony heart, and vice in all its hideous forms; with the latter high principles of honor, integrity and truth.

There is no subject to which the members of lodges should more carefully attend than the admission of members to the privileges of the Order. Much odium has been brought upon the institution by the admission of members who do not possess the necessary qualification of mind and heart, either to comprehend its principles and its true objects, or discharge its duties, and who afterwards prove a discredit to the institution, and injure it in public opinion. This result is often occasioned by the desire of members to increase their number, under an erroneous idea that a lodge is flourishing according to its numbers. On this point lodges should be disabused. They should constantly bear in mind that the respectability of a lodge, and its usefulness in the great work of disseminating our motto with wholesome moral truths, do not depend upon the number, but upon the character of its members. In the opinion of the world, one vicious or profligate member does more injury to the institution than the upright lives of twenty will wipe away. In examining the traits of all institutions, whether religious or moral, the mass of mankind are more apt to look at the dark than at the light side of the picture, and judge of the claims of each by the character and conduct of the *one* rather than the many.

One of the most important duties, therefore, of a lodge is to look well to the moral character of an applicant, to his capacity to comprehend not only the secrets, but the leading principle of the order, and although committees are always appointed to discharge this duty, it is, nevertheless, an equal duty which devolves upon every member of a lodge. In considering the petitions of all applicants, private friendship should lay aside its partialities, and enmity its prejudices. It is not enough to say "we know nothing against the candidate." The true interests of the order require *positive*, not *negative* qualities. Before an applicant is admitted to participate in the privileges of the Order, it should be ascertained that his character is not stained by vice: that he is industrious, prudent, temperate, and discreet—that he is not prompted by mere curiosity, but by a desire to extend the sphere of his usefulness—that he is a lover of justice and possesses a charitable disposition, and a heart open to the calls of distress, ready to relieve, as far as his circumstances will permit, the wants of worthy brothers, their widows and orphans. "Benevolence" is one of the noblest characteristics—one of the beautiful features of our brotherhood. By observing such "rules" in the choice of members, our Order will stand forth a prominent benefactor of our race, and an imposing pillar in the great house of humanity.

DISCIPLINE.

For the preservation of good order, and to protect our Brotherhood from the assaults of its enemies, wise and prudent discipline is necessary. Without discipline

no institution can long exist; a lack of discipline introduces incalculable disorders. It has been, and will be again, notwithstanding all the care that may be taken, that unworthy men will gain admittance. Their curiosity gratified, the moral lessons of the order will but slightly influence their actions, and they will break out into acts that dishonor themselves, and dishonor the order. With such men discipline should be employed to bring them back to the fold. Discipline, however, should be administered with prudence and without passion—first by admonition; second by reprimand; third by suspension; and when these fail, the offending member should be excluded from all the privileges and benefits of the order. In the language of another, “such as have been guilty of a mere indiscretion must not be dealt with like wilful and notorious offenders, but approached with all the kind and compassionate offices of friendship; and if they possess a brotherly temper, their sensibility will be affected by admonition, and their penitence manifested by a speedy amendment.” The hardened offender, as for example the habitual drunkard, if he will not suffer himself to be reclaimed, must be removed, that the honor and reputation of the Order may be sustained.

Yours fraternally,

Little Rock, Ark., February 1, 1879.

JOS. SCHELLHORN.

Editors Magazine:

In all ages of the world mankind have formed themselves into organizations and societies for mutual benefit and protection, and for elevating and educating those with whom they come in contact. We commence with Masonry, Odd Fellows, K. of P., etc., till we come to the last, though by no means the least, the *B. of L. F.* Though not a member of that order, still I feel a deep interest in its welfare, and the welfare of any organization that has for its aim the elevation and education of railroad men; one reason why is that many of my intimate and most sincere friends are *railroad boys*.

Your organization, founded upon the three broad pillars of Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry—what better foundation can you desire or have? *Benevolence*—that teaches you to care for your sick and wounded, bury your dead, relieve the widow and orphans, is one of the most holy ideas. *Sobriety*—if there is a place in the world where that virtue should not only be practiced but insisted upon, it is among all persons connected with railroads, where so many precious lives as well as valuable property, depend not only upon the skill and sobriety, not only of engineer and firemen, but upon all connected no matter how humble the position. Seek then to instil into the minds of all, and exact the strictest sobriety from all connected with your order. *Industry*—to work hard and faithful to support yourselves and families and lay by something for a rainy day, and study to fit yourselves for a higher and more responsible position.

With these three virtues combined there is no earthly reason why a *railroad boy* should not only receive but demand the highest respect and esteem of all classes of society, and to be called by that name will be an honor of which any man may well feel proud. Then go on with your work devoted to these virtues, and all others that will educate and elevate, and you may be sure of a hearty, honest, God speed and God bless you, from all, and most assuredly from

Truly yours,

“AMICITIA.”

Editors:

Not having seen any communications from 63 I thought I would ask for a little space. Our lodge is in good working order and membership increasing and represents three of the different lines leading to our city, viz: C. & E. I., P. & D., and T. W. & W. R. R.; and promotions to the right side occur very frequently, which goes to show the opinion that our Master Mechanics hold of our Order and its members. Do not stop, brothers; strive to improve, and sooner or later you will receive your reward! And I would like to say that in order to receive the reward that all our brothers hope for, it requires but two mottoes, which, followed as they should be, will surely bring the prize, viz: Sobriety, and strict attention to duty.

The first of these is a very important one, and one I trust all brothers will keep sacred, for of all the "things" to be despised a drunkard takes the lead, causing ruin to himself and leading others and their families to want and destruction. It is the cause of more than half the murders and outrages daily committed o'er our land. Another kind (and in my opinion the worst of all) is the man commonly termed the "moderate drinker," who says: "*why, it does me no injury, for I can control myself and know where to stop.*" Well, brothers, that would be all well enough if it were always so, but I find the old maxim about correct, viz: "*That water constantly dropped will wear a stone,*" and the once so-called moderate drinker increases the amount from day to day and finally ends in a drunkard's grave. The same person would have laughed at you had you told him this years before. Not only that, brothers, but the example set to others. This habit is one that employers are looking into more and more, for they have found by experience that sober men are the ones to be trusted with life and property. And, brothers, if you would but give this matter a thought, you will agree with them. Brothers, whenever you see a person trying to do right, do not tempt him, but on the contrary, help him along in the path of right, and strive, one and all, to be able to use the little word "*No*" in temptation and you will win.

The second motto—strict attention to business—when on duty, attend to it from beginning to end. Do not become careless, as is generally the case with firemen after they have been at the business some time, but keep your engine looking clean and neat, study the different parts connected with it, be courteous to all, and I can assure you that the reward is forthcoming, and you can safely say, I have done my duty.

I remain your brother in B. S. and I.

Danville, Ill., Jan. 20, 1879.

CHAS. J. MCGEE.

THE WILL OF THE WISP FOLLOWING THE KID UP KICKAPPO HILL.

On the night of October 25, 1877, as the night express was wending its way along the Trans-Continental Division of the Texas & Pacific, engine 25, (a bran new Pittsburg), W. L. Garvin, engineer, and John Thyne, commonly called the "kid" on account of his small size, was fireman, when nearing a place called Kickappo Hill, was startled on looking ahead, to see something that looked like a ball of fire dart right up out of the creek at the foot of the hill and strike out ahead of the engine. At first the engineer shut off steam and applied the air, but seeing it going ahead gave her steam again, still keeping his eye on it to see where it intended to go. The track being good new track and up in good shape, both engineer and fireman

were anxious to see what it all meant, so Billy opened old 25 out and away she went, darting after the "will of the wisp," but the faster they went the faster it went, and seemed bound not to be overtaken, although old 25 was doing her best. When Billy found he could not overtake it he settled the engine down to her regular time and kept watch to see how far it was bound to keep ahead. The first stopping place was DeKalb, and when they stopped at the station, there was "will of the wisp" waiting for them at the end of the switch, and when they started, away it went, and it kept on ahead of them till within a mile of Pelaska Tank, when it seemed to fly over the tree tops and disappear. The distance was about 25 miles. It was not only the engineer and fireman who saw it, but conductor Joe Barber, the brakeman, and negro porter also saw it. It was amusing to see the porter, he was scared so badly that he was almost out of his senses. Generally his hair is so curly that you would think nothing could straighten it, but it stood straight that night, his cap being lifted two and a half inches from his head, and being, like all negroes, of a superstitious nature, made sure that he was going to be killed or that something terrible was going to happen, so he laid off two weeks, until one day a freight train had a wreck; then he was satisfied that that was the cause, so he went to work again, and although everybody kept a good lookout for "will of the wisp," nothing has ever been seen of it since that night.

Yours respectfully,

T. C.

TEACHINGS OF HISTORY.

"But yesterday a king,
And armed with kings to strive.
To-day an abject thing,
And yet alive."

The actions of the socialists of Germany, England, Russia, and throughout Europe generally, are giving food for thought to all, and a reason for fear to the supporters of unjust and tyrannical laws. We hope that by the ballot in the United States these laws shall be adjusted or abolished. But in Germany and England, and under such like governments, the sword alone remains if arbitration fails to accomplish the freedom of the people from governed oppression.

How long does the actions of our petty tyrants insure to them their happiness at the misery of their fellow-man, even with the assistance of a corrupt press to laud and extol their acts of oppression, and manufacture artificial virtues to send broadcast over the land? Can this corrupt press, bribed by the gold of the tyrant, obliterate the teachings of history by their ridicule of the past demands of the workingman? Has the Creator made the mind or intellect of the workingman inferior to him who is in possession of riches? Can the press with such schooling give to the State the material that is necessary for its welfare and fill the ends for which we were all created? The soul of any nation is the working class. It is an historical fact that unjust laws, notwithstanding their long existence of oppression and tyranny, either of governments or individuals, have always met their just rewards, and close on their decline comes retribution swift and terrible. It comes with the impetuosity of a torrent that is impossible to check, and too often in its course of death is hurried along the innocent with the guilty. Look back less than

an hundred years and see the consequence of such a course so terribly illustrated in the history of France.

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

With what horror do we read those pages? Is it exaggerated? There was no room for exaggeration. How every human feeling is aroused to pity when we read the sad fate of Louis the Sixteenth, then king of France, and his queen Marie Antoinette; their parting from each other and their children on the eve of being led to the guillotine. But where is the suffering of the French people for hundreds of years before? What caused this bloodshed, and leaves 1793 such a reign of terror in the annals of history that never was equaled? The same cause exists in Europe to-day, and with rapid strides is fast approaching the United States.

Rollins tells us that the great city of Syracuse, centuries ago, was ruled by the tyrant Dionysius, and notwithstanding the victories of his arms against the Carthaginians and the respect and friendship which he gained from the Spartans, his allies; Sparta, that renowned republic, with all this glory of a nation, yet the Syracusans cried out and protested against the robbery of their liberty and the oppression of the tyrant. What signifies it to us, they argued, whether we make peace with the enemy abroad or not, while Dionysius deprives us of every right as citizens, we are brave and intrepid before the enemy abroad, and tremble like cowards in the presence of the tyrant at home. This same Dionysius, surrounded by such pomp and magnificence and luxury, every passion and appetite was pampered to and gratified, was in his old age reduced to and died in the utmost poverty. About the same time Ictetas, another of Sicily's tyrants was put to death, together with his son, wife and daughters, because Ictetas in the days of his power had cast Dion—who fought for the liberty of Syracuse—and his wife and infant son into the sea. The people of Syracuse had passed judgment on Ictetas.

History tells us of so many instances where the people's demands for justice, and their accusations of the government's corruption being entirely ignored, have ultimately ended in the entire overthrow of the government, and in a great many cases utter extinction of the nation from the earth, as the Egyptians, Persians, Romans, and many other great nations of antiquity, that only remain in history to remind us that "the powerful should tread lightly on the oppressed."

When the foreign invader threatens our shores or frontier, our patriotism is aroused and in a moment we are in arms ready and eager to do battle for our country's cause. But how long must we, as did the Syracusans of old, tremble like cowards in the presence of the tyrants at home. The monopolies, the money power and the greatest of all, the corruption of our government, all seem to conspire to crush the working class—the bone and sinew of the nation—into the dust and the wife of slavery. We find in Rollins' history of the Persians and Grecians this passage: "Their gross irregularities, and abundance of theirs, which remains without remedy, and which were daily augmented by impunity, tried the peoples patience, and occasioned a general discontent among them, the usual forerunner of the ruin of States. Their just complaints, long time despised, were followed by an open rebellion of several nations, who endeavored to do themselves that justice by force which was refused to their remonstrances."

Cicero says the greatest act in the world is to be the author of a nations happiness.

And Plato, that celebrated philosopher, said all things else are naught which do not promote the virtue and happiness of the people.

Was it not oppression and cruelty crushing out the life spring of patriotism in Switzerland, and aiming at the destruction of their nationality, that gave forth that noble character, William Tell, who set out alone with the firm determination to liberate his country from a foreign yoke, and had the happiness to see thousands of his countrymen flock to his standard. He lives in history to-day and in the hearts of his people as the liberator of the Swiss. England's tyranny to the colonies of 1776 gave us a Washington, and the colonies to-day are the most powerful nation on earth, and I might add, have the most corrupt government. This corruption, these unjust laws and law-givers are now the oppressors, these are the invaders of our rights and citizenship, far worse than the foreigner of 1776, and must be cast off by the ballot.

TIM FAGAN.

RAILWAY NOTES.

QUERY, by F. B. S.—Why does it hurt an engine to reverse her when in motion.

THE Iron Mountain R. R. pays Locomotive Firemen, for 180 miles run, \$2,30. Average pay, \$55 per month.

MEMPHIS Division of L. & N. R. R., 130 miles in length, pays passenger firemen \$2,20; freight, \$2,75, for going over the road, allowing one day on passenger and one and a half days on freight. Average, \$65 and \$50.

GREAT BRITAIN'S RAILWAY SPEED.—The following facts, taken from the *London Week*, will give those of our readers not acquainted with English traveling an idea of the high rate of speed maintained by some of the British railroads: The fastest train run by the Northwestern Railway does the distance from Euston to Rugby in one hour and fifty minutes—but this speed is equaled by the Southeastern mail which runs to Dover, 76½ miles, in 102 minutes. Both these are far exceeded by the Great Northern Scotch express, which only takes 129 minutes to run 105½ miles to Gantham from London; and by the Great Western "Flying Dutchman" which reaches Swindon, 77 miles, in 87 minutes. These trains run at 50 and 53 miles an hour respectively, and the last named remains, as for many years past, the fastest train in the world.

THE C. M. & ST. P. R. R.

A correspondent and employee of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul R. R. writes as follows:

It is nearly ten years since I entered the service of this Company, during which time I have never known of a grievance but what has been settled to the entire satisfaction of all. In fact, the firemen have *never had a grievance*. Promotion is dealt out fairly to the deserving. The wages are, for engineers, \$3,50 per day, or 100 miles run; all over, extra pay. Firemen, \$1,75 per day, the year around, work or play. Our correspondent further states that the officers of the line are loved by each and every employee.

It is a pleasant task to insert an extract from a letter with such a report of a Railroad Company, and its employees.

RAILWAY MEN'S READING ROOMS.

Mr. Wm. Cook, the librarian of the Railway Men's Reading Room of Chicago, forwards us the following card :

RAILWAY MEN'S READING ROOM, Cor. Canal and Kinzie Sts.

*Dear Sir :—*A want long needed in the locality of Canal and Kinzie streets, has been supplied through the kindness and generosity of Mr. Marvin Hughitt, General Manager of the C. & N. W. Railway Co. We refer to the Railway Men's Reading Room. We are glad to state we have on file most of the daily and weekly papers, and quite a number of magazines; but we lack a very important and indispensable element—a Library. We have a book-case capable of holding 200 or 300 volumes. We make this a personal appeal to all railroad men and their friends, for a donation of any book (if only one) which you or they may have no further use for at your home or office. A postal card directed to any of the undersigned will be attended to with pleasure.

Yours respectfully,

LIBRARY COMMITTEE,

F. E. LITTLE, C. & N. W. R'y Co.
ROBT. FORSYTH, C. & E. Ill. R. R. Co.
F. C. STRICKLAND, C. & N. W. R'y Co.
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WM. COOK, Librarian,
Cor. Canal and Kinzie Streets.

Jan. 25, 1879.

Mr. Cook also writes us of their meetings in the following terms :

"A thousand copies of the enclosed card have been circulated among the Railroad employes and their friends. The book-case will hold from 700 to 800 volumes, not 200 to 300, as stated in the card.

"Our Sunday afternoon meetings are growing in interest. The meeting last Sunday surprised those who were present. *It was a good one.* A spirit of freedom prevailed, such as was not felt in any of the preceding meetings. Mr. Robt. Forsyth, General Freight Agent, C. and E. I. R. R. presided."

PAY OF RAILWAY EMPLOYEES IN EUROPE.

Consular reports recently sent to the state department at Washington embrace statements in regard to the compensation of railway employees in various portions of Europe, from which we learn that the yearly compensation in France is as follows: Engineers, \$405 to \$579; firemen, \$308; watchmen, \$231; chief of baggage, \$289; baggage men, \$231; porters and servants, \$198; chief of freight, \$888 to \$1,158; clerks, \$231; ticket agents, men or women, \$260 to \$637; workmen, \$173. The consul remarks that the cost of living is less in France than in America, and the living poorer. The work on railways is more subdivided, and quite different from that of the United States railways in other respects.

The consular report from Chemnitz, Saxony, states that the salaries of railroad employes are small; the superintendent's salary is the highest, \$1,531; few employes receive over \$1,000 per annum. Section hands are paid \$144.75 to \$174.50 per year. A certain sum is allowed to all employes for clothing, and some are furnished with houses and servants. Ticket agents receive 1 per cent. commission on the tickets they sell. The engineer and firemen are allowed for any savings they make in the coal and oil furnished to the trains by the government. The salary of an engineer is \$585.50; firemen, \$300; conductor, \$444; ticket agent,

\$723 and \$609; freight master, \$571. The panic of 1873 wrought great changes in Saxony, as in the United States.

A consular report from Turin, Italy, says: Railways run by the national government pay their engineers from \$30 to \$40 a month, common laborers from 50 to 60 cents per day, chief conductors from \$360 to \$400 per annum, station masters \$800 to \$1000. Pensions are provided for employes after a certain number of years of faithful service, and to their widows in case of accident or death while on duty. Females who guard the crossings receive 16 cents a day; ticket-sellers, 20 cents, their hours of labor averaging four or five per day. The cost of living for laborers is about 18 cents a day.

LARGE LOCOMOTIVE.—The L. N. & Gt. S. R. R. has completed the No. 5, of which we give the dimensions as reported to us. Total weight, 94,800 pounds. On drivers alone, 82,500 pounds; on pony wheels, 12,300 pounds. Cylinders, 18 by 24 in. Steam ports, 16 in. Diameter of driving wheels, 5 ft. 6½ in. Being of Mogul build she has eight driving wheels and one pony truck. Is considered the largest engine south of the Ohio River.

In order that our members can compare the rate of speed in America with that of Europe, we give below the time card of the fastest train run in Europe, on the Great Western Railway. The train is known as the Flying Dutchman:

0.....	Leave Paddington Station, London	11:45 a. m.
77¼.....	Arrive Swindon Junction	1:12 p. m.
77¼.....	Leave Swindon Junction	1:22 “
106¾.....	Leave Bath	1:58 “
118¾.....	Arrive Bristol	2:21 “
118¾.....	Leave Bristol	2:26 “
163¾.....	Leave Taunton	3:21 “
194.....	Arrive at Exeter	4:00 p. m.

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.—This important approach to the mines of Arizona—mines of coal and copper as well as of silver and gold—on the 1st of the month has been completed and put in full operation to a point sixty-four miles beyond Yuma. At the rate at which the track is being laid every day, by this time the material-trains must be running twenty miles further.—*Mining Record*.

SUBORDINATE LODGE ITEMS.

BROTHER CLINE desires to know of Brother Campbell if the bouquet business is as good as ever, and if it pays expenses. They are scarce at Laramie, W. T., at present. Probably Brother Wood could enlighten him. Come, brothers, speak up, it will take off the chill of February's cold days.

BROTHER BROWN, of No. 82, is working hard for the Magazine. His last subscription was for Miss Brown—don't weigh as much as she probably will in ten or twelve years, but the list is swelled *just one*.

The Ohio State Journal of February 5, comes to hand, and gives us the cheering news of the successful admission to the practice of law, of our worthy Brother, Frank W. Arnold, of Lodge No. 9. The friends of Brother Arnold will, with us, say, may your path be one of success and your laurels many.

William Watkins, of Lodge No. 82, has withdrawn, to join elsewhere.

BROTHER J. W. Richardson, of No. 23, writes us of the Brotherhood, and also gives us a subscription for the sister of our deceased Brother, Moss. Brasher, and desires, with us all, to be remembered to the family.

FRANK N. SCHOOLEY, of Jackson Lodge, No. 8, located at Seymour Ind., died Jan. 9th, 1879, with a disease of the kidneys, at the house of Mrs. Van Dyke, Pierceville, Ind. Bro. Schooley has been an energetic worker in the order for the past five years, and many Brothers will remember him who were present at the Hornellesville Convention, held in December, 1874. For the past four years he has been employed on the O. & M. Railway, as engineer, until a few months back, when by an accident, he was compelled to give up the road. On the 11th of February, 1879, his body was taken charge of by Jackson Lodge No. 8, and taken to Moore's Hill Cemetery. At the depot, the members formed in line with the following pall-bearers: John Wright, A. J. Gabard, E. Humphreys, Jas. Green, Geo. Hayes and L. F. Banta.

In addition to this escort on foot, came Geo. Boas and John Solomon, and Mr. Postelwait, and then carriages with friends. At the grave, Brother Sayre delivered an exhortation, followed by Brother Humphreys with prayer, after which the Rev. Mr. Farmer closed the ceremonies with prayer.

In the death of Brother Schooley, Jackson Lodge No. 8, loses a *worthy brother*; his two little daughters, a fond and loving parent. Esteemed by all who knew him, loved by his two motherless children. May the Ever-Watchful guard and protect them from all harm, that they may live a life of goodness and prepare to meet their parents above.

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, Brother W. N. Sayre having presented this lodge with a handsome set of regalia, as a New Year's gift, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Union Lodge, No. 5, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, do extend to Brother Sayre our sincere and grateful thanks for the same. Being duly impressed with the honor bestowed upon us, we assure him that we shall long remember and cherish this gift with sentiments of the liveliest gratitude. May our motives be as pure as the interests of Brother Sayre in the welfare of the Order; and permit us to hope that an All-wise Providence may so govern and guard our actions toward our fellow-brothers, that we may never betray the confidence reposed in us, and that our future lives and conduct may afford no reproach from our worthy G. S. & T.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Brother Sayre, with the seal of the Lodge attached, and a copy be sent to the B. of L. F. Magazine and the Galion Inquirer, for publication.

Galion, O., Jan. 28, 1879.

THEO. D. WOOLLEY,	} Committee.
JAS. A. FARNWORTH,	
JAMES SMITH,	

At a special meeting of Jackson Lodge, No. 8, B. of L. F., the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, An All-wise Providence has seen fit to remove Brother Frank N. Schooley from our midst, therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Schooley, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has lost a true and tried brother.

Resolved, That we, the members of No. 8, deeply sympathize with the afflicted family in their great bereavement.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the bereaved family, and to be entered upon our records, and a copy sent to the MAGAZINE for publication.

JAMES GREEN,
WM. McKAIN, } Committee.
THOS. ACKLEY. }

JACKSON Lodge, No. 8, B. of L. F., desire to return to Mr. John Wright, engineer of engine No. 35, on West Division of the O. & M., their sincere and grateful thanks for the many acts of kindness shown them in their hour of trouble, while fulfilling the last rights of our Brother F. N. Schooley.

A. J. GABARD,
E. HUMPHREYS.

GRAND LODGE ORDERS.

EACH Lodge will, thirty days after admitting a candidate, forward one dollar Grand Dues, which will pay for twelve months from date of admission. Some few lodges believe that those initiated in paying this one dollar have to pay again before they have been in the Order one year. This is not so, however, as the Grand Dues apply for twelve months from date of admission.

LODGES not having forwarded their Grand Dues for members up to date, will do so immediately. This is imperative.

BLACK LIST.

Lodge No. 23—Jos. Rehm, expelled for defrauding members of the Order.

Lodge No. 95—Peter Santer, expelled for high crime against the State and general unbecoming conduct.

Lodge No. 67—Hugh Ross and Geo. Shields, expelled for non-payment of dues and defrauding Lodge.

Lodge No. 36—C. Elliott, P. Ronan and B. Frentz, expelled for non-payment of dues, and defrauding widows and orphans.

Lodge No. 57—H. B. Hersey, non-payment of dues.

LITERARY NOTES.

From the Indianapolis People.

THE LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.—No. 1 of Vol. 3 of this flourishing monthly has been laid upon our table. It commences the year greatly improved in almost every respect. As is well known, it is published by order of the Grand Lodge, and is under the immediate supervision of Wm. N. Sayre, of this city, and E. V. Debs, associate editor, of Terre Haute. The terms are \$1 per year, in advance. This magazine should be in the hands of not only every locomotive fireman, but also those of every locomotive engineer, and all who in any way

whatever have to do with railroading. It is well calculated to do them good. The number before us is embellished with a beautiful title page, illustrating a poem by N. W. Parker, "Our New Year's Greeting," containing praiseworthy sentiment, and laudably and eloquently encouraging "Sobriety, Benevolence and Industry." The title page is in Chandler's best style of the engraving art. Our poet friend, Lee O. Harris, contributes a magnificent poem on "Toil," while the general miscellany is excellent. We commend the Locomotive Firemen's Monthly Magazine to the public generally.

Of all the exchanges that grace our editorial table, none present a more cheerful appearance or better dress than *The Woman's Tribune*, a weekly paper, published in Indianapolis, Ind., and devoted purely to the interests of woman, and her enfranchisement from the unequal legislation that to-day makes her a serf; a subject taxed without the right to say how taxes shall be imposed. It is ably edited and conducted by two ladies, Mrs. Mary E. Haggart, wife of our esteemed friend, Dr. Haggart, and Mrs. Adkinson; both ladies of culture and large information. The tone of the paper is bold, independent and fearless, and we heartily commend it to our readers as worthy of more than a passing notice.

HOW TO BECOME A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.

The *Catechism of the Locomotive*, by M. N. Forney, published by the Railroad Gazette, New York, is fairly judged to be one of the most important helps which a fireman can have in obtaining such a knowledge of the construction and working of the locomotive as will qualify him for an engineer. No man can acquire from books alone all the knowledge that is needed to make him practically successful in any business; but, on the other hand, no fireman who wants to get on the right-hand side, can afford to neglect reading and studying a thoroughly practical book which will answer in plain, simple language which he can readily understand, all the intricate questions about link motion, setting an eccentric, and the hundreds of similar questions which otherwise he would spend hours of fruitless and unnecessary labor upon.

The book, in the first place, explains the theory of the steam engine, of the forces of air and steam, of work, energy, and the mechanical equivalent of heat, of adhesion and traction, of combustion, and, indeed, of the whole science of the working of the locomotive. As the book is intended for men, many of whom have not had the advantage of advanced education or scientific training, the book has been carefully written so that every earnest man, without previous study, can easily understand it.

The largest part of the book consists of accurate engravings and descriptions of all the parts of the different patterns of locomotives in use in this country, descriptions of both the method of constructing and using these parts, of firing and running the locomotive, and what to do in case of all sorts of accidents.

The book also contains twenty full-page engravings, accurately engraved to scale of $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch to the foot, of the different types of locomotives in use in the United States.

It is, without a doubt, the most complete and easily understood work on the locomotive which has ever been published.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

W. T. GOUNDIE.....	Grand Master,
3405 Elm street, West Philadelphia, Pa.	
J. M. DODGE.....	Vice Grand Master,
No. 12 16th st., Chicago, Ill.	
W. N. SAYRE.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
S. M. STEVENS.....	Grand Instructor.
Lowell, Mass.	
J. O'KEEFE.....	Grand Warden,
North Platte, Neb.	
CHAS. POPE.....	Grand Conductor,
Toronto, Ont.	
W. HUGO.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
T. DOYLE.....	Grand Outer Guard.
St. Louis.	
M. COOPER.....	Grand Marshal,
St. Paul, Minn.	

GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

M. E. COBB.....	Worcester, Mass.
J. S. COOL.....	Logansport, Ind.
JOHN MCCLURE.....	Columbus, O.
JOHN L. BODEY.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. R. WHITCOMB.....	Springfield, Ill.
P. J. ROBINSON.....	Little Rock, Ark.
A. M. CRONIN.....	Memphis, Tenn.
D. T. HENDERSON.....	Cleveland, O.
JOS. BRINTNALL.....	Fort Gratiot, Mich.
L. H. INGERSOLL.....	St. Joseph, Mo.
W. F. HYNES.....	Denver, Col.
J. POPE MYERS.....	Louisville, Ky.

LODGE ADDRESSES.

Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.

1. DEER PARK, at Port Jarvis, N. Y. Meets every Monday evening at 7.30.
I. B. Fisher (Box 724).....Master
Ed. Salley.....Rec. Sec'y
N. C. Marshall.....Magazine Agent
4. GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7.30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.
C. F. Terry, (Valonia, Pa.).....Master
J. F. Hoffman (Box 501).....Rec. Sec'y
S. H. Quackenbush, W. E. Nichols, Mag. Agts
5. UNION, at Galion, Ohio. Meets every Wednesday evening at 7.30.
A. Jenkinson.....Master
T. Wooley.....Rec. Sec'y
Jas. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
8. JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. E. Hall, at 7.30 P. M.
A. J. Gabard.....Master
L. M. Phipps.....Rec. Sec'y
A. J. Gabard.....Magazine Agent
9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.
John McClure.....Master
F. W. Arnold.....Rec. Sec'y
(Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block.)
E. Ginbey (123 Spruce st.).....Magazine Agent

10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M., Miller's Hall, cor. Auburn st., & Scranton ave.
S. S. Card.....Master
D. T. Henderson (46 John st.).....Rec. Sec'y
T. H. Sheppard.....Magazine Agent
(19 Pelton avenue, s. s.)
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 P. M., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
J. S. Gorgas.....Master
P. C. Everitt.....Rec. Sec'y
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7.30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.
James Shufelt.....Master.
J. C. Bradley (470 Swan St.).....Rec. Sec'y
C. G. Swan.....Magazine Agent
(438 South Division street.)
13. MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, at East St. Louis, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., in Brick Bank Hall.
John McGarrahan.....Master
Jerry Benedict.....Rec. Sec'y
Fred. Lane (Box 191).....Magazine Agent
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., at No. 62½ East Washington street.
Wm. Hugo (79 N. Noble street).....Master
Chas. Kline (530 E. Georgia st.).....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. Hugo.....Magazine Agent
15. PACIFIC, at St. Louis, Mo. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays. Hall, Chateau ave. near Summit avenue.
J. J. Smith.....Master
J. F. Clough (3012 Sarah st.).....Rec. Sec'y
J. F. Clough.....Magazine Agent
16. VIGO, at Terra Haute, Ind. Meets the 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at 1:30 P. M., S. E. cor. Main and Seventh sts.
James Smith (Box 1074).....Master
E. V. Debbs (Box 522).....Rec. Sec'y
James Smith (Box 1074).....Magazine Agent
17. OLD POST, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets in No. 2 Engine House every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.
F. B. Wheeler.....Master
C. A. Cripps.....Rec. Sec'y
C. A. Cripps.....Magazine Agent
20. STUART, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.
Wm. McBride.....Master
D. Hartigan (Box 418).....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. McBride.....Magazine Agent
21. INDUSTRIAL, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7.30, in Engineers' Hall.
James Bucke.....Master
H. Miller (c. Ellwood & 2d sts.) Rec. Sec'y
John Hayes.....Magazine Agent
22. CENTRAL, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., in B. of L. E. Hall.
Wm. Trenary (Box 598).....Master
Geo. Bond.....Rec. Sec'y
D. M. Wills.....Magazine Agent

23. LOUISVILLE, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., Farmers Exchange Bank.
J. P. Myers (c. Bender's drug store) Master
(Cor. Wenzel and Jefferson streets.)
J. W. Richardson (286 Wenzel st) Rec. Sec'y
J. H. Smith (252 Zane st.) Magazine Agent
27. HAWKEYE, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets every Thursday evening at 7:30.
F. A. Davis.....Master
A. S. Funk.....Rec. Sec'y
W. S. Davis.....Magazine Agent
28. ELKHORN, at North Platte, Neb. Meets 1st and 2d Wednesdays of each month.
W. T. Chadwick.....Master
Joe Tooley (Box 166).....Rec. Sec'y
W. J. Stuart.....Magazine Agent
29. CHAMPION, at Detroit, Mich. Meets every Thursday evening at 7:30, at their hall, 65 Michigan Avenue.
Frank Clark (257 17th st.).....Master
Martin Cooper.....Rec. Sec'y
Jas. Thomas, John Shaw.....Magazine Agents
30. CEDAR VALLEY, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets every Sunday, at 2 p. m., at B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Fourth and Terry street, Wallace Block.
J. L. Birmingham.....Master
J. H. Brewer.....Rec. Sec'y
J. H. Brewer, 94 13th st.).....Magazine Agent
32. MT. WHITNEY, at Tulare, Cal. Organizing.
34. CLINTON, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
B. S. Keith.....Master
Geo. E. Howell.....Rec. Sec'y
.....Magazine Agent
35. At AMBOY, ILL. Meets in Engineers' Hall 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
T. Hincheliff.....Master
Wm. H. Dean.....Rec. Sec'y
Titus Hincheliff.....Magazine Agent
36. TIPPECANOE, at LaFayette, Indiana. Meets every Sunday, at 2 p. m., at B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Fourth and Terry street, Wallace Block.
J. L. Birmingham.....Master
J. H. Brewer.....Rec. Sec'y
J. H. Brewer, 94 13th st.).....Magazine Agent
39. NORTH STAR, at Austin, Minn. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.
Geo. R. Talbott.....Master
J. R. Shanley.....Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Scagel.....Magazine Agent
40. BLOOMING, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday night
James Crotty.....Master
Thomas O'Neil.....Rec. Sec'y
(905 West Locust street)
Wm. O. Webster.....Magazine Agent
41. At ROCKLIN, CAL. Organizing.
43. ST. JOSEPH, at St. Joseph, Mo. Meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every second and fourth Sundays in each month.
L. H. Ingersoll.....Master
O. W. Richardson.....Rec. Sec'y
L. H. Ingersoll.....Magazine Agent
45. ROSE CITY, at Little Rock, Ark. Meets every Monday at 7:30 p. m., corner Main and Markham streets.
J. A. Bloudsope.....Master
P. J. Robison.....Rec. Sec'y
E. W. Mills.....Magazine Agent
46. CAPITAL, at Springfield, Ill. Meets every alternate Sunday, at Eng. Hall.
W. R. Whitcomb (c. 9th & Market sts) Master
G. D. Partington (Lock box 1126) Rec. Sec'y
Joseph Paulis (Wabash Shops) Mag. Agent
47. TRIUMPHANT, at Chicago, Ill. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Railroad Chapel.
M. Gepper.....Master
J. M. Dodge, No. 12 16th st.....Rec. Sec'y
R. V. Dodge.....Magazine Agent
48. AMICITI, at Harrisburg, Pa. Meets every Saturday night and Sunday afternoon, corner 3d and Broad sts.
R. T. Shepherd, (5th, near Riley).....Master
L. C. Clemson.....Rec. Sec'y
937 Pennsylvania avenue.
C. W. Guyon (642 Colder st.) Magazine Agent
50. GARDEN CITY, at Chicago.
W. S. Barrows.....Master
W. Field.....Rec. Sec'y
W. S. Barrows.....Magazine Agent
51. FRONTIER CITY, at Oswego, N. Y. Meets every Thursday at 2:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall.
Jas. McCarthy (49 West Erie st).....Master
L. J. Boynton, 112 W. Utica st., Rec. Sec'y
J. McCarthy 49 W. Erie st., Magazine Agent
52. GOOD WILL, at Logansport, Indiana. Meets every Friday at 8 p. m., corner Market and Canal sts.
A. Ross.....Master
R. Warner.....Rec. Sec'y
Ambrose Ross (Box 626).....Magazine Agent
54. ANCHOR, at Moberly, Mo. Meets every Monday night at 4:30 Reed street.
J. J. Murphy.....Master
Geo. R. Stacey, box 820.....Rec. Sec'y
J. Bresson.....Magazine Agent
55. BLUFF CITY, at Memphis Tenn. Meets 2d and last Saturday evenings of each month, at Knights of Honor hall, 298 2d street.
John Clark, L. & N. engine house.....Master
Alex. M. Cronin.....Rec. Sec'y
Alex. M. Cronin.....Magazine Agent
56. TOPEKA, at Emporia, Kan. Meets every alternate Sunday at A. O. U. W. Hall.
S. McGaffey.....Master
Wm. Tangman, Topeka, Kan.....Rec. Sec'y
J. R. Goheen.....Magazine Agent
57. BOSTON, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at 10:30 a. m., and 2d Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.
C. H. Moulton (Box 93, Lynn, Mass.) Master
L. L. Parker, Jr.....Rec. Sec'y
L. L. Parker, Jr.....Magazine Agent
72 Cambridge street, E. Cambridge.
58. STAR, at Hoboken, N. J. Meets 2d Sundays & 4th Thursdays, at 67 Newark st.
C. E. Borland.....Master
O. Gillen, box, 41 Hoboken.....Rec. Sec'y
O. Gillen.....Magazine Agent
60. UNITED, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets 1st Thursday evening and 3d Sunday morning of each month, cor. Lawrence street and Susquehanna avenue.
J. L. Bodley, (2013 N. 3d st).....Master
A. B. Collom, 2206 Lawrence st.....Rec. Sec'y
J. A. Falls, 2224 North 2d st. Magazine Agent

61. MINNEHAHA, at St. Paul, Minn.
Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 p. m., cor 7th and Jackson sts., Engineer's Hall.
S. J. Murphy, 56 Goodrich ave..... Master
C. Sinks, 58 Goodrich ave..... Rec. Sec'y
R. Peel, 183 Exchange st... Magazine Agent
62. VANBERGEN, at Carbondale, Pa.
Meets every 2d and 4th Thursday of each month, in Engineers' Hall.
O. E. Histed..... Master
Jno. Bryden..... Rec. Sec'y
A. Hoyle..... Magazine Agent
63. HERCULES, at Danville, Ill. Meets every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.
J. A. Bain..... Master
John D. Franklin, box 772..... Rec. Sec'y
F. Rogers..... Magazine Agent
64. LOYAL, at Ellis, Kan. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, every Sunday.
W. H. Hamilton..... Master
Matthew Richards..... Rec. Sec'y
W. H. Hamilton..... Magazine Agent
Box 16, Brookville, Kan.
66. CHALLENGE, at Bellville, Ont., (Canada.) Meets 2d and 4th Sundays in B. of L. E. Hall,
J. McKnight..... Master
D. Sutherland..... Rec. Sec'y
J. McKnight..... Magazine Agent
67. DOMINION, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Occident Hall, Queen street.
P. Kennedy (Box 697)..... Master
C. Pope (Box 697)..... Rec. Sec'y
P. Kennedy (Box 697)..... Magazine Agent
68. HUDSON, at Jersey City, N. J. Meets 1st Tuesday night and 4th Wednesday afternoon, cor. Macer and Washington sts.
John McAuley..... Master
W. J. Gardner..... Rec. Sec'y
R. Hare, 245 Grand street... Magazine Agent
69. HURON, at Fort Gratiot, Mich. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, over Post Office.
Thomas Bruce, box 13..... Master
Charles Macklaw, box 13..... Rec. Sec'y
Charles Raymond, box 13... Magazine Agent
70. LONESTAR, at Marshall, Texas. Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays in each month.
C. Greenwood..... Master
Geo. W. Ralston, lock box 8..... Rec. Sec'y
C. T. Smith..... Magazine Agent
71. CAPITAL CITY, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays, and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 281 Green st.
D. O. Shank, 281 Green st..... Master
L. O'Brien, 7 Union Street..... Rec. Sec'y
D. O. Shank..... Magazine Agent
281 Green street, Albany, N. Y.
72. WELCOME, at Camden, N. J. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.
L. Elbertson..... Master
Abner Huston, Jr..... Rec. Sec'y
(322 Bridge avenue.)
Abner Huston, Jr..... Magazine Agent
73. BAY STATE, at Worcester, Mass.
Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.
Geo. A. Hewitt, Union Depot..... Master
Marshall E. Cobb, 86 Park st..... Rec. Sec'y
W. E. Cobleigh..... Magazine Agent
(48 Salem street, Worcester, Mass.)
74. KANSAS CITY, at Kansas City, Mo.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic Hall, West Kansas City.
B. B. McCrum..... Master
John Clinton..... Rec. Sec'y
Cor. 14th and Hickory, West Kansas City.
B. B. McCrum, 905 Penn st... Magazine Agent
75. ENTERPRISE, at West Philadelphia, Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at Hancock's Hall, 40th street and Lancaster avenue.
C. W. Barber..... Master
P. Dupell..... Rec. Sec'y
W. T. Goundie..... Magazine Agent
77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN, at Denver, Col. Meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall.
George Klock..... Master
W. F. Hynes (lock box 1588)..... Rec. Sec'y
Jas. Collins, lock box 1588... Magazine Agent
78. BINGHAMPTON, at Binghampton, N. Y. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Saturday evenings.
Thomas Milan, box 725..... Master
Wm. T. Worrell, box 978..... Rec. Sec'y
Wm. T. Worrell, box 978... Magazine Agent
79. MIAMI, at Cincinnati, Ohio. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays, at 9 a. m., corner 8th and Freeman sts.
J. T. Coxley..... Master
G. Horrocks, 400 George st..... Rec. Sec'y
W. H. Sperry, 432 George st... Magazine Agent
80. EARLY SUNRISE, at Palestine, Texas. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. H. Morely..... Master
C. Reitch..... Rec. Sec'y
A. P. Draper..... Magazine Agent
81. READING, at Reading, Pa. Meets every 2d and 4th Sunday, Band's Hall, cor. Ninth and Penn streets.
W. Hynes..... Master
C. J. Butler, 28 Church st..... Rec. Sec'y
Jas. Goodman..... Magazine Agent
82. NORTHWESTERN, Minneapolis, Minn. Meets in Druids' Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet avenue, between 1st and second sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday evenings of each month.
J. W. Cole..... Master
S. T. Brown, 1807 6th st. south... Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Cole, 1223 S. 7th st... Magazine Agent
83. MISSISSIPPI, at Winona, Minn.
John Herwick..... Master
Wm. Warren, box 696..... Rec. Sec'y
B. F. Weller, box 26..... Magazine Agent
84. MISSOURI RIVER, at Omaha, Neb. Meets 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month in K. of P. Hall.
J. M. Byers..... Master
Chas. R. Campbell..... Rec. Sec'y
P. H. Swift..... Magazine Agent

85. FARGO LODGE, at Fargo, D. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every other Sunday.
 Jas. Burke.....Master
 N. A. Bassett, box 104.....Rec. Sec'y
 M. C. Brady.....Magazine Agent
86. BLACK HILLS, at Laramie, W. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays of each month.
 A. E. Ralston.....Master
 J. E. Carroll.....Rec. Sec'y
87. SUMMIT, at Rawlins, W. T. Meets every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at 7:30 P. M.
 Dennis P. Murphy.....Master
 John F. Hittle (Box 5).....Rec. Sec'y
 James Noonan.....Magazine Agent
88. MORNING STAR, at Evanston, W. T. Meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every Thursday evening.
 Frank A. Hutchens.....Master
 J. Becker.....Rec. Sec'y
 David Hamilton.....Magazine Agent
89. SILVER STATE, at Carlin, Nev. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at 5:20 P. M.
 Martin Kline.....Master
 Frank A. Resseguie.....Rec. Sec'y
 Selby Jones.....Magazine Agent
90. PAY AS YOU GO, at West Oakland, Cal. Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, cor. 7th and Pine streets, every alternate Wednesday and Thursday evenings.
 Ed. F. Ingles.....Master
 C. C. Walker.....Rec. Sec'y
 E. Yale.....Magazine Agent
91. GOLDEN GATE, at San Francisco, Cal. Meets every 1st Sunday, 2d Monday, 3d Tuesday, and 4th Wednesday of each month.
 G. A. Aldrich.....Master
 E. F. Smith (8 Adair street).....Rec. Sec'y
 C. Detrich (223 15th st.).....Magazine Agent
92. MARSHALL, at Marshalltown, Iowa. Jno. Tipton.....Master
 N. J. Tallmadge.....Rec. Sec'y
 James Crawley.....Magazine Agent
93. GATE CITY, at Keokuk, Iowa. Meets in Engineers' Hall, on Jounson, bet. 2d and 3d sts., every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month, at 2 P. M.
 W. H. Bennett.....Master
 Zeb. Moore (Lock Box 7).....Rec. Sec'y
 Milt E. Clark (Box 550).....Magazine Agent
94. GREENBRIER, at Hinton, W. Va. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays in each month, at Firemens Hall, cor. 4th avenue and 3d street.
 Jos. Hynes.....Master
 Jno. McCulloch.....Rec. Sec'y
 W. E. Watson.....Magazine Agent
95. CHICAGO, at Chicago, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall, 229 Milwaukee avenue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M., and last Sunday at 2 P. M.
 Wm. Maroney.....Master
 Wm. T. Ross, 14 N. Sangamon st. Rec. Sec'y
 Wm. Maroney.....Magazine Agent
 21 W. Kinzie street.
96. BALTIMORE CITY, at Baltimore, Md. Meets 2d & 4th Sundays of each month. Hall between Linden ave. and Eutaw street.
 L. V. Tipton.....Master
 John O'Neil (146 Cathedral st.).....Rec. Sec'y
 L. V. Tipton (272 Park ave) Magazine Agent
97. ORANGE GROVE, at Los Angeles, Cal. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th Fridays of each month.
 C. A. Enz.....Master
 H. F. Haman (Box 1011).....Rec. Sec'y
 C. A. Enz.....Magazine Agent

THE
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THE KNIGHT OF THE SCOOP.

BY BRO. THOS. P. O'ROURKE, OF NO. 63.

THE Crusaders of old, with their shimmering swords,
Preserved thro' the dark Middle Ages,
Religion, Science, and Art from the barbarian hordes,
Now they're honor'd in history's pages.

The steel-encased knights of two centuries ago,
Who made warfare their choice and their study,
Shine forth through our annals with dazzling glow,
Yet their deeds were destructive and bloody.

But the Knight of the Scoop as he speeds o'er the rail,
Borne along by his proud snorting steed,
Is the pilot of progress through sunshine and hail,
Still historians deny him his meed.

He speeds thro' the wilderness, skims o'er the plain,
Thro' the woods and the wilds of the nation,
Bringing knowledge and religion on in his train—
The forerunner of civilization.

Benevolence his object, Sobriety his shield,
With Industry inscribed on his standard,
He marches to victory—not o'er carnage field—
But in humanity's army—the vanguard.

Then brothers be steadfast, a straight course pursue,
Leave Discord and Disunion behind,
Suppress all ill feeling, vile passion subdue,
And a bright page in history you'll find.

For the future historian who takes up his pen,
To record the past deeds of mankind,
Will look first for the actions of peaceable men,
Who were good to their kin and their kind.

Then the Knight of the Scoop shall be immortalized
In the page of his country's story,
While the butchers of men—abhorred, stigmatized—
Will be lost in that galaxy of glory.

From the Boston Globe.

A NEW FRATERNITY.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN—WHAT IT HAS ACCOMPLISHED AND WHAT IT PROPOSES TO DO.

THE Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has long been known in the United States, and has exercised no little influence by its control of so many of the skilled and trusty knights of the throttle-valve. Spite of some mistakes in its management, the order has exercised a wide, and, the whole, a beneficent influence among the class of men more immediately connected. Less known to the general public, but, from its aims and methods, likely to be even better appreciated, is the latest sub-growth of trades-unionism among the hardy class who run the locomotive, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. Sharing the same dangers and occupying an inter-dependent position with the engineer, the fireman seeks now, through an organization, to raise the standard of his order, and while protecting himself from encroachment, and placing himself in a position to make a resistance effective, to add value and dignity to his position, and secure the co-operation of the employer. Starting out with the motto "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry," they have endeavored to form a trades-union, the success of which is to be ardently desired by the best workman, the railroad manager and the general public, whose lives are in the hands of the brave fellows who occupy the "cab." Timid folks who have accustomed themselves to regard trades-organizations only as a means to attain the end of a strike, and whose fancies heavily turn to thoughts of the Pittsburg riots, will be comforted somewhat by

THE DECLARED OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY,

which are as follows: To assist members in time of distress and sickness; to alleviate the suffering of disabling accident; to provide for the widow and orphan; and to inculcate habits of sobriety among the members. Its benevolent features may be summed up as follows: A sum of two dollars per week is paid for six months to a brother sick or disabled, the sum being supplemented, if necessity should arise, by a grant from the lodge, subject to a two-thirds vote, or, in case of a large sum, of the unanimous consent of the lodge. In case of accident in which the results are total disability to continue the occupation of a fireman, or any of the duties of an engineer, and when such fact shall be certified to by two responsible physicians and three members in good standing in his lodge, his case shall be treated the same as a death claim, and such moneys as his heirs would have been entitled to at death shall be paid to him.

The sum of money thus paid as accident or death claim amounts at the present time to about \$400. With an increase of membership sufficient to warrant it, it is proposed to fix the sum at \$1000. While thus specifying the actual sums to be received by a member suffering from exceptional distress or sickness, the brotherhood is bound to protect and support such under all circumstances which justify such action. Every endeavor is made to inculcate sobriety among the brotherhood, and the laws on the subject are severe enough to suit even the most rigid prohibitionists. One rule specifies that:

"If any member of this lodge is connected in any manner with the sale of liquors

or intoxicating beverages, he will surrender his right and title to all privileges of the brotherhood.

"Any member guilty of habitual drunkenness shall be expelled.

"Any brother neglecting his duty, or injuring the property of his employer, or endangering the lives of persons, wilfully, while under the influence of liquors or otherwise, shall be expelled after investigation by the lodge."

It will be thus seen that the order, while acting for self-protection, takes a broad view of its duties to the general public. Coming to

THE RELATIONS BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOR,

it acts on the principle that the interests of the fireman are "coupled with those of their employers," which shows how friendly a feeling this brotherhood of labor entertains towards the vast capital engaged in its employment. The oneness of interest existing between employer and employe here receives its due recognition. The brotherhood follows up its declaration by substituting arbitration for strikes in the settlement of the rates of wages.

The organization is an international one, extending into the Dominion, and numbers over 100 lodges. The Locomotive Firemen's Magazine, published by the Grand Lodge of the order, is a well-edited pamphlet, containing the latest information on the order, and is controlled by liberal and enlightened ideas in its editorial matter. The brotherhood is very strong in the West, where it has received the cordial indorsement of railroad managers, who at first regarded the movement with a little suspicion.

Mr. S. M. Stevens, formerly of Lowell, Grand Instructor of the order, has been in this city for the past few weeks. He has met with considerable success in organizing new lodges in this vicinity and elsewhere in New England, and speaks hopefully of a large increase by the spring-time. The managers of the lines centering in Boston have helped Mr. Stevens considerably in his work, and appear to be in harmony with the methods and work of the new order.

Summing up the aims and objects of this order, it is safe to predict that it will rapidly spread in this section. It provides the simplest and least expensive form of insurance, and tends to promote the welfare of its members by striving for their elevation socially and morally.

RUNNING IN A FOG.

In the year 185— I was running an engine on the ——— road. My engine was named the "Racer," and a racer she was, to. Her driving-wheels were seven feet in diameter, and she could turn them about as fast as was necessary, I can assure you. My regular train was the "Morning Express," leaving the upper terminus of the road at half past four, running sixty-nine miles in an hour and forty-five minutes, which, as I had to make three stops, might with justice be considered pretty fast traveling. I liked this run amazingly; for, mounted on my "iron steed," as I sped, in the dawn of day, along the banks of the river which ran beside the road, I saw all nature awake. The sun would begin to deck the eastern clouds with roseate hues; rising higher it would tip the mountain tops with glory; higher still, it would shed a radiance over every hillside and in every valley. It would illumine the broad bosom of the dark river; now sparkling and glittering

with beauty, it seemed to run rejoicing in its course to the sea. The little vessels that had lain at anchor all night, swinging idly with the tide, as the day came on, would shake out their white sails, and, gracefully careening to the morning breeze, sweep away over the water, looking so ethereal that I no longer wondered that the innocent Mexicans supposed the ships of Cortez to be gigantic birds from the spirit land. Some mornings were not so pleasant, for frequently a dense fog would rise and envelope in its damp, unwholesome folds the river, the road, and all things around. This was rendered doubly unpleasant from the fact that there were on the line numerous drawbridges, which were liable to be opened at all hours, but more especially about daybreak. To be sure there were men stationed at every bridge, and in fact every half mile along the road, whose special duty it was to warn approaching trains on the track. But the men employed in such duty were not noted for sobriety, and the wages paid were scarcely sufficient to secure a peculiar intelligent or careful class; so the confidence I was compelled to place in them was necessarily burdened with much distrust. These men were provided with white and red signal lanterns, detonating torpedos, and colored flags; and the rules of the road required them to place a torpedo on the rail, and show a red signal, both on the bridge and at a "fog station" distant half a mile from the bridge, before they opened the draw. At all times when the draw was closed, they were to show a white light or flag at this "fog station." This explanation will be sufficient to enable every reader to understand the position in which I found myself in the "gray" of one September morning. I left the starting part of my route that morning ten minutes behind time. The fog was more dense than I remember ever having seen it. It enveloped everything. I could not see the end of my train, which consisted of five cars filled with passengers. The "headlight" which I carried on my engine illumined the fleecy cloud only a few feet; so I was running into the utmost darkness.

I did not like the state of things at all; but my "orders" were positive to use all due exertion to make time. So, blindly putting my trust in Providence and the miserable twenty-dollars-a-month men who were its agents along the road, I darted headlong into and through the thick, and, to all mortal vision, impenetrable fog.

The Racer behaved nobly that morning; she seemed gifted with the "wings of the wind," and she rushed thunderingly on. Everything passed off well. I had "made up" seven minutes of my time, and was within ten miles of my journey's end. The good speed at which I had been running had exhilarated and excited me. That pitching into darkness, blindly trusting to men that I had at best but weak faith in, had given my nerves an unnatural tension; yet I must continue the same rate of speed to make sure of arriving at the journey's end strictly on time.

I gave the Racer steam and away we flew. The fog was so thick that I could not tell by passing objects how fast we ran; but the dull, heavy, and oppressive roar, as we shot through rock cuttings and tunnels, the rocking and straining of my engine, and the almost inconceivable velocity at which the driving-wheels revolved, told me that my speed was absolutely awful. I may have been reckless in those days, but I was used to it, and the rules bore me out; besides, I wanted to win for the Racer the title of the fastest engine on the road, which I knew she deserved. So we drove madly on.

I had to cross one drawbridge, which, owing to the intervention of a high hill, could not be seen from the time we passed the "fog station" until we were within

three or four rods of the bridge. I watched closely for the "fog station" signal. It was white. "All right! go ahead my pet!" I shouted, giving at the same time another jerk at the "throttle;" and we shot into the "cut." In less time than it takes me to write it, we were through; and there, on top of the "draw," dimly seen through a rift in the fog, glimmered with actual gastliness, the signal—the red light. It seemed to glare at me with almost fiendish malignancy. Stopping was out of the question, even if I had been running at a quarter of my actual speed. As it was, I had not even time to grasp the whistle-chord before we should be in the fearful abyss. So, giving one longing, lingering look to the bright world, whose duration to me could not be reckoned in seconds even, I shut my eyes and awaited my death, which seemed as absolute and inevitable as inglorious. It was but an instant of time, but an age of thought and dread; and then—I was over the bridge. A drunken bridge-tender had, with horrible stupidity, hoisted the wrong light, and my adventure was but a "scare;" but half a dozen such were as bad as death. It was three weeks before I was able to run again, and I never after "made up time" in a fog.

GAMBLING JIM.

M. S. M., DIV. 56.

Do you know Gambling Jim?
You bet your life!
Him and me at cards have had many a strife.
And for a square player no man was like him,
He never "held out," did Gambling Jim.
Where is he now?
Well pard, he's dead!
Yes, gone to the hole for the last time, as he said.
"Death and me," he said, "played a long square game,
I got lost in the shuffle and myself is to blame."
It was down at the hospital,
He was picked up in the street,
Poor Jim lay with his face as white as a sheet.
As I entered, his eyes brightened up like a flame,
"Get the cards, Joe," he said, "and let's have a last game."
Tears came to my eyes,
I couldn't hold in,
For I knew when he spoke 'twas all up with old Jim.
"What! crying for me," he said with a sickly grin,
"No tears for me Joe, just hand me that gin."
The doctor came in
As I gave him the cup,
And says, "what have you got, Jim?" he replied, "aces, aces up."
Jim played 'em high for he had lots of "sand,"
And he'd "call" a "fifty" with "ace high" in his hand.

Your a newspaper man,
Now pard, don't laugh,
But wont you write poor Jim a— a— what is it? Epitaph?
Yes, that's it, I hain't us't to big words, but if its' all the same
Give "old Jim" a good "blast" for he played a square game.

EPITAPH.

Beneath this polished marble lies
A sporting man's remains,
Approach and read, nor let your eyes
Feast long on earthly gains.

His was a life of weal and woe,
Of fortunes lost and won,
But as he went so you must go,
And so must every one.

He never looked for help from above,
Yet on the word of God he always relied,
Indebted to none while he lived, except for love,
And perhaps a grave when he died.

So feast not your eyes on earthly gains,
But let this stone remind,
That you like him, for all your pains,
Must leave this world behind.

TRAPPED IN A CAR.

THE hour grew late and Mr. Brand paced his chamber in moody silence. The train had come in, but his messenger had not returned, and the merchant was troubled. Having heard rumors concerning a house with which he had extensive dealings, the merchant had dispatched Lake to London, telling him to make inquiries, and in any case to get the partners of the firm in question to settle their account. So Lake had gone from Liverpool to London. The time appointed for his return had passed and still he did not come.

A lady entered and stole to the merchant's side. Her own sweet face was anxious, and there was a tremor in her voice as she said :

"Do you think he will be here to-night, papa?"

"I hope so, Mary, but it is getting very late."

"Is there no other train?"

"Only the night express, and that does not stop, except at the central stations."

"Perhaps he will come, papa; he would not mind coming ten miles, even if he has to walk."

"He should not have missed the train," said Mr. Brand, sternly ; "punctuality is an imperative duty with men of business."

"But papa, something may have occurred to detain him."

"Nothing should detain a man who has given his word."

The fair pleader was silenced : her father was angry, and knowing his strictness of principle and how inveterate was his dislike to any breach of duty or discipline, she did not venture to speak to him again.

The time wore slowly on ; Mr. Brand continued his restless walk, and Mary sat, subdued and quiet, watching him. She saw he was listening as the night express went by, and from the depth of her heart there went up a prayer that Lake would come safely home. The girl loved him and would have staked her life on his truth, and knew that he was not behind his time through any weakness or wrong. Two slow, weary hours passed.

"Look!" she said, dashing aside the curtains with eager hands, "look, papa, I said he would come—I knew that he would!"

The merchant's stern features relaxed with a smile of pleasure. He was not emotional or demonstrative, but his daughter's gladness pleased him.

There were a few moments of expectancy, and then Tom Lake came in. He went straight to Mr. Brand, only noticing with a bow the lovely face whose glance thrilled his soul.

"They have paid," he said quietly, as he placed a thick pocket-book in the merchant's hand. But I think we were only just in time."

"Indeed!"

"There was a consultation at the banker's before I could get the check cashed."

"Do you think they will break?"

"Hopelessly. They have given me an immense order, but it would not be wise to forward the goods."

"You did not hint that we had the slightest fear?"

"No; but I was glad to get the money; £12,000 would have been an immense loss."

"It would truly."

"And yet," said Tom, gravely, "this morning the odds were considerably against its ever reaching you."

"How?" Tom took two chairs, placed them side by side near the fire, led Mary to one and seated himself in the other. He had done his duty as the merchant's clerk, and now was Mr. Brand's prospective son-in-law and partner.

"I had an adventure," he said. "I was the hero of a strange story in a ride by express."

Mary bent forward to listen. Tom clasped her hand in his own. Mr. Brand sat opposite them, interested by Tom's manner, as he began.

"When I got the check I had an idea that all might not be well; so, to make sure, I presented it at the banker's. There was, as I told you, a consultation going forward. I noticed a stranger looking at me intently. I knew the man in my younger and wilder days. I had met him at the race-course, at the billiard-room and in other places more or less respectable. Now he was changing a check for some petty amount, and was evidently astonished at the immensity of the order I had presented. I left the bank with my pocket-book full of notes and found that I had missed the train. The next would be the night express, so I strolled into a billiard room. A man is just as safe with a fortune in his pocket as if he were penniless, if he is wise enough to hold his tongue. There was clever playing going on, and I stood watching the players until some one challenged me to a game. If I have one special vanity it is my science with the cue. I accepted, and as I did

so a strange feeling which had been growing upon me took a sudden turn which startled me.

"My challenger was the man I had noticed at the banker's. There was nothing strange in the fact of his being in the room, one of his favorite resorts, but I was possessed of the vague shadow of a single idea. I had read somewhere of a man being followed and plundered in a train, and somehow I associated the story with the man before me. It was the first time I had ever paid him particular attention, but I gave him full observation now. The more I looked at him the less I liked him. He was handsome, gentlemanly, with a fair form and elegant figure, full of suppleness and strength. His manner was singularly unassuming, his face frank and genial; but by looking closely at him you could see something sinister-looking in the depth and softness of his eyes.

"I never like a stranger to be affable and prepossessing, and my friend was the very pink of affability and grace. We played for an hour with alternate success. He was an amusing companion, well informed, and had traveled, but I was shy of conversation. I left him, and still having some time to spare, went to see a friend in the Temple.

"When, at the expiration of thirty or forty minutes, I emerged into Fleet street almost the first person on whom my accidental gaze fell was my late antagonist at billiards. I thought there was more than a mere coincidence in this second meeting since we stood together at the banker's. He was in a cigar shop opposite, talking with a companion.

"Not a hundred yards from the Temple gate stood a man whom I recognized with a very welcome feeling. It was George Vixen, the detective. He was fashionably dressed and looked like an aristocrat of the first water. I went up to him, and greeting him as an old family friend, held out my hand and said:

"Come and drink a glass of wine with me. I have something to say."

"He shook hands in the most natural way possible. I took his arm and we entered the public bar of an adjacent hotel. I told him of my suspicions, and told him of the sum of money I had in my possession and of the journey I had to perform by rail. I saw that, watching through the glass of the door, he was taking mental photographs of the two men.

"They mean business," said Vixen, quietly, "but I shall be with you. We must part at the door or they will see that we have scented their game."

"And you," I said, "how will you act?"

"I shall travel to Liverpool by the night express."

"He then left me. I had no fear now, knowing him to be a very clever and determined fellow. Taking a casual glance across the road, I saw my man and his companion. It was quite evident that they were tracking me, though I lost sight of them before reaching St. Paul's. I strolled along by the graveyard, wandering nearly to Islington, and then went through the city again before I made for the station. My acquaintance of the billiard room did not come in sight, though I kept well on the alert.

"I took my ticket, lingering almost to the moment of starting before entering the carriage, but my man did not appear. Two men were in the compartment with me; I could not see the face of one, and the other was a stranger. The guard had just time to put a bewildered old gentleman by my side, and we were off. The man whose face I had not seen turned towards me. I could hardly repress an

exclamation. There was no mistaking that frank, genial countenance, nor the lurking devil in those eyes, whose softness was so sinister.

"He had me at last. Vixen had broken his promise, and I was left to travel alone with the man who had followed me so skillfully, and another who might be his confederate, and an old gentleman, who, after grumbling out his indignation against all railway servants, and locomotive traveling in general, was fast asleep in the corner. That the intention of my billiard-player was bad was manifested by the fact of his having assumed a false mustache and beard. They added to the beauty of his face, but left to his eyes that sleepy, cruel glitter that is characteristic of the Asiatic. He spoke to me; remarked the oddity of our being traveling companions, and grew pleasantly familiar. I answered him, not wishing to appear churlish or afraid, knowing that I could trust something to my own strength if the worst happened.

"We had made the last stoppage, and were rolling swiftly through the gloom, when, among other topics, our conversation turned upon jewelry. He drew a showy ring from his finger, telling me it was a very curious piece of workmanship, having a secret spring, which he said I could not discover. I took it, searching in vain for a spring, then returning it, it dropped and rolled under my feet. I stooped to pick it up, and so did he, but in that moment, while my head was down, he had me tightly by the throat and threw me on the carriage floor. His confederate was upon me in an instant. I could scarcely breathe, and could not struggle, for a heavy knee was upon my chest and two strong, brutal hands were crushing the life from my throat. Although the terror of the situation did not last a minute, it seemed an eternity to me. I felt the ruffian's hand searching for my pocket-book and I strained desperately for a chance of resistance.

"Their evil work was nearly done. Cramped into that small space I was powerless, and the veins in my throat and head were swelling like sinuous bars, when the old gentleman in the corner awoke and came to my assistance. I heard the low whirr of some weapon in its descent, and my first assailant reeled from me stunned. Then the old gentleman, with a strength and agility wonderful to see in a person so old, seized the other scoundrel, lifted him away and pushed him down on the seat. There was a brief struggle, and then I heard a sharp click—scoundrel the second had a pair of handcuffs on his wrists.

"They were more prompt than I expected," said the old gentleman, removing his woollen comforter, with which he fastened my first assailant's hands behind him, 'and a railway carriage does not afford much scope for a struggle.'

"The pocket-book was safe. The ruffians were securely bound, and the gentleman, who, without his spectacles and muffling, stood out in bold and pleasant relief in the shape of the detective, kept guard over them. At the station they were handed over to the custody of the police. I was all right by that time. Vixen rode with me as far as the next hotel, and to-morrow he will call to see if I am any worse for my ride by express."

The contents of the pocket-book was Mary's bridle dower. The detective speaks of the senior partner of the firm of Brand & Lake as the most hospitable and generous man he ever met with in the course of his professional career.

Lake was quite cured of his love for billiard playing. He had made too narrow an escape, and he did not forget the lesson.—*New York World*.

RAILWAY SERVANTS AND THEIR WRONGS.

IT is only those who have an opportunity of seeing working men in conference who can fully judge of their capacity for business, their thorough self-reliance, and their ability to manage their own affairs. A gathering has been held in Liverpool (says the *Liverpool Argus*), which brought out all the better parts of trades-unionism, and showed at once the strength, the moderation, and the intelligence of the working men. The meeting of the delegates of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants has been sitting here, and their deliberations were full of interest to the political economist, the employer of labor, the whole artisan class, and especially railway stockholders, managers, and employees. The history of this wonderful society proves what marvelous things workmen may accomplish by proper organization. Up to a short time ago the railway servants had no union. Scattered, as they are, up and down the kingdom, it was thought impossible for them to have any combination which would be of practical benefit. They complained that they had many grievances; that they were overworked and underpaid; that many of them were yearly maimed or killed upon the lines; and yet they could not obtain redress or compensation. A change came. Some of the bolder and more intelligent of the class determined to have a union. Other workmen had such organizations, and why should not railway servants? The experiment at all events was worth trying; and tried it was, with wonderful success. After much discouragement, opposition from the companies, and half-heartedness on the part of many of the employees, the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales was fairly floated, and is now a flourishing, well-managed, and financially sound institution.

A few figures—very instructive to all who take an interest in the working classes, and who desire to foster the feeling among them to “help themselves” in becoming provident and self-reliant—need only be quoted to show the satisfactory position which a well-managed society of the kind may soon attain. At the end of 1877 the society consisted of 12,815 members, comprised in 199 branches, and possessed of a balance of £18,783. During the half year ending June 30, the society made considerable progress. On that date there were 207 branches, containing 13,400 members, and the balance in hand had increased to about £21,000. Assuming that the increase continues at the same ratio to the end of the year, there will be, by comparison of the receipts of 1877, an increase of entrance fees paid of £160, and of contributions (including the additional 3d per quarter) of £1,100 in favor of the current year. The past policy and the future prospects of the society were fully discussed at the conference. About a hundred delegates attended. They were excellent specimens of the better class of the English artisan—cool, shrewd, intelligent, and keenly watchful of their own interests. In fact, they merited the description given of them by a well-known leader of the working class who visited the conference—“that they were about as square-headed a lot of fellows as could be found in Europe.” They went about their business in a very matter-of-fact sort of way. Although many of them were good speakers, it was evident that to air their eloquence was not the purpose that brought them there. As one of them said, “They meant business,” and to that end they applied themselves thoroughly. The proceedings were conducted with the utmost decorum. The meetings were presided over by Mr. P. Stewart MacIver, J. P., a well-known and respected journalist in

the West of England, who showed great tact in the regulation of the debates. But the guiding spirit of the conference—as far as the details and working of the society were concerned—was the very able General Secretary, Mr. F. W. Evans. This gentleman has a genius of organization and a mastery of figures (a faculty, by the way, which many of the delegates also showed in an eminent degree) which we have seldom seen surpassed.

The discussion necessarily took a wide range; the subjects of strikes, the “trip system,” and accidents on railways being dealt with. On the latter point the following lamentable statement was made:—“Accidents to servants are still on the increase. During 1877, 684 servants were killed and 3,954 injured, as against 696 killed and 3,872 injured in 1876. Little, indeed, has been done to provide for their greater safety. Nor need we expect that much will be done till the liability of the companies is extended so as to include injuries to their servants.” These accidents, in many cases, were said to be easy of prevention.

The “trip system” introduced by the London and North-Western Railway Company was condemned as unjust in principle, its effect being to reduce wages, increase the hours of duty, revive the evils of long hours, and to induce men to disregard the arrangements for safety.

All we have said about the oppressive action of the London and North-Western Company in regard to the men, who met to protest against the “trip system,” was fully borne out. It was stated not only had they been discharged by that company, but such was the “spirit of unionism” among railway companies, that the men—because they dared to meet to advocate their cause—would perhaps not find employment on any other line. If this be true, it is a decided case of railway “ratting,” and shows that the dreaded “Mary Ann” can be used for the purpose of terrorism by masters as well as men. And yet, in the face of all this, a commendable spirit of forbearance pervaded the conference. Any attempt to encourage strikes was strongly deprecated by the president, secretary, and delegates; but words of wisdom and caution were given that railway managers should not disregard—that if the oppression of the men continued, the time might come when they could bear it no longer; when they might break out into “open revolt,” and that such a course would cost the companies more in a month than they would by their foolish economy and tyranny save in a year. This is a phase in the railway question which the traveling public and the holders of railway stock should take to heart when considering the relations that sometimes subsist between the companies and their servants, for a great railway “revolt” would be a national calamity.

NIAGARA.

Cloud girdled thunderer! embodied storm!

Whether enrobed in vapors dark and dun,

Or looms magnificent, thy giant form,

Through the prismatic broidery of the sun,

Wondrous alike! What floods have swept thy brow,

Since the bold plunge of thy primeval wave,

From whose tremendous advent until now,

Thou hast not paused, nor failed. Yon boiling grave

Roars from its depths the song creation gave.

—*The Casket.*

DESCRIPTIVE CHART.

MR. Samuel M. Stevens of this city, who holds the office of Grand Instructor of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is about to introduce to the public a descriptive chart of his own production, and designed to represent the aims and purposes of the order. The dimension of this elegant piece of art is to be 24 x 30 inches, will be lithographed in two colors—gray tint and black. The copyright has been secured, and the work will be ready for delivery about May first. The design is presented in several sub-divisions as follows: 1st, represents a lodge in session, the master supposed to be in the act of instructing members to fulfill their obligations; 2d, the locomotive fireman taking leave of his family in the morning for his daily labor; 3d, the locomotive on the road—the fireman at his post unconscious of the fate which awaits him a short distance beyond, as is described in the scene 4th, where the train, freighted with human souls, falls through an open bridge, ushering its burden into eternity; 5th, represents the bearer of the sad and unexpected message in the presence of the grief stricken wife and mother; 6th, the burial scene with members administering the last sad rites over the remains of their deceased brother; 7th, a member of the order is shown in the act of tendering relief to the bereaved family. In the margin is displayed the “stars and stripes,” American eagle, emblematical of freedom, the Canadian beaver, to represent industry, and the English flag, combining to show that the order extends into the British dominions. A large central figure represents labor and capital in the act of shaking hands. A locomotive is seen in the background, the fireman having left it for the purpose of taking the hand of the capitalist. A safe also appears in forming a portion of the background, before which stands the representative of capital who has stepped forward to meet labor half way, and shake the hand of the honest workman, showing that their interests are one and the same. All combined, the chart presents a masterpiece of workmanship and artistic skill, so expressive, yet simple, that a child can comprehend the purport of its meaning.—*Lowell Morning Times.*

TEUFELSDROCKH PHILOSOPHIZES.

To the eye of vulgar logic, says Teufelsdröckh, what is man? An omniferous biped that wears breeches. To the eye of pure reason, what is he? A soul, a spirit, and divine apparition; round his mysterious Me, there lies, under all his outward raiment, a garment of flesh (or of senses) contextured in the loom of heaven; whereby he is revealed to his like, and dwells with them in *union and division*; and sees and fashions for himself a universe, with azure starry spaces, and long thousands of years. Deep hidden is he under that strange garment: amid sounds and colors and forms; as it were swathed in, and inextricably overshadowed; yet it is sky-woven and worthy of a God. Stands he not this day in the centre of immensities, in the conflux of eternities? He feels power has been given to him to know, to believe, nay, does not the spirit of love, free in its celestial, primeval brightness, even here, though but for moments, look through?

Well said Saint Chrysostom, with his lips of gold, the true Sherinah is man; where else is God's presence manifested, not to our eye only, but to our hearts, as in our fellow man.

For the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

THE SAD AUTUMN TIME OF THE HEART.

BY D. WHITE.

THERE is mist on the brow of the mountain,
 There is gloom in the depths of the vale,
 A shadow hangs dark o'er the fountain,
 Sighs burden the sorrowing gale;
 It is lone in the forest deserted,
 Where the brown leaf falls withered and sere,
 It is long since the birds have departed,
 In the sad Autumn time of the year.

Yet 'tis not that the forest is hoary,
 'Tis not that the warbler is flown,
 'Tis not that the light and the glory
 Of Summer no longer are known;
 'Tis not that the Autumn wind sweepeth,
 All moaning and desolate by,
 While the sorrowing flower-spirit weepeth
 Alone where the violets die,

That I sigh as the deep winds are sighing,
 Through the boughs of the bare forest trees,
 That I weep where the wild flowers are dying,
 Ah Memory! it is not for these;
 For Spring, with its sunshine and gladness,
 New bloom to the fields will impart,
 But, O! can it banish the sadness
 Of the chill Autumn time of the heart?

The flowers that Fancy once cherished,
 In her gardens of beauty are dead;
 Youth's bowers of greenness have perished,
 And Hope, the sweet song-bird, is fled
 From my spirit, all stricken and dreary,
 The light and the gladness depart;
 Ah! lone in its solitude weary
 Is the chill Autumn time of the heart.

Chicago, Feb. 8, 1879.

A CURIOUS STORY.

AT the railway station in Giessen, Hesse Darmstadt, in May, 1852, it was found that a bird had built its nest on the collision spring of a third class carriage which had remained for some time out of use. The bird was the black redstart, and the nest contained five eggs. The discovery was made by the superintendent of luggage vans, Jacob Stephani, who humanly desired his men to avoid as long as possible the running of that carriage.

At length, when it could no longer be dispensed with, the carriage was attached

to a train and sent to Frankfort-on-the-Main, distant between thirty and forty English miles. At Frankfort it remained six-and-thirty hours, and was then brought back to Giessen, from whence it went to Lollar, distant four or five English miles, and subsequently again came back to Giessen, having been kept for a while at Lollar; so that four days and three nights elapsed between the bringing of the carriage into use and its last return to Giessen.

Stephani now finding the nest not to have been abandoned by the parent birds, and to contain young ones, which he described as feathered, he removed it from the carriage to a secure place of rest which he had prepared, saw the parent bird visit it, and visited it from time to time himself, until at first three and then the other two young birds had flown, none remaining at the end of four or five days.

Now, while the carriage was traveling, where were the parent birds? It will hardly be said that they remained at Giessen awaiting its return, having to examine by night as well as by day hundreds of passing carriages in order to recognize it; the young birds in their nest quietly awaiting food. There seems little doubt that, adhering to the nest, one, at least, of the parent birds *traveled with the train*. Nor, when it is remembered how gently and how slowly an enormous railway carriage is pushed into connection with a train—how gradually a train is brought into full speed, and how equable the movements are upon a railway—will it appear incredible that at such a time a parent bird should continue with its nest, that nest being quite concealed, and containing young.

Not until after the above was written did the author of this communication become acquainted with the important fact that while the carriage in question was at Frankfort, as well as during its short stay at Friedeberg, on the way to Frankfort, the conductor of the train saw a red-tailed bird constantly flying from and to the part where the nest was situated in that particular carriage. Is further evidence required that a parent bird did indeed travel with the train?

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

A CUBIC foot of standard gold is worth \$292,500. A cubic foot of silver is worth \$10,981.

THE largest flour mill in the world is at Niagara Falls. Its capacity is 1,200 barrels per day.

PROF. EDISON has invented an instrument, by using which, words can be articulated with such force as to be audible at a distance of several miles.

MR. BUCK, of Meriden, Ct., has made of fifteen grains of gold and silver a perfect steam engine which will run for twenty minutes with the steam generated from three drops of water.

LARGE BELLS.—The people of Moscow declare that their great bell shall never be taken down from its glittering steeple, where it reigns over all church bells in the world. Its weight is 443,772 pounds, while the other famous bells are light in comparison: St. Pauls, London, 13,000 pounds; Oxford, 17,000; Antwerp, 18,000; York, 24,000; Montreal, 29,000; Rome, 19,000; Bruges, 23,000; Cologne, 25,000; Erfurt, 30,000; English House of Parliament, 31,000; Vienna, 40,000; Pekin, 136,000. The great bell of Moscow is 19 feet high, and 64 feet round; its noise is tremendous.

AN artesian well 3250 feet deep has been bored in Pesth, Hungary. It is the deepest in the world, being nearly twice the depth of that in Paris. It sends up a jet of nearly boiling water 42 feet high.

THE LATEST INVENTION.—A real telegraph has been invented by an English mechanical engineer. A writer in London moves his pen, and simultaneously at Brighton another pen is moved, in precisely similar curves and motions. The writer writes in London, the ink marks in Brighton. The pen at the receiving end has all the appearance of being guided by a spirit hand. The apparatus is shortly to be made public through the society of telegraph engineers.

A NEW ALARM CLOCK.—A new alarm clock, patented in Germany by Herr Hummel, presents some advantageous features. It gives an alarm at several hours in succession without any fresh arrangement, and on this account is specially useful for railway officials and nurses. The alarm continues sounding till the person roused touches a little chord. The hands can be moved either forward or backward without injury to the mechanism.

A MARVELOUS WATCH.—A marvel of constructive ingenuity is on exhibition at St. Petersburg. The article is a watch of about the size of an egg, said to have been made by a Russian peasant. Within it is represented the tomb of Christ, with a stone at the entrance and a sentinel on duty. While the spectator is admiring this curious piece of mechanism, the stone is suddenly removed, the sentinel drops, the angels appear, the women enter the sepulchre, and the same chant is heard which is performed in the Greek Church at eve.

WIT AND HUMOR.

It is said that the sting of a hornet will cure paralysis. We believe it will, for about five minutes. It will cure death, for that long.

EGGS are now about fifty seven cents a dozen, and there is a ravenous demand for them at the hotel tables by the traveling public. When they get down to about six cents you can't hire a traveling man to look at one.

A THREE-YEAR old baby of Thomas McGuin, of Youngstown, Ohio, is the latest case. Shot itself in the head with a revolver it was playing with. It is probable the parents were too poor to keep a mad dog.

THE man whose pantaloons bag most at the knees is'n't necessarily the man who prays the most. Sleeping in a day coach with your knees propped up against the seat in front of you will wreck the knees of a straight pair of pants quicker and more successfully than two years of prayer meetings.

ONE of the most completely discouraging and demoralizing things that can happen to a man just after he has got himself settled down in a railway car with a good book, and a settled determination not be disturbed, is to have a plaid suit with a soft young man inside of it, come up to him and evince its intention of opening a conversation by saying, "Haw—ah—" three times, in a most intelligible manner.—*Hawk-Eye.*

How to acquire short-hand—fool around a buzz saw.

AN enterprising resident of Maine has married the "Living Skeleton" woman of a circus. He can address her as his bony bride.

SCARFACE BILL says—"I was in love once with a fat girl, she was very fleshy. She was enormous, but the course of my true love came to grief. I was sitting with her in the dim twilight one evening; I was sentimental; I said many soft things; I embraced part of her. She seemed distant; she frequently turned her lovely head from me. At last I thought I heard the murmur of voices on the other side. I arose and walked around; and there I found another fellow courting her on the left flank! And she was trying to persuade him to subscribe for the B. of L. F. Magazine, and with a smile on his lovely countenance, he said "I will."

A BOOK AGENT VANQUISHED.

Yesterday evening Prof. Stewart went into the Delmonico restaurant, and asked Andy, the irrepressible head steward, to bring him some stuffed mutton and parsnips. No sooner had the Professor fairly seated himself at one of the small tables than a book-agent came in and took the other side of the board. The two men were strangers, but as a matter of course this book peddler couldn't keep still, and presently made some conversational advance to Stewart.

"Are not these meteorological disturbances somewhat peculiar for these latitudes?"

The Professor paused a moment as he was mashing a potato, and replied:

"Guess it's about the same thing every year."

"In seasons of atmospheric depression alternating with unexpected boreal excitements and rapid changes resultant on sudden accumulations of moisture, such dispositions of the storm-belt are not, in my opinion, entirely uncalled for."

"Exactly," remarked the Professor, lifting a fly out of his coffee.

"But," continued the agent, delighted at the style in which he was crowding the Professor; "I doubt not but that certain energetic polarizations of the molecules in the mineral deposits have an attraction for the electrically charged clouds."

At these points the Professor, who had been knocked around the ring and crowded to the ropes, so to speak, became fairly roused to his position and slogged for the other's nose at once.

"Ah, exactly, my friend; in the ledge are vast deposits of minerals. Found in volcanic matrices and disintegrated by the upheaval of plutonic rock and semi-fused masses of silicious alumina, mingled with homogeneous debris of porphyry, the molecules of kaolined feldites, with a slight potash base, the decomposition of the feldspar is most affected along the line of the horizontal cleavage and necessarily the liberated oxide of manganese combining with the percolation of the alkalis which permeate the entire mass, causes a pronounced state of polarization, which cannot fail to account for the peculiar attraction in the vicinity. I might further explain the intricate chemical properties of the belt by illustrating the—"

By this time, however, the book-agent, who during the round had been verbally pasted in the jaw, smashed in the nose, and biffed in the eye, rose from his seat, paid full price for his half eaten meal, and shot out of the place. Andy said he examined the Professor, found his pulse regular, no signs of perspiration, and his mind intact.—*Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.*

Editorial.

WM. N. SAYRE, *Editor.*

E. V. DEBS, *Associate Editor.*

INDUSTRY.

Benevolence, Sobriety, and Industry, three virtues which ought to be universally practiced, represent the motto of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. Benevolence and Sobriety, the first two links in this moral chain, have already been elucidated and embellished in these columns; it is now incumbent on us to speak of the infinitely good results that emanate from an industrious life, and the pernicious influences and tendencies of an idle one.

Franklin once said, "Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him." This aphorism will apply perfectly to many of the victims of poverty. The industrious man is invariably the successful man. When we take a glance at those of our business men and mechanics who have risen to an elevated plane of prominence, morally and financially, we see the impress of industry stamped upon their very brows. Industry and morality go hand in hand, whilst idleness is the foster-parent of all the vice, crime, and licentiousness that have cursed this fair earth in all the stages of its modern advanced civilization. Do you know that an industrious man has not time to spare to acquire bad habits? The man of diligence is constantly thinking of his duties and responsibilities. He is patient and untiring in his labors, and while the sweat stands on his brow, he is devising new means by which he can enhance his own welfare, and perpetuate the happiness of his family. Indolence is the great cancer from which all other evils are nourished. It is the fount of crime and immorality. All other vices are subservient to it. Then let us shun laziness, and seek aid and comfort in the realm of industry. Did it ever occur to you that industry is nearly always well fed and clothed and has a comfortable home? Did you ever notice that the greater part of those who cry, "No work" and "Hard Times," are lazy in the extreme? When a diligent and active man is thrown out of a position, in most instances, he can readily secure another. Men who employ hired help can generally find room for an applicant who bears the reputation of being industrious. Remember, my friends, that all of the pleasures and comforts of this life must be labored for. Would you enjoy your share of them? Then don't stand idly by and steal from the laurels of others. Associate your name with toil and industry and you yourself will be the source of your happiness.

Our brothers should not only be industrious while out on the road and on duty, but when at home and disengaged, instead of lounging about the round house let them employ their leisure moments making their homes comfortable. Do you ever stop to think how happy your mother or wife would feel, if in the spring when the verdure begins to peep above the barren soil and the trees begin to bud and blossom, you would clean the rubbish from the yard and make her a little garden spot? Take a few of the dimes that you spend foolishly and invest them in the purchase of plants and shrubberies, and in a little while, with the good will of your mother, wife, or sister, (and they never lack it), you will have an inviting and cheerful homestead. The homes of many men do not blossom with the radiance of happiness; they do not like to spend their leisure time with their families because everything is so cheerless and desolate there. If these very men, instead of helping to build saloons and engaging in the propagation of licentiousness, would spend

their time and money, and smiles and stories at home, they would soon have the good will and earnest co-operation of their families. The consequence would be a home blessed with joy, from which they would be loth to depart and eager to return. Industry always leads to happiness. In a well-governed family the man earns and the woman saves, and by practicing economy, and being in sympathy with each other they are certain to prosper.

Brothers, we must be industrious in order to attain the goal for which we are striving. We must be men of exemplary habits, and by laboring zealously for the happiness of our families we will augment our own.

THE readers of the Magazine will miss the usual poem by our able contributor, Noah W. Parker, for the month of April, on account of the death of Mrs. Parker, wife of our esteemed friend, who died last month at her residence in this city. We deeply sympathize with the father and motherless children, and wish that their pathway may be scattered with all the comforts possible under such circumstances, and wear upon their hearts the teachings of the departed.

GRAND LODGE ORDERS.

Death claim No. 9 will be due April 15th, 1879. All lodges except Nos. 41 and 32 are assessed. Financial Secretaries will draw and forward the amounts due on first meeting after receipt of notice. Mrs. Gleason was paid \$333.00, March 8th, which was *eight days late, and eleven lodges to hear from*. This is all uncalled for, and leads to much trouble. We can say no more on this subject of promptness.

Lodges desiring Final Withdrawal Cards can obtain the same on application to Wm. N. Sayre. A new supply of Rituals will be purchased, and two of each forwarded to each lodge.

The quarterly reports due March 17th, are not all in. Officers will forward immediately.

Lodges are duly warned not to give away monies to visiting members with the expectation of being repaid by their Lodges. There is a Brother of No. 54 traveling who had better drop this sponging game. *A word to the wise is sufficient.*

BLACK LIST.

No. 10—H. Daniels, expelled, defrauding widows and unbecoming conduct.

No. 4—John O. True, expelled, defrauding widows.

No. 8—Geo. Boas, Geo. M. Withers and Wm. Medicus, expelled for defrauding the widows of their money.

No. 75—W. W. Perkins, expelled, contempt of Lodge, and non-payment of dues.

No. 71—Wm. B. R. Blake, Patrick Keating, James Finn, John Coleman, E. Legnard, and M. Osbonlighter, expelled for defrauding the wives and children of deceased brothers.

No. 63—P. Fay, T. O'Donnell, expelled, general bad conduct. Thomas Crooke, expelled for drunkenness and defrauding widows of their money, and general unbecoming conduct.

No. 39—Henry Head, expelled, drunkenness. C. A. Beebee, H. H. Ryon, J. E. Malcomson, W. E. Barrett, for defrauding the widows and Orphans of the order.

No. 43—James Eaton, expelled, non-payment of dues. John Kegan, expelled, for selling liquor and defrauding the Lodge of \$50.

Correspondence.

OUR INDIA LETTER.

BY T. S. ABBOTT.

VISIT TO CAVES OF ELEPHANTA.

Esplanade Hotel. The boy called me at five o'clock in the morning, and helped me dress. My friend, Mr. Purvis, soon came, and after partaking of a cup of tea and some fruit we were ready, and started for Apollo Bunder. Let me say here that a "bunder" is a beach or landing place where people go for boats, etc. We had a nice walk, as it is often quite cool in India in the early morning, and at the bunder the air feels delightful. This bunder is a favorite resort at night for all the elite of the city. They always drive at night, and after a drive to the different parts of the city, come here and sit in their carriages, and inhale the sea breeze. There are high stone battlements built all around it, and the pavement consists of large blocks of granite, and there are all sorts of rustic seats about, and at night is lighted by gas, and sometimes the band plays. At dusk, it often presents a gay scene.

There is also a fine restaurant here, where one can get a good dinner, and a broad pavilion where are all sorts of reclining chairs, and here one can sit and enjoy the ocean and watch the waves, and if one is a smoker, enjoy a good cigar.

We found our boat or barge awaiting us. It was a large boat, had two masts, and carried quite heavy sails. She had a nice cabin, and it had broad cushioned seats, and wide windows with blinds, etc., and was a fine sailor. We went down a broad flight of stone steps, and stepped right aboard. Here my friend's servant joined us; he had two trunks, which contained our rugs and pillows, and breakfast. We were soon under way, and out among the shipping anchored in the harbor. The sea in the bay here is very rough all the time, and there is always more or less surf, so we bobbed about a great deal at first, but finally got into the wind, and as we had plenty of it, we sailed quite fast. Our boatmen were a green set. After they had trimmed their sails, they sat down to their hubble bubbles, and smoked and slept, while one lazily managed the rudder. Of course, being something of a sailor myself, I kept an eye on them so as to be ready in case of emergency to wake them. Well, we enjoyed our sail. Our servant brought us out cheroots and hot tea, and we had a nice, comfortable smoke. We soon left the shipping far behind, and even lost sight of the city, and in about an hour's time we sighted "Davi Devi, or Holy Island," as the natives call it.

It is a very delightful spot, and there were lots of pretty little white-washed buildings there, and they were all shaded by palm and cocoanut trees. The English government has established a sanitarium, (or what we Americans call a quarantine station,) and have given it the unromantic name of "Butcher's Island." We couldn't land there, as the tide was getting low, so we kept on our way. Our lazy boatmen slept most of the time. They were mostly naked, and had blue turbans on their heads, a cloth about their loins, and were a dirty, rascally set.

After sailing some distance, we at last sighted the isle of Elephanta. It is a mountain island, and has a double top, with a deep gorge between, and is thickly wooded to its summit; but being the dry season, many of the trees looked withered

and the leaves yellow, and the grass was brown and dead. After awhile we got closer in shore, and when we got around the point, soon reached the bunder or landing place. There was a forest of mangoe bushes growing in the sea, close in shore, salt water evidently agrees with them. The leaves of this plant were of a most vivid green. The landing place was at a long walk, built of single blocks of a heavy black stone; each block was about three feet wide, and there was a space of about one foot between each one, so as to allow the tide to ebb and flow between them. They led right along over a wide and smooth sandy beach, to a broad flight of black stone steps, set in the side of the mountain. The part of the landing place away out in the water was laid when the Prince of Wales was here. A dinner was given him in these caves, and they were illuminated on that occasion. So George said, we could walk where his royal highness, the Prince, had been. Mr. Purvis evidently had a high opinion of his royal highness. George has often visited this island, and he said that the flight of steps up the mountain were long and tiresome, and we had better take it easy, as by that time the sun was getting hot. We had been over two hours reaching the island. We found the steps were very wide and shallow, and there are so many of them, it is very wearisome passing over them, as at every sixth step one comes to a very wide landing. On either side of these steps is a high wall. It is up to one's shoulders, and is capped with a rounded capping. It is a very handsome wall, built like the steps, of a black close-grained stone, in small blocks, and is very nicely joined and cemented together, and is a handsome wall and a fine specimen of stone work. The steps were immense slabs of the same black stone. This stone is supposed to have been cut out of the solid rock when the caves were dug or cut out.

At one of these long wide landings we stopped to rest under the shade of a large tamarind tree. It was a beautiful tree. Its fine feathery foliage was of many shades of green; some very dark, and other's bright and fresh; and there were long pods of ripe and green fruit hanging from its branches. I did enjoy this tree and longed to taste its fresh, ripe fruit, but felt afraid to do so. It was large as an elm tree at home, and had a huge, rough trunk, and its wide spreading branches covered a large space of ground. I ought to have said that these steps were shaded nearly all the way with all sorts of trees. The shade of this tree was very refreshing to us.

To be continued.

SPRINGFIELD, ILLS., March 8th, 1879.

Editors Magazine—At a regular meeting of Capital Lodge No. 46, a vote of thanks was extended to our worthy V. G. M. Dodge, for his presence with us at our meeting, and for the good advice he gave us. May he live long and prosper, is the wish of the Brothers of this lodge. Come again, but look a little out who you tell Brother Sayre's telephone story to.

Fraternally,

TALLOW POT.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., March 9, 1879.

Editors Magazine.—At a special meeting of Capitol Lodge, No. 46, held in our hall Sunday, March 2, 1879, we were welcomed by our worthy Vice Grand Master, J. M. Dodge, from 47. He delivered a splendid lecture on the Good of the Brotherhood, and also on Magazines. All members present were highly pleased and thank him kindly for paying us a visit. "46" is sound as usual.

LOWELL, MASS., Feb. 13, 1879.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen :

I have just returned from an official visit to Bay State Lodge, No. 73, located at Worcester, Massachusetts.

Bay State Lodge numbers upwards of thirty members, and is in a prosperous condition, and the manner in which they go through their work speaks well for Brother Hewett, their worthy master.

I find members of this lodge coming from Norwich, Connecticut, sixty miles away to attend lodge meetings, leaving home early in the morning and returning late at night. Their lodge room is well furnished, which must have been done at a large individual expense, and from the large number of beautifully worked mottos seen upon the walls, I came to the conclusion that the Worcester boys had struck a rich lead among the fair ones in that locality.

I was well pleased to find the members interested in the MAGAZINE; they have promised a large subscription list. They speak highly of Brother Sayre for the able manner in which he conducts the book and the beauty of its design. They say that we have an organ that we can place before the public with a feeling of pride. I hope that all the members of the order will take as much interest in the MAGAZINE, and work as hard for its success as the Worcester members are working, and we would soon have a large number of readers outside of railroaders, where the little book would be a welcome visitor to many homes through the land.

My trip to Worcester was a pleasant one, and I wish to return thanks to Brothers Coff and Stoddard with whom I stopped while there, and to the whole lodge for their kindness and close attention. It will not soon be forgotten.

S. M. STEVENS, Grand Instructor, B. of L. F.

CALLED FROM EARTH.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF BROTHER WILLIAM T. MORGAN.

Editors Firemen's Magazine.—With a deep regret and painful feeling I announce the sad and untimely death of one of No. 16's most valued members, Brother Wm. T. Morgan. The deceased met his tragic fate while in the discharge of his duties as locomotive fireman, on the night of March 4th. The details of the dreadful occurrence, briefly summed, are as follows: Brother Morgan at the time of his death was firing passenger engine No. 56, with Fred Foss as engineer, on the Vandalia line, between Terre Haute and East St. Louis. On the evening of March 4th they left this city on No. 6, which train leaves here at 3:10 P. M., and arrives at East St. Louis at 10 o'clock P. M. When they got as far as Effingham, Ill., 65 miles west of Terre Haute, one of the pumps of their engine gave out and they were obliged to stop and exchange engines to make the balance of the trip. They left Effingham 59 minutes late and were doing their level best to make up what time they could on the remaining 100 miles. Everything went well until they got to a side track within five miles of East St. Louis, where a switch engine had a train of coal standing partly on the side track and partly on the main track. The switch engine was headed toward her own train and her tender was facing the approaching passenger train. The conductor of the coal train had not the right of road, but was under the impression that No. 6 had already gone in. A very dense fog prevailed so that the engineer on the passenger train would have no warning whatever.

On they came, ignorant of the danger, until with a terrible crash the two engines came together. The engineer and fireman of the coal train saw the danger in time to escape unhurt, but Mr. Foss and Brother Morgan of the passenger train went to the bottom of the wreck, and it is supposed were instantly killed. No one else was seriously hurt, though the wreck bore a horrible aspect. After a great deal of work the bodies were extricated from the wreck, and after being washed and dressed, were placed in caskets preparatory to sending them to Terre Haute for burial.

The bodies arrived at Terre Haute and were taken possession of by their respective friends. The remains of the engineer were conveyed to his home, while those of the fireman were taken to the home of his uncle, Mr. Wm. Morgan, an old and respected engineer on the Vandalia line. The parents of Brother Morgan reside at Brazil, Ind., a small town 16 miles East of Terre Haute, and it was their wish that their son should be buried in the cemetery at that place. Preparations were accordingly made for the funeral. The Vandalia line kindly furnished an extra coach on the morning train to accommodate the relatives and friends who desired to attend. The members of the order of Locomotive Firemen attended in a body, being accompanied by the Rev. C. R. Henderson, the venerable minister of the Baptist church in Terre Haute. Arrived at Brazil the funeral cortege proceeded to the church, where imposing prayers and eloquent sermons were delivered, after which the choir rendered some appropriate music and singing. A last look was taken at the remains of Brother Morgan, when, with sad and solemn footsteps, the funeral procession directed their course toward the cemetery. At the grave the exhortation of the brotherhood was read by a member of the Order, and the ceremonies concluded with prayer by Rev. Henderson, and the reading of some scriptural passages. The visiting friends and relatives then returned to the station, when, after a few moments delay, the train arrived, homeward bound, which was boarded and soon landed the party safely at home. Thus ends the mortal career of Wm. T. Morgan. Beloved by all who knew him, without a visible fault, he was plucked in the prime of his manhood by the hand of Divine Providence. But we can not stay the hand of the Great Reaper, even though unaccompanied by wrinkled Time. Very often the young are called away while just beginning to realize the pains and pleasures allotted to mortals. For the aged and infirm to be called from home is natural and reconcilable, but for sweet youth to be torn away and plunged into the Dark River is hard, hard indeed, to conciliate.

Brother Morgan held a policy in the Insurance of the Brotherhood, payable to his father, John T. Morgan.

My friends, we now close our mournful record. The object of our sorrow "lies sleeping the sleep of death." May the sod rest lightly on his bosom, and as each succeeding spring returns, may the ties of affection that bound us together while living, carry us back in fond, though sad remembrance, to the mound that swells above the earthly remains of William T. Morgan.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., March 16, 1879.

At a regular meeting of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Omnipotent Engineer of the Universe to pluck from our midst our worthy Brother Wm. T. Morgan, who was killed by the collision

of his engine on the night of March 4th, while in the faithful discharge of his duties as locomotive fireman; therefore, be it

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the will of our Great Grand Master, whose providence is governed by infinite wisdom and mercy, we deeply mourn the loss of Brother Morgan, and would mingle our tears of sorrow with those of his grief-stricken family, to whom we extend our sincerest sympathy and consolation.

Resolved, That in the sad and tragic death of Brother Morgan, our lodge has sustained a loss which will be forever irreparable.

Resolved, That our sincere thanks be tendered to the Vandalia Railway Company for favors shown us during the interment of our brother.

Resolved, That we are under many obligations to Mr. Robert Taggart of the Depot Hotel for the use of a room, and also to Mr. Chas. McNutt for services rendered, while preparing for the funeral of our late brother.

Resolved, That Rev. C. R. Henderson is entitled to, and is hereby tendered our warmest thanks for his kind and courteous assistance, his words of cheer and consolation at the grave of our brother, and the kindly advice given the members of our order.

Resolved, That our Charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased, also to the Firemen's MAGAZINE for publication, and that they be recorded upon the minute proceedings of our lodge.

A. J. MULLEN,
E. V. DEBS,
E. A. RUGAN. } Committee.

CINCINNATI, O., March 10, 1879.

Editors Magazine:—I would like to acknowledge, through the columns of our book, a visit to me by Brother James Smith, Master of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, of which I am still a member. I came here from Terre Haute some time ago, to visit my folks who live in Cincinnati. When I got here I took sick, and have been confined to my room ever since. Brother Smith came to Terre Haute and was elected master of No. 16 after I left there, so I did not know him until he called on me in this city. I would like to say of Brother Smith that he is a whole-souled fellow; one who knows how to administer comfort to a brother in distress. To the members of No. 16 I would offer my congratulations for their prudence in selecting so upright and efficient an officer as Brother Smith. Fraternally Yours,

JAMES SNABLEY.

OUR MAGAZINE.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., Feb. 24, 1879.

I pick up my quill in my enthusiasm to pen you a few words on the subject that heads this communication. What I have to say will not be apt to weary your readers, for the space and indulgence I ask shall be quite limited. Everybody acknowledges that the Firemen's Magazine is a capital book, and should have a liberal patronage. Wherever its bright pages have once been gleaned it is sure to be forever after an indispensable friend. Its monthly visits are hailed with joy from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Alaska to the sunny Gulf.

In recognition of this fact is it not necessary that our members should use every effort to place it before our people? Brothers, it is your duty to canvass for our

book. Give it a chance to show what it can and will do for us. Give it attention, and in after years it will prove to be the benefactor of our institution. You need not fear but that those who have once taken it will continue to favor us with their patronage. The great trouble is that the masses of our people are ignorant of the fact that such a book exists as the Firemen's Magazine. Don't be idle any longer, but start out at once with a copy of our book in one hand, and a subscription list in the other.

Yours in B. S. & I.

B. L. ZEBUB.

SUBORDINATE LODGE ITEMS.

BROTHER O. E. HISTED, of No. 62, promoted to the throttle, and we wish him God speed.

BROTHER DAN HARRIS, of No. 12 says he will sign for one more number of the magazine for the new Harris, just come in the family.

BROTHER JAMES SMITH, of No. 16, paid us a friendly visit, on his way to Cincinnati to see Brother Snively, who is reported improving, and full of hopes.

BROTHERS Zeb. Moore and Milt. Clark, of No. 93, Keokuk, Iowa, have been at Rock Island, Ill, for some months past, but return to their old positions happy and contented.

BROTHER WALSH, of No. 96, desires to be remembered by all his friends. Brother W. is at present located in Chicago. Address 730 Gordon street, town of Lake, Chicago, Ills.

BROTHER MCBRIDE in writing of No. 20 speaks of the energy displayed by the brothers of the Lodge, its progress since organization, &c., in glowing terms. We are proud to record such statements in our book.

THE annual ball of Van Bergen Lodge was a grand success. Sixty couples participating. Visiting Brothers from Scranton, No. 7, were entertained by the committee, and were highly pleased, as was every one. Many thanks to the able management.

BROTHER ED. CHAPPELL of No. 70 writes us very encouragingly of Lone Star Lodge, its Officers and members, also of the Texas & Pacific Railway, its advancement, &c. Brother Chappell was formerly of No. 27, and they often speak of Ned in the highest terms.

THE second Annual Ball of Boston Lodge No. 57, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, took place in Boylston Hall last evening, 125 couples being present. The hall was very tastefully decorated. An order of 20 dances was provided, and the music was by Brown's Band.

WE are truly sorry to report the present condition of Bro. Thomas, of No. 29, who was injured February 22d, near Buffalo, N. Y., in a collision, having one of his legs amputated. He is now about to have the other one taken off. His condition is critical.

BROTHER BAKER of No. 95 can always be found on duty under the General Offices of the C. & N. W. R. R., having in charge the large heating engines. We are pleased to learn that Brother Baker has now this responsible position by his unceasing attention to business, and stands respected by his officers and fellow-workmen.

No. 46 gives a grand ball May 24th. A big time is expected.

GRAND Instructor Stevens started for the West on or about the 20th of February, visiting Lodges. On going to press with this number, we learn of his illness at Port Jervis N. Y., and his return to Lowell Mass, his friends at that point report his speedy recovery, and probably ere this is read by his many friends, he will be at Indianapolis, Ind.

OLD HAWKEYE, No. 27, with a flourishing trump, is in the field again; hard to work, building up the cause. We had a pleasant evening with the brothers at the rapids, and met old faces beaming with kindness, and full of love for the order. Bro. Byers was on the line, consequently we could not shake, but we hope to ere long. Long live Hawkeye.

No. 10's annual ball was as great a success as the first. The glee club making the affair most pleasant by their selections, for which the brothers are under many obligations. Lodges Nos. 4 and 5 were well represented, and the C. & P. Firemen turned out in fine shape. In fact, every one was pleased, and daylight found many happy couples wending their way homeward.

SAD ACCIDENT.— Brother Chas. Cole, and his engineer, Mr. Paxon, received serious injuries, March 4th, at Kensington Junction, on the P. R. R., the engine striking a coal car while crossing main track, damaging engine and badly injuring both engineer and fireman, the former has since had both legs amputated. The latter was hurt internally; also several ribs broken. Both are at the University Hospital, and at writing, are doing quite well under the circumstances.

No. 55 reports their ball as a grand success socially and financially, good management and a pleasant time. We give below a report taken from the *Memphis Evening Herald*, Friday, Feb. 21, 1879:

The first annual ball of the Bluff City Lodge, No. 55, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen was given last night at Cochran hall. A large and fashionable audience was in attendance. The dancing hall was artistically decorated with beautiful flowers and evergreens. All the approaches to the hall were also brilliantly lighted and decorated. Directly over the musician's stand hung a banner bearing the motto of the brotherhood in tri-colored letters—"Benevolence, Sobriety, and Industry." To the right in the center of a gracefully arranged festoon, neatly worked in flowers and arbor vitae, were the two significant initials "L. F." Large festoons graced the walls and chandeliers, giving the whole an attractive and pleasing appearance. About midnight Col. G. P. M. Turner was introduced to the audience, and in a very modest and pleasing style complimented the beauty of the ladies present and commended the motive and object of the Brotherhood. After which the large audience repaired to the dining hall where was prepared "viands of various kinds to allure the tastes of man."

The gentlemen who constituted the several committees filled their positions with much credit. Having an "eye single" to the enjoyment of their guests, they were instrumental in making every one enjoy the first annual ball of Bluff City Lodge, No. 55. Dancing was continued to early dawn, when the ensemble dispersed for their respective homes with the remembrance of the Locomotive Firemen's ball imprinted in burning letters of gold upon memory's tablet.

THE WABASH WINS.

The three days fair and festival for the benefit of St. Francis' Hospital, was a grand success, socially and financially. The net proceeds amounted to \$700. The ladies were happy, and the winners of the prizes jubilant. The Decatur Brass Band and the Italians dispensed sweet music, drowning the voices of the fair ladies, who were doubtless wound up for three nights and could not have stopped talking if they had tried. There were a very large number of railroad men present in the evening, admiring the ladies and cushions with gentlemanly and proud smiles.

As every one confidently expected, Frank Bloom, the handsome engineer of No. 170 of the Wabash, won the luxurious cushions donated to the fair by Howard and Ferguson, the upholsterers. The contest between Frank and Noah Moore, engineer on the Illinois Midland railroad, waxed warm early in the evening, both gentlemen having hosts of friends who were anxious for their friends to win the much coveted prize. The Wabash boys had too much wealth for the Midland railroaders, and when the polls closed at 12 o'clock prompt, the figures on the blackboard indicated that Bloom had received 1,766 votes, and Moore 1,240. Bloom's majority 526. The result was received with loud applause, and while everybody was feeling good, Mr. Bloom and the Wabash boys made up a purse of \$50 and handed the same to Mr. Will Race as their donation to the Hospital fund. The announcement of this benevolent act was received with hilarious delight by everybody, and as Frank Carried away his prize all pronounced him a tip-top good fellow, and the Wabash boys friends that stick closer than brothers. And the ladies—well, they were perfectly charmed with the result of the contest.

The total sum realized by the fair committee on the cushions alone was \$300.60. The Wabash employees were there in strong numbers, and an unlimited supply of greenbacks, with several "rolls" to hear from. The headlight in the window shone brighter, and the ladies smiled sweeter when Mr. Race announced Bloom's victory. It took money to win—and the friends of the successful competitor planked down their money freely. After winning the cushions and donating to the hospital fund a purse of \$50 as a present from the "Wabash Boys," Bloom and his friends had a respectable roll left. On Saturday every man who had bought more than five dollars' worth of votes had his money returned, and still there was a balance left in the "cushion fund." Yesterday morning while the church bells were calling the godly and ungodly to the various temples of worship, the Wabash engineers, conductors, firemen and other railroad men got together at the office of the round house, and voted to donate the remainder of the cushion fund to the relief of ex-conductor James Hunt, who has been sick with consumption over a year, and confined to his bed for the past three months. The envelope was inscribed as follows:

"\$100.00: Compliments of the 'Wabash boys' to JAMES HUNT, Esq."

At 11 o'clock a committee composed of Frank Bloom, Jas. Nolan, Tom. B. Doyle, Martin Cullen and Thomas Kennedy, called at Mr. Hunt's residence on Jasper street, and without undue ceremony made the presentation, which was received with tearful thanks. Mr. Hunt has a faithful wife, and two beautiful children, who will never forget the well-timed benevolence of the Wabash employees of this city. It was a beautiful act—one that will commend itself to many who make a greater show of benevolence than men who daily risk their lives on the railroads of the country.—*Decatur (Ill.) Republican, Feb. 27.*

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NEW YORK STATE SCHOOL
MONTHLY INDUSTRIAL AND LABOR RELATIONS
CORNELL UNIVERSITY
VINDICATION OF CHARACTER.

It is due to Brother John Walsh, of No. 46, to make his present standing with our Order known to all Locomotive Firemen. His connection with this Order has been one beyond even reproach. To him this Organization is indebted for much. While acting as deputy Grand Instructor, organizing lodges, he had the *misfortune* to fall in with a fireman by the name of Edson, at Amboy, Ill., who has taken ungentlemanly means to hurt the character of an established gentleman and a worthy brother, because he (Walsh) insisted on Edson's handing over to the firemen waiting at hall to organize a Lodge, *the monies which belonged to them*. Edson refusing, Mr. Walsh was compelled to leave Amboy without the same. We have been requested to publish Edson by various parties, but have refused, not wishing to use his name in the pages of our book. We trust all who are laboring under the impression that Brother John Walsh is other than a gentleman, will immediately dispel the thought.

WM. T. GOUNDIE,
JNO. M. DODGE,
WM. N. SAYRE.

QUERIES.

QUERY.—Why is coal, as a fuel, harder on fire-box and flues, than wood? And why is soft or bituminous coal more so than hard or anthracite coal?

S. F. BROWNE, 39.

SUPPOSE you have an engine with cylinders 18 x 24. You pull forty loaded cars on level track. Your engine becomes disabled on one side, and you are compelled to disconnect that side. How much power do you lose by disconnecting, and how many cars can you pull and make the time with them that you did when you had both sides and forty cars.

BUFFALO, No. 12.

IN reply to query by inquirer of No. 39, I would say I do not know of any rule for finding the leading engine on a locomotive, but the right hand engine is always considered the leading engine, as the right pin is one quarter ahead of the left pin. He also asks, how do you determine when your valves are blowing, and which one it is. I can always tell by the sound when the furnace door is open, and the only sure way of finding out which one it is, is to open the front end, after placing the lever in the center, and giving the engine a little steam, and see which exhaust pipe steam comes from.

Fraternally,

R. V. D.

IN answer to query by inquirer of No. 39, I would say there is no leading side to a locomotive. But placing the links in the forward motion, the right hand crank leads the left one quarter of the stroke. The locomotive is supplied with four eccentrics, two for the forward motion and two for the back motion, and she was also constructed to use the back motion eccentrics as much as the forward motion, if necessary. So when backing up, the left crank would lead the right one quarter of the stroke; consequently there is no leading side on the locomotive.

BUFFALO, No. 12.

Several communications received too late for publication this month, will appear in next issue.

RESOLUTIONS.

BOSTON, MASS., Feb. 16, 1879.

At a regular meeting of Boston Lodge, No. 57, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, held at the Engineers Hall, No. 47 Hanover street, February 16th, the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That in behalf of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, our thanks be tendered to the officers of the following roads, viz: the *Boston and Albany*, *Boston and Providence*, *Lowell*, *Eastern and Fitchburg*, for courtesies shown Brothers Kilburn, Sias, Tibbetts, Chase, Wilkins and Newton, by furnishing passes and trains so cheerfully, and for kindness and assistance tendered us in this our Second Annual Ball; and

Resolved, That we desire to acknowledge the attention and uniform kindness of the train men and other employes of these several railroad companies, thereby showing their complete discipline; and

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions with the seal of the Lodge attached be presented to the officers of these several roads, and also published in the Firemen's Magazine.

COMMITTEE.

L. L. PARKER,	WM. N. TIBBETTS,
JOHN C. ADAMS,	G. L. BLOOD,
	A. A. KILBURN.

DENVER, COL., January 9th, 1879.

At a regular meeting of Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, An All-Wise Providence has seen fit to visit the home of our worthy Brother, W. Pelham, with the death of his wife:

Resolved, That we, the members of Rocky Mountain Lodge, do sincerely sympathize with Brother Pelham in this affliction. Admonishing him to trust his loss, though irreparable, will be her gain.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Brother Pelham, and be published in the Magazine.

E. H. WALKER,	} Committee.
M. OLMSTED,	
GEO. KLOCK,	

DENVER, COL., Jan, 5th, 1879.

At a special meeting of Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77, B. of L. F., held January 5th, 1879, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Grand Master of the Universe in his infinite wisdom to remove from earth to his heavenly home our worthy and beloved Brother, Thomas Mason, who was killed while in the discharge of duty, as fireman on engine No. 15, D. & R. G. Railway:

Resolved, That by the death of Brother Mason, this lodge loses a valuable member, and his sisters a loving brother, and his widowed mother an affectionate son.

Resolved, That we drape our charter and lodge room in appropriate mourning for the space of three months, to the sacred memory of our departed Brother.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes, and a copy sent to his mother and sisters, and also forwarded to Locomotive Firemen's Magazine for publication.

E. H. WALKER,	} Committee.
M. OLMSTED,	
GEO. KLOCK,	

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

W. T. GOUNDIE.....	Grand Master,
3405 Elm street, West Philadelphia, Pa.	
J. M. DODGE.....	Vice Grand Master,
No. 12 16th st., Chicago, Ill.	
W. N. SAYRE.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
S. M. STEVENS.....	Grand Instructor.
Lowell, Mass.	
J. O'KEEFE.....	Grand Warden,
North Platte, Neb.	
CHAS. POPE.....	Grand Conductor,
Toronto, Ont.	
W. HUGO.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
T. DOYLE.....	Grand Outer Guard.
St. Louis.	
M. COOPER.....	Grand Marshal,
St. Paul, Minn.	

GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

M. E. COBB.....	Worcester, Mass.
J. S. COOL.....	Logansport, Ind.
JOHN MCCLURE.....	Columbus, O.
JOHN L. BODEY.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. R. WHITCOMB.....	Springfield, Ill.
P. J. ROBINSON.....	Little Rock, Ark.
A. M. CRONIN.....	Memphis, Tenn.
T. HENDERSON.....	Cleveland, O.
J. B. BENTNALL.....	Fort Gratoit, Mich.
L. H. INGERSOLL.....	St. Joseph, Mo.
W. F. HYNES.....	Denver, Col.
J. POPE MYERS.....	Louisville, Ky.

LODGE ADDRESSES.

Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.

- GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.
C. F. Terry, (Valonia, Pa.).....Master
J. F. Hoffman (Box 501).....Rec. Sec'y
S. H. Quackenbush, W. E. Nichols, Mag. Agts
- UNION, at Galion, Ohio. Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30.
A. Jenkinson.....Master
T. Wooley.....Rec. Sec'y
Jas. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
- JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. E. Hall, at 7:30 p. m.
A. J. Gabard.....Master
L. M. Phipps.....Rec. Sec'y
A. J. Gabard.....Magazine Agent
- FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.
John McClure.....Master
F. W. Arnold.....Rec. Sec'y
(Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block.)
E. Ginbey (123 Spruce st.).....Magazine Agent

- FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 p. m., Miller's Hall, cor. Auburn st., & Scranton ave.
S. S. Card, 283 Starkweather ave.....Master
T. H. Sheppard.....Rec. Sec'y
T. H. Sheppard.....Magazine Agent
(19 Pelton avenue, s. s.)
- EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 p. m., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
J. S. Gorgas.....Master
P. C. Everitt.....Rec. Sec'y
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
- BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.
James Shufelt.....Master.
E. S. Draper.....Rec. Sec'y
N. Y. L. E. & W. Machine shops, Exchange street.
C. G. Swan.....Magazine Agent
(438 South Division street.)
- MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, at East St. Louis, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in Brick Bank Hall.
John McGarrahan.....Master
Jerry Benedict.....Rec. Sec'y
Fred. Lane (Box 191).....Magazine Agent
- EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., at No. 62½ East Washington street.
Wm. Hugo (79 N. Noble street).....Master
Chas. Kline (530 E. Georgia st.).....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. Hugo.....Magazine Agent
- PACIFIC, at St. Louis, Mo. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays. Hall, Chateau ave. near Summit avenue.
J. J. Smith.....Master
J. F. Clough (3012 Sarah st.).....Rec. Sec'y
J. F. Clough.....Magazine Agent
- VIGO, at Terra Haute, Ind. Meets the 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at 1:30 p. m., S. E. cor. Main and Seventh sts.
James Smith (Box 1074).....Master
E. V. Debbs (Box 522).....Rec. Sec'y
James Smith (Box 1074).....Magazine Agent
- OLD POST, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets in No. 2 Engine House every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.
F. B. Wheeler.....Master
C. A. Cripps.....Rec. Sec'y
C. A. Cripps.....Magazine Agent
- STUART, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.
Wm. McBride.....Master
D. Hartigan (Box 418).....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. McBride.....Magazine Agent
- INDUSTRIAL, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in Engineers' Hall.
James Bucke.....Master
H. Miller (c. Ellwood & 2d sts.) Rec. Sec'y
John Hayes.....Magazine Agent
- CENTRAL, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. Hall.
Wm. Trenary (Box 598).....Master
Geo. Bond.....Rec. Sec'y
D. M. Wills.....Magazine Agent

23. LOUISVILLE, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., Farmers Exchange Bank.
J. P. Myers (c. Bender's drug store) Master
(Cor. Wenzel and Jefferson streets.)
J. W. Richardson (286 Wenzel st) Rec. Sec'y
J. H. Smith (252 Zane st.) Magazine Agent
27. HAWKEYE, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets alternate Sundays, at engineers' hall.
W. C. Byers.....Master
F. B. Davis, Box 192.....Rec. Sec'y
W. S. Davis, Box 1146.....Magazine Agent
28. ELKHORN, at North Platte, Neb. Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month.
W. T. Chadwick.....Master
Joe Tooley (Box 166).....Rec. Sec'y
W. J. Stuart.....Magazine Agent
29. CHAMPION, at Detroit, Mich. Meets every Thursday evening at 7:30, at their hall, 65 Michigan Avenue.
Frank Clark (257 17th st.).....Master
Martin Cooper.....Rec. Sec'y
Jas. Thomas, John Shaw.....Magazine Agents
30. CEDAR VALLEY, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets every 1st and 3d Saturday each month, in Good Templars' Hall.
J. M. Dubois.....Master
L. C. Chase.....Rec. Sec'y
W. R. Saunders (Box 799).....Magazine Agent
32. MT. WHITNEY, at Tulare, Cal. Organizing.
34. CLINTON, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
B. S. Keith.....Master
Geo. E. Howell.....Rec. Sec'y
B. S. Keith.....Magazine Agent
35. At AMBOY, ILL. Meets in Engineers' Hall 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
T. Hincheliff.....Master
Wm. H. Dean.....Rec. Sec'y
Titus Hincheliff.....Magazine Agent
36. TIPPECANOE, at LaFayette, Indiana. Meets every Sunday, at 2 P. M., at B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Fourth and Terry street, Wallace Block.
J. L. Birmingham, 193 Union st.....Master
J. H. Brewer.....Rec. Sec'y
J. H. Brewer, 94 13th st.....Magazine Agent
39. NORTH STAR, at Austin, Minn. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, at 2:30 p. m.
Geo. R. Talbott.....Master
J. Brown.....Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Seagel.....Magazine Agent
40. BLOOMING, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday night
James Crotty.....Master
Thomas O'Neil.....Rec. Sec'y
(905 West Locust street)
Wm. O. Webster.....Magazine Agent
41. At ROCKLIN, CAL. Organizing.
43. ST. JOSEPH, at St. Joseph, Mo. Meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every second and fourth Sundays in each month.
L. H. Ingersoll.....Master
O. W. Richardson.....Rec. Sec'y
L. H. Ingersoll.....Magazine Agent
45. ROSE CITY, at Little Rock, Ark. Meets every Monday at 7:50 P. M., corner Main and Markham streets.
J. A. Bloudsoe.....Master
P. J. Robinson.....Rec. Sec'y
E. W. Mills.....Magazine Agent
46. CAPITAL, at Springfield, Ill. Meets every alternate Sunday, at Eng. Hall.
W. R. Whitcomb (c. 9th & Market sts) Master
G. D. Partington (Lock box 1126) Rec. Sec'y
Joseph Paulis (Wabash Shops) Mag. Agent
47. TRIUMPHANT, at Chicago, Ill. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 P. M., in Railroad Chapel.
M. Gepper, 770 Wabash ave.....Master
J. M. Dodge, No. 12 16th st.....Rec. Sec'y
R. V. Dodge.....Magazine Agent
No. 12 16th street.
50. GARDEN CITY, at Chicago. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Engineers Hall, on State street, between 48th and 49th.
W. S. Barrows, 4532 Dearborn st.....Master
W. Field.....Rec. Sec'y
Cor. State and 47th st.
W. S. Barrows.....Magazine Agent
4532 Dearborn street.
51. FRONTIER CITY, at Oswego, N. Y. Meets every Thursday at 2:30 P. M., at Engineers' Hall.
Jas. McCarthy (49 West Erie st.).....Master
L. J. Boynton, 112 W. Utica st., Rec. Sec'y
J. McCarthy 49 W. Erie st., Magazine Agent
52. GOOD WILL, at Logansport, Indiana. Meets every Friday at 8 P. M., corner Market and Canal sts.
A. Ross.....Master
R. Warner.....Rec. Sec'y
Ambrose Ross (Box 626).....Magazine Agent
54. ANCHOR, at Moberly, Mo. Meets every Monday night at 4:30 Reed street.
J. J. Murphy.....Master
Geo. R. Stacey, box 820.....Rec. Sec'y
J. Bresson.....Magazine Agent
55. BLUFF CITY, at Memphis Tenn. Meets 2d and last Saturday evenings of each month, at Knights of Honor hall, 298 2d street.
John Clark, L. & N. engine house.....Master
Alex. M. Cronin.....Rec. Sec'y
Alex. M. Cronin.....Magazine Agent
56. TOPEKA, at Topeka, Kan. Meets every alternate Sunday at A. O. U. W. Hall.
S. McGaffey.....Master
Wm. Tangman, Topeka, Kan.....Rec. Sec'y
J. R. Goheen.....Magazine Agent
57. BOSTON, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at 10:30 A. M., and 2d Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.
C. H. Moulton (Box 93, Lynn, Mass.) Master
L. L. Parker, Jr.....Rec. Sec'y
L. L. Parker, Jr.....Magazine Agent
72 Cambridge street, E. Cambridge.
60. UNITED, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets 1st Thursday evening and 3d Sunday morning of each month, cor. Lawrence street and Susquehanna avenue.
J. L. Bodey, (2013 N. 3d st.).....Master
A. B. Collom, 2206 Lawrence st.....Rec. Sec'y
J. A. Falls, 2224 North 2d st.....Magazine Agent

61. **MINNEHAHA**, at St. Paul, Minn.
Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 p. m., cor 7th and Jackson sts., Engineer's Hall.
S. J. Murphy, 46 McBoal st. Master
C. Sinks, 58 Goodrich ave. Rec. Sec'y
R. Peel, 183 Exchange st. Magazine Agent
62. **VANBERGEN**, at Carbondale, Pa.
Meets every 2d and 4th Thursday of each month, in Engineers' Hall.
O. E. Histed Master
Jno. Bryden Rec. Sec'y
A. Hoyle Magazine Agent
63. **HERCULES**, at Danville, Ill. Meets every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.
J. A. Bain Master
John D. Franklin, box 772 Rec. Sec'y
C. J. McGee, box 1372 Magazine Agent
64. **LOYAL**, at Brookville, Kan. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, every Sunday.
W. H. Hamilton Master
Matthew Richards Rec. Sec'y
W. H. Hamilton Magazine Agent
Box 16, Brockville, Kan.
66. **CHALLENGE**, at Bellville, Ont., (Canada.) Meets 2d and 4th Sundays in B. of L. E. Hall,
J. McKnight Master
D. Sutherland Rec. Sec'y
J. McKnight Magazine Agent
67. **DOMINTON**, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Occident Hall, Queen street.
P. Kennedy (Box 697) Master
C. Pope (Box 697) Rec. Sec'y
P. Kennedy (Box 697) Magazine Agent
69. **HURON**, at Fort Gratiot, Mich. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, over Post Office.
Thomas Bruce, box 13 Master
Charles Macklaw, box 13 Rec. Sec'y
Charles Raymond, box 13 Magazine Agent
70. **LONESTAR**, at Marshall, Texas. Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays in each month.
C. Greenwood Master
Geo. W. Ralston, lock box 8 Rec. Sec'y
C. T. Smith Magazine Agent
71. **CAPITAL CITY**, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays, and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 281 Green st.
D. O. Shank, 281 Green st. Master
L. O'Brien, 7 Union Street Rec. Sec'y
D. O. Shank Magazine Agent
281 Green street, Albany, N. Y.
72. **WELCOME**, at Camden, N. J. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.
L. Elbertson Master
Abner Huston, Jr. Rec. Sec'y
(322 Bridge avenue.)
Abner Huston, Jr. Magazine Agent
73. **BAY STATE**, at Worcester, Mass. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.
Geo. A. Hewitt, Union Depot Master
Marshall E. Cobb, 86 Park st. Rec. Sec'y
W. E. Cobleigh Magazine Agent
(48 Salem street, Worcester, Mass.)
74. **KANSAS CITY**, at Kansas City, Mo. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic Hall, West Kansas City.
B. B. McCrum Master
John Clinton Rec. Sec'y
Cor. 14th and Hickory, West Kansas City.
B. B. McCrum, 905 Penn st. Magazine Ag't
75. **ENTERPRISE**, at West Philadelphia, Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at Hancock's Hall, 40th street and Lancaster avenue.
C. W. Barber Master
P. Dupell Rec. Sec'y
W. T. Goundie Magazine Agent
3405 Elm st., West Philadelphia, Pa.
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN**, at Denver, Col. Meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall.
George Klock Master
W. F. Hynes (lock box 1588) Rec. Sec'y
Jas. Collins, lock box 1588 Magazine Ag't
80. **EARLY SUNRISE**, at Palestine, Texas. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. H. Morely Master
C. Reitch Rec. Sec'y
A. P. Draper Magazine Agent
82. **NORTHWESTERN**, Minneapolis, Minn. Meets in Druids' Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet avenue, between 1st and second sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday evenings of each month.
J. W. Cole Master
S. T. Brown, 1807 6th st. south Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Cole, 1223 S. 7th st. Magazine Ag't
83. **MISSISSIPPI**, at Winona, Minn.
John Herwick Master
Wm. Warren, box 686 Rec. Sec'y
B. F. Weller, box 26 Magazine Agent
84. **MISSOURI RIVER**, at Omaha, Neb. Meets 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month in K. of P. Hall.
J. M. Byers, 590 10th street Master
Chas. R. Campbell Rec. Sec'y
Cor. 17th and Dodge street.
P. H. Swift Magazine Agent
85. **FARGO LODGE**, at Fargo, D. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every other Sunday.
Jas. Burke Master
N. A. Bassett, box 104 Rec. Sec'y
Fred. G. Clayton Magazine Agent
86. **BLACK HILLS**, at Laramie, W. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays of each month.
A. E. Ralston Master
J. E. Carroll Rec. Sec'y
W. J. Naiswith Magazine Agent
87. **SUMMIT**, at Rawlins, W. T. Meets every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at 7:30 p. m.
Dennis P. Murphy Master
John F. Hittle (Box 5) Rec. Sec'y
James Noonan Magazine Agent
88. **MORNING STAR**, at Evanston, W. T. Meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every Thursday evening.
Frank A. Hutchens Master
J. Becker Rec. Sec'y
David Hamilton Magazine Agent

89. **SILVER STATE**, at Carlin, Nev. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at 5:20 P. M.
 Martin Kline.....Master
 Frank A. Resseguie.....Rec. Sec'y
 Selby Jones.....Magazine Agent
90. **PAY AS YOU GO**, at West Oakland, Cal. Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, cor. 7th and Pine streets, every alternate Wednesday and Thursday evenings.
 Ed. F. Ingles.....Master
 C. C. Walker.....Rec. Sec'y
 E. Yale.....Magazine Agent
91. **GOLDEN GATE**, at San Francisco, Cal. Meets every 1st Sunday, 2d Monday, 3d Tuesday, and 4th Wednesday of each month.
 G. A. Aldrich.....Master
 E. F. Smith (8 Adair street.).....Rec. Sec'y
 C. Detrich (223 15th st.).....Magazine Agent
92. **MARSHALL**, at Marshalltown, Iowa. Jno. Tipton.....Master
 N. J. Tallmadge.....Rec. Sec'y
 James Crawley.....Magazine Agent
93. **GATE CITY**, at Keokuk, Iowa. Meets in Engineers' Hall, on Jounson, bet. 2d and 3d sts., every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month, at 2 P. M.
 W. H. Bennett.....Master
 Zeb. Moore (Look Box 7).....Rec. Sec'y
 Milt E. Clark (Box 550).....Magazine Agent
94. **GREENBRIER**, at Hinton, W. Va. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays in each month, at Firemens Hall, cor. 4th avenue and 3d street.
 Jos. Haynes, Box 35Master
 Jno. McCullochRec. Sec'y
 W. E. WatsonMagazine Agent
95. **CHICAGO**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall, 229 Milwaukee avenue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M., and last Sunday at 2 P. M.
 Wm. Maroney.....Master
 Wm. T. Ross, 14 N. Sangamon st. Rec. Sec'y
 Wm. Maroney.....Magazine Agent
 21 W. Kinzie street.
96. **BALTIMORE CITY**, at Baltimore, Md. Meets 2d & 4th Sundays of each month. Hall on Preston street, between Linden ave. and Eutaw street.
 L. V. Tipton, 272 Park ave.....Master
 John O'Neil (146 Cathedral st.).....Rec. Sec'y
 L. V. Tipton (272 Park ave) Magazine Agent
97. **ORANGE GROVE**, at Los Angeles, Cal. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th Fridays of each month.
 C. A. Enz.....Master
 H. F. Haman (Box 1011).....Rec. Sec'y
 C. A. Enz.....Magazine Agent

THE
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No. 5.

[Lines suggested while on a short trip in the country to enjoy a day's fishing, seeing a sign at the railroad crossing, "Look Out for the Locomotive."

THE IRON HORSE.

BY JAMES COUPAR.



o! "Look out for the locomotive!"
Have a care for the iron steed;
Do not cross his track too close in front,
For he goes with lightning speed.
Stand aside, frail man, from his beaten path,
For the stroke he never would feel,
As he flung you like chaff in air above,
Or ground you under his heel.
Ah! look at the iron Samson now!
How quietly he will stand!
For he knows not the power of his giant strength—
He is under the master's command.
By the quivering of his powerful frame,
As he waits for his living load.
His turbulent soul seems impatient all
To be off and along the road.
"All aboard! All aboard!" the conductor cries,
And he waveth his hand on high,
And the signal by the master is seen
As he watches with eagle eye;
For he knows that his hissing and snorting steed
Hath gathered his strength again,
And with fresh vigor he'll bound along,
With the thousand lives in his train.
So he carefully opens his iron throat,
And the steaming breath with a bound
Rushes into his chest and inflates his lungs,
And his mighty limbs go round.
With a terrific snort and a forward move,
His powerful sinews in play,

With increasing stride and a conqueror's pride
He hastes on his iron way.

And in fitful puffs he laughs to scorn
The weakness of men's sons,
As he glides along his beaten trail
With his weight of a thousand tons.

On, on he flies through the rocky cut,
And anon through the flowery mead,
And he shakes the dust of the quaking earth
From his heels in his headlong speed.

With plenty of feed for his glowing mouth
He goes with increasing vim,
Giving the watch an approving whoop
For keeping his track in trim.

But woe to the wretch who'd misplace a rail
From out of his measured path;
He would plow up the earth in his maddened strength,
Or burst in his frenzied wrath.

For this fiery steed with Titan's strength,
And his hot and sulphurous breath
Too often goes out with the smiles of life,
While on front sits the angel of death.

But how grand to see him whirring along
When the way is taut and clear!
The children greet him, and clapping their hands,
They give him a joyous cheer.

But the little birds as they flutter and sing
Their songs in the trees overhead,
Take to their wings as he rushes along,
For they like not his thundering tread.

E'en the king of beasts in the jungle wild,
Beside the glistening rail,
This shrinking monster fills with awe,
And makes his stout heart fail.

In his fearless front and resistless sweep
He seemeth as if to say:
"I challenge each puny thing of life
To dare to stand in my way."

To pause by his path on a moonless night,
As he flies through the murky space,
He looks like a demon on mischief intent,
With a meteor stuck on his face.

His glaring breath, as he belches it forth,
And high in the air doth loom,

Can be traced afar like a shooting star,
As it cleaves through the midnight gloom.

Out of my way ofttimes have I gone
To admire him as he ran,
And thought him too much like a thing of life
For the handiwork of man.

Oh, wondrous piece of mechanical skill!
Oh, mass of herculean power!
That can whirl us through space at the terrific pace
Of sixty miles an hour.

We rejoice in thee, thou iron horse!
It hath dawned a brighter day
For mankind at large since ye took us in charge
To hurry us on our way.

Then bring from his stall the fleet-footed steed,
Let his sinuous lines extend,
'Till Africa's dusky children, too,
Thank God for their tireless friend.

Written for the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

LIFE OF WILLIAM HOGARTH.

BY JOHN CURRAN KEEGAN.

"It was character, the passions, the soul, that his genius was given him to copy."—[Lord Oxford's Anecdotes on Paintings.]

WILLIAM Hogarth, that celebrated painter and engraver, was born in the City of London, the 10th of November, 1697, and bound an apprentice to Mr. Ellis Gamble, who kept a silversmith's shop in Cranbourn street, Leichesters Square, where, about the year 1712, his first essays were made by engraving initials on tea-spoons; afterwards, he ascended to the representations of those heraldic monsters which first grinned upon the shields of the holy army of Crusaders, and were from thence transferred to the massive tankards and ponderous two handled cups of their stately descendants. By copying this legion of *Hydras*, *Gorgons*, and *Chimera dire*, he attained an early taste for the ridiculous, and the grotesque countenance of a baboon, or a bear, the cunning eye of a fox, or the fierce front of the rampart lion, traced the characteristic varieties of the human physiognomy. He soon felt that the science which appertaineth unto the bearing of coat armor, was not suited to his taste or talents; and tired of amphibious many-colored brood that people the fields of heraldry, listened to the voice of Genius, which whispered him to read "the minds construction in the face," to study and delineate Man.

Bidding adieu to *red lions* and *green dragons*, he endeavored to attain such knowledge of drawing as would enable him to delineate the human figure, and transfer his *burin* from silver to copper-plate. In this attempt he had to encounter many difficulties. Engraving on copper was so different an art from engraving on silver, that it was necessary he should *unlearn* much which he had already learned. That

a youth of volatile dispositions, who had neither inheritance nor protection, must frequently want money, follows as certain as night to day; and we place full confidence in the assertion, when told he has frequently said, "I remember the time when I have gone moping into the city with scarce a shilling in my pocket; but having received ten guineas for a plate, returned home, put on my sword and bag, and sallied out again with all the confidence of a man who had ten thousand pounds in his pocket."

He first became known in his profession by seventeen small plates, with a head of the author, for *Butler's Hudibras*, printed in 1726.

The print of Harry VIII., and Anne Bullen, was engraved from a painting once in Vauxhal Gardens, from which, and some other assistance, Mr. Tyers (at that time proprietor of the garden) presented *Hogarth* with a gold ticket of admission for himself and his friends.

In the year 1727 *Hogarth* published a print entitled, "The Masquerade Picket," representing the various groups of motley figures usually assembled on such occasions, and at the top of the ticket he drew a clock, the pendulum supposed to be vibrating seconds, on which pendulum he wrote the word *Nonsense*, on the minute hand *Impertinence*, on the hour hand *Wit*—which signifies, that at a masquerade we may expect to hear *nonsense* every second, *impertinence* every minute, and *wit* only once an hour.

In the year 1730 *Hogarth* married the daughter of Sir James Thornhill, who painted the hall of Greenwich Hospital, as well as the scripture pieces in the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. This union not being accompanied with any fortune, compelled *Hogarth* to redouble his professional exertions.

In the year 1734 he established his character as a painter of domestic history, by the *Harlot's Progress*. The story commences with her arrival in London, when initiated in the school of profligacy, she experiences the miseries consequent to her situation, and dies in the morning of her life. Her *variety of wretchedness* forms such a picture of the way in which vice rewards her votaries, as ought to warn the young and inexperienced from entering the path of infamy. The whole story affords a valuable lesson to youth, and proves this great, this important truth, that *a deviation from virtue is a departure from happiness*.

Sir James Thornhill's opinion of the *Harlot's Progress* may be inferred from the following circumstance. *Hogarth* had, without consent, married his daughter; Sir James, considering him an obscure artist, was much displeased with the connection. To give him a better opinion of his son-in-law, a mutual friend, one morning, privately conveyed the six pictures of the *Harlot's Progress* into his drawing room. The veteran painter eagerly inquired who was the artist; and being told, cried out, "*Very well! very well, indeed!* The man who can paint such pictures as these, can maintain a wife without a portion." This was the remark of the moment; but he afterwards considered the union of his daughter with a man of such abilities an honor to his family, was reconciled, and generous.

In 1735 he published the *Rake's Progress*. In the last series of prints *Hogarth* delineated, with a master's hand, the miseries attendant upon a female's deviation from virtue. In this he presents to us the picture of a young man, the thoughtless, extravagant, and licentious; and in colors equally impressive, paints the destructive consequences of his wicked conduct. In the first place we see him refuse his promised hand to a female he has seduced. In the fourth she releases him from the

harpy fangs of a bailiff. She is present at his marriage. In the hope of relieving his distress, she follows him to a prison. The last scene of all, which ends this strange eventful history is in a mad house; but in this scene, dreary and horrid as are its accompaniments, wishing to soothe his misery and alleviate his woe, he is attended by the faithful and tender-hearted girl whom he so basely betrayed. What a return for deceit and desertion! That warm and tender friend, who in the most trying situations, retains her enthusiastic fondness, and in every change of fortune preserves unabated love, ought to be embraced as the first benison of heaven, the complexion of earthly happiness! Let man but draw such a prize in the lottery of life, and glide down the stream of existence with such a partner, and neither the cold averted eye of a summer friend, nor the frowns of adverse fortune, should ever produce a pang or excite a murmur.

Southwark Fair. A natural and highly ludicrous representation of the plebeian amusements, in the year 1733, when the fair was held at the top of Blackman street, opposite the King's Bench Prison.

A Midnight Modern Conversation. The company consists of eleven, and on the chimney-piece, floor, and table, are twenty-three empty flasks. These, added to a bottle which the apothecary holds in his hand, prove that this *select* society have not lost a moment. The overflowing bowl, full of goblets, and charged glasses, prove that they think "Tis to early to part," though the dial points to four in the morning.

"What have we with day to do?
Sons of care, sons of care, 'twas made for you."

Let us for a moment reflect upon the vice it is intended to satirize; and considered in a moral point of view, it may have as good an effect as the sight of an intoxicated slave had upon the young people of Sparta: this people often made their slaves drunk, that their sons disgusted at the sight might avoid the practice.

The Distressed Poet. Poor fellow! he is spinning a poem *upon Riches*. Of their *use* he probably knows very little; and of their abuse, if judgment can be formed from externals, he certainly knows less. Seated upon the side of his bed, without a shirt, but wrapped in an old night gown; enchanted, impressed, inspired with his subject, while his poor wife is by the fireside mending that part of his dress in the pockets of which the affluent keep their gold, he is disturbed by a nymph of the Lactarium, her shrill sounding voice awakes one of the *little loves* in bed, whose cries disturbs his meditations; a link of the golden chain is broken; a thought is lost; to recover it, his hand becomes a substitute for the barber's comb; enraged at the noise, he tortures his head for the fleeting idea, but, ah! no thought is there! Proudly conscious that the lines already written are *sterling*, he possesses, by anticipation, the golden mines of Peru, a view of which hangs over his head, though at the same time the poor poet is not able to pay the milkman's bill.

The Enraged Musician.

"With thundering voice the azure vault they tear,
And rend with savage roar the echoing air;
The sounds terrific he with horror hears,
His fiddle throws aside, and stops his ears."

Of the *dramatis personæ*, who perform the vocal parts, the first is a fellow bawling, Dust, ho! Dust, ho! Dust! next to him a man bellowing, Flounda-a-a-rs! a milkmaid, in a note pitched at the top of her voice, is crying, Be-louw! a ballad singer

with a child in her arms; a parrot screaming; on the roof of a house two cats, what an amateur of music might perhaps call a *bravura duet*; near them appears

"A sweep, shrill twittering on the chimney top."

A little French drummer singing to his rub-a-dub, and the *agreeable* yell of a dog, complete the vocal performers.

Of the Instrumental. A fellow blowing a horn; a dustman rattling his bell; a paviour, who, to every stroke of his hammer, adds a loud *haugh!* a man grinding a butcher's cleaver, with such earnestness and force, that it elicits sparks of fire; a dog barking; a man piping harsh discords upon a hautboy; a girl whirling a rattle; a boy beating his drum; another dragging a tile over a rough pavement; the church bells ringing; and men working in a pewterer's shop, conclude the catalogue of this harmonious band. The whole of this scene is admirably represented. A person quaintly enough observes, that it deafens one to look at this painting.

To be continued.

Written for the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

INDUSTRY.

BY JOHN CURRAN KEEGAN, A. B. T. C. D.

All is the gift of industry, whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful.

—[Thompson's Seasons.

THE poet has so remarkably, nay inimitably, set forth the beauties of industry, that it is, perhaps, but a weak attempt to elucidate the subject; but as idleness names the child of sloth, so industry should prompt men, by the labor of their hands and faculties, to the attainment of a sufficiency to render their lives as comfortable as possible through this passage of mortality. But as man is placed here under the eye of an all-seeing Providence, beneath the inspection of Omniscience itself, he should be extremely careful to obtain nothing but what an honest industry may allot him; whenever methods are pursued to accomplish lucrative designs that bear any contrasts to this, will, in no wise render the enjoyment delightful, but sadly embitter, and give a false taste to the enjoyment itself. We should be much upon our guard not to deviate from this principle, if we expect peace at last; for as the attainments and acquisitions of such an industry as the poet speaks of, may have a happy effect in the relish of such good things which the bountifulness of Providence has thus bestowed, in implanting a suitable return of gratitude to the wise giver, and an universal benevolence towards mankind, these are the just and equitable returns of a feeling mind. A mind thus ennobled, thus qualified, may possess very different reflections from such as have by oppression and injustice, accumulated to themselves ill-gotten wealth; a sort of riches that carry with them their own sting, and serve to enhance the remorse of their possessor. The industrious laborer, contented in his humble cottage with the fruits of his labor, is happier, far happier, with a small portion to furnish his table, than the luxurious, where fashion and extravagance decorate the same. The industrious man has a sensible, pleasing relish of his labors, which the indolent and inactive can not possibly partake of. As he knows the fatigues of acquiring, so the pleasures of enjoying must necessarily be his just compensation. A competency acquired by

industry must be more permanent, and give a greater satisfaction than any other, and a little thus got is commonly seen the more lasting. If the sentiments of industry were properly cultivated, universally understood, and as happily received, the errors of a bewitching covetousness on the one hand, and its opposite, a luxurious prodigality on the other, would in a great measure be avoided and render a medium of circumstances the most desirable, and having a sufficiency would learn us to be content. Industry is a virtue calculated by providence as a fit employ for man, provided it be attended with due restrictions, as not to forget the weightier matters of futurity.

Will it not rather increase and add to our piety and devotion? For he, who by intemperance and other follies is rendered unfit for the necessary callings of his daily necessities, perhaps is an object as unfit and as disqualified, to render the services and duties required of him to the author of his being. Many, by adhering to the proper rules of industry, have been happily preserved from dangers and difficulties which would otherwise befall them, as well as from the distresses of abject poverty. It is not my intention to make any remarks on the different kinds of men which, undoubtedly, are intended for wise purposes, to create an emulation among all degrees by industry, that all would remember the wise saying, "Go to the ant, consider her ways, and be wise." The very insects and creatures innumerable, have this instinct of making provision against the hapless and approaching period of want.

Poverty is but too universally known, therefore a picture of its miseries is superfluous and unnecessary; the fate of men is so diversified here that all are not to enjoy an equality; but how many more might, if industry were properly attended to, and a little attained by it "exalt, embellish, and render life delightful."

Lowell, Mass., March 11, 1879.

Written for the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

IDLENESS.

TIM FAGAN.

"Count the day lost whose low descending sun,
From your hands have seen no worthy action done."

To avoid idleness or laziness—which comes under this head—we must employ our time to advantage. We should employ it for ourselves not only in manual labor, but also in the cultivation of our intellect, and never forget the duty we owe the republic. Acquiring habits of idleness or indolence deprives us of the means to perform this duty. Because, after the duty we owe our Creator comes that of our country.

Too much time is spent in idle talk, and not enough in instructive conversation. We accustom ourselves to the use of slang phrases so much, that when we wish to acquit ourselves with credit and respect to those we address, we on the contrary betray a vulgarity that we did not wish to expose, and tried in vain to hide. Scripture says "That every idle word that man shall speak he shall render an account in the day of judgment." How many hours every day do we lose in idle frivolous talk, accomplishing nothing, but losing time? It can not be said we rest in this occupation. Rest from manual labor is in the exercises of the mind. The Lacedæmonians taught and practiced brevity in their speech.

According to Plutarch, it is King Leonides who said, "My friend, you should not talk so much to the purpose, of what it is not to the purpose to talk of." The same author tells us that Achidamidas when having complained that Hecataeus the Sophist, had said nothing during a public repast, he replied, "He that knows how to speak, knows also when to speak."

A great deal of money is expended in the purchase of books, papers and periodicals, the perusal of which only satisfies for the moment, and gives a transitory pleasure, which only inflames and debases the mind. A craving for this kind of literature once established, and we lose all interest in the acquisition of useful knowledge, which only can be gained in the cultivation of conversation, reading good books, and when traveling to retain the information thus acquired.

The Egyptians, it is said, were the first to introduce libraries. They were justly called the remedy for the diseases of the soul. For well the Egyptians knew that most all maladies of the soul, originated from their parent ignorance, a sister of idleness. This great nation was diffusing knowledge in all parts of the world, and giving to mankind the sciences, wise laws and politeness. They considered this more glorious than the conquest of arms that other nations were making at that time.

Lycurgus, the law-giver to Sparta, a faithful student in the school of human nature, had traveled the then known world, that he might obtain a code of just laws to govern the people of his country. He found in his travels the beautiful poems of Homer, and observed they contained much political knowledge and moral sentences. He collected them and brought them with him, and was the first to make them generally known. He met in his travels through Asia a sect of Indians—the Brachmans were one of these—so great was their aversion to idleness that every pupil of theirs was obliged to give an account every day of some good he had done, either by meditation or action, before he was admitted to dinner. We must school ourselves that we may be fully able and competent to grasp the great important questions which agitates the country to-day, or that may arise in any future time during our lives, having such a knowledge of their origin and existence that we may assist to crush them if their adoption should be derogatory to the State's welfare, or to the greater number of its inhabitants, thereby leaving to posterity an example that will inspire them to watch and guard with jealous care the happiness of the people, and impress upon their minds the first duty to each other.

Time is our inherited fortune, and on its disposition depends our future welfare. Be careful then how we use it, else we will find an invariable fact, that we regret its loss when it is too late, for

"Time wears all his locks before,
And when he flies he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked."

THE DOG WAS ALL RIGHT.

WE are frequently indebted to our friend Col. Yard, of the *Monmouth Democrat*, for anecdotes illustrative of the character of the peculiar people who live in New Jersey. He sends us this:

The Hon. G. T— tells a good story of a slow railroad in the northern part of the State. He says he went there gunning, and came to a short line of road on

which runs a single car, the forward end of which was partitioned off for baggage. He took his dog in the car with him and put him under the seat. Presently the conductor came along and insisted that the dog should go into the baggage-room, which, after some altercation, was done; but here the baggage-master demanded a fee of 50 cents, which was denounced as a "swindle," a "put up job" between the conductor and the baggage-master, and that sooner than pay it he would tie the dog to the train and let him "work his passage." The conductor assented, and the dog was hitched to the rear of the train. The dog, so T—— says, kept along easily with the train, but the conductor began to get uneasy, making frequent trips to the engineer, urging him to increase the speed of the train, and back again to watch the effect upon the dog. The latter began to show signs of fatigue, but after a while caught his "second wind," and was keeping along as before. The conductor now ordered the engineer to heave all the coal into the furnace and stir up the fire, which being done, the speed was perceptibly increased. The conductor again went to the rear of the car to observe the effect, but the dog had disappeared, whereupon he triumphantly called T——'s attention to the fact. The latter, after taking a glance at the situation, quietly pointed to a crack in the floor of the car, "and there," says he, "was the dog comfortably trotting along under the car, licking the grease from one of the axle-boxes!"

Written for the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

STEALING APPLES.

BY MISS JULIA A. SMITH.

A BOY was standing on the ground,
Looking at an apple, large and round,
That hung in the very top of a tree,
"That apple will soon be mine," thought he.

He strips off his coat and spits on his hands,
With a spring, at the foot of the tree he stands,
All ready now to go on his way
For the apple that hangs so red and so gay.

Safe he stands on a spreading limb,
Looks to the ground but his eyes grow dim,
He raises his hand to wipe off the tears
That glistening on his cheeks appear.

"See here, young lad, what you doin' up there?"
Said an old, feeble man, with silvery hair,
"Goin' for to get them apples, hey?
Better come down pretty quick, I say."

And he shook his fist, and he shook his head,
"These apples are mine, not yours, he said;
And the quicker you're out of that tree, my boy,
The better the rest of this day you'll enjoy."

The man was old, and feeble, and gray,
The boy was young, and sprightly, and gay,

And he thought to himself, "he walks with a cane,
So without a doubt he must be lame;

The instant I put my feet to the ground,
I'll shout in his ear, then off I'll bound,
I'll run away from the stingy old man,
And to-night I'll get every apple I can.

I'll get every boy in the village to come
And each one will help to carry off some,
So all of the blame won't fall on me."
He thought all this as he came from the tree.

He took to his feet as he said he would,
The man couldn't catch him, if try he could.
"Ha! ha! the boy's forgotten his coat,
That I'll take and leave him in a boat."

He took up the coat and carried it home,
Hung it right in the entry alone,
Wondering what he would do and say,
As for his running, and what was to pay.

Next day a timid and gentle rap
Came at the door where the old man sat.
"Come in," said a feeble, trembling voice,
Sit down in the chair, or window, your choice."

The boy politely raised his hat,
He didn't expect a welcome like that.
"No, thank you, but if y-o-u p-l-e-a-s-e," he said,
"I w-o-u-l-d l-i-k-e my coat," as his cheeks grew red.

"So, you are the boy that ran away
From the apple tree the other day?
I knew you not for you didn't stop
But I saw your coat and a few things drop.

You will find it there upon the nail.
Now, boy, remember and don't you fail
When you want an apple up so high
Ask for it, not take it sly.

Such little things will lead along,
And when you're a man, large and strong,
You'll rue the day you ever tried
To steal the apples, then run and hide.

God sees you, my boy, if I do not,
So right here let your thieving stop."
"God is my witness, sir, I will try,
I will take my coat, many thanks, good bye!"

Carlin, Nevada.

THE MAN WITH THE RED EYE.

ABOUT eight years ago, when I had not railroaded it as long as I have now, I was employed as a messenger on a Western railway. I don't know as it is necessary for me to say what line it was, but I will call it the B. T. & G. R. R. to save myself the trouble of pronouncing the whole name.

I had not been on the run more than a month previous to the date of the occurrence of which I am going to tell you. I had been running on a branch route, and had been chosen to take Paxton's place when he went off. You see, two or three attempts had been made to rob the express car, and at last, at the end of a long run, Paxton was found dead in the car with a bullet hole in his head. But the safe was closed tight and secure, though an attempt had been made to blow it open, which proved ineffectual. But the strangest part of it all was that the key was missing from Paxton's pocket, and it was not found till good six weeks afterward. Then it was discovered at the side of the track with a card tied on it, on which was written that robbers were in the car, and he expected they would murder him if he refused to give up the key.

Well, you may suppose that I felt just the least bit squeamish about accepting such an uninviting berth; but the Superintendent gave me orders, and I meant to do my duty, however disagreeable it might be.

Everything passed off smoothly enough for several weeks, when one day I was informed by the agent at R—— that sometime within a week I would have to take charge of about eighty thousand dollars in specie in its transit over the road. The officers of the express company had been advised of this intended shipment in order that they might exercise redoubled vigilance, in view of the great risk incurred in the transportation of such a valuable consignment.

The evening after the conversation with the agent he called me into his office, and told me the specie was to go over the road the next day but one. He produced an envelope and handed it to me, saying, as he did so:

"There, Bill, are your orders, direct from the Superintendent, with his own signature attached. Read them carefully, and obey them to the letter, for a little mismove might cause a great loss to the company and cost you your position."

"I shall do my duty to the very letter," I replied.

"I am sure you mean to do so," said the agent, "but you cannot be too careful. Some of the members of the light-fingered profession are as smart as lightning. The plans they can't devise ain't worth thinking of, and they are as fertile in expedients as the evil one himself. I thought I'd just put you on your guard in a friendly way, and——"

There was a slight sound at the door. If the depot hadn't been deserted by every one except we two, and the switch engine hadn't been up at the end of the yard where we couldn't hear its incessant puffing, I don't believe we would have heard the sound at all. But we both noticed it at once, and as I looked out of the office into the large room beyond I saw a man standing just inside the outer door, with his head inclined toward us as if he were trying to overhear our conversation. He saw me about the time I first noticed him, I knew it from the little start of surprise he gave as his eye met mine.

He was all over his surprise in a minute, for he drew his face down to an expression of the utmost unconcern, and came boldly to the window of the office, through

which the agent always transacted business he might have with persons without.

He was a very fair appearing man, apparently about forty, though he might have been a little older. He was dressed in black, and, wearing a high hat, he might have passed very well for one of the cloth, if his nose hadn't been a trifle luminous. The other peculiarity I noticed about the man was that he had a queer sort of a red-looking eye. It appeared fixed and staring, and as he came nearer I concluded it was glass. It was so strange and unnatural in its expression that I thought I should know it if I should see it peering at me over the wall of China.

"Is there a small package here for Isaac G. Van Scoter?" he asked, in a business-like way, in answer to the inquiring glance of the agent.

The agent referred to one of the big registers on the desk, and answered in the negative.

"Queer," said the man with the red eye. "It ought to have come yesterday. Have you read the Evening Journal?"

We both answered "No."

The man took a paper out of his pocket, and spreading it open before us, put one of his slender forefingers upon the following paragraph:

"FATAL ACCIDENT.—This afternoon as two men, named respectively Harry Van Scoter and C. H. Griggs, were at work chopping timber in the pineries near Scanton, a tree fell upon them, killing Van Scoter instantly, and inflicting injuries upon the person of Griggs, from which he died in less than an hour. They are residents of G—, and it is understood their remains will be taken to that place for burial."

"Henry Van Scoter was my only brother—my twin brother—who resembles me very much, and Charlie Griggs was my sister's husband. It is a sad blow! I don't know how my poor sister will bear it. It is about this affair that I came here chiefly. I want to send the two bodies to G—by express, Thursday, by the 11:40 train. What will be the charges?"

"The charge will be twenty-five dollars," answered the agent.

The stranger only bowed solemnly in recognition of the reply. Then he was silent for a minute or two, during which time he appeared to be struggling with his grief. "The bodies will be here Thursday morning," he said. "I hope you will make all arrangements to prevent any delay. I guess my package will not come this week."

The agent assured him that there would be no delay, and he might depend on having the bodies go through to G— with the greatest possible expedition.

The man bowed again politely, then he said:

"Is the telegraph office near? I must break the sorrowful news to my poor sister, I suppose, though it is anything but a pleasant duty."

"I told him how to reach the place he sought, and with a polite "thank you," the sad man with the red eye walked out of the office, and in a couple of minutes the sound of his footsteps died away in the distance.

"A queer sort of a chap," I said.

"A little odd," said the agent.

"I wonder if he heard us talking about the specie," I queried.

"He seems honest enough."

"Yes," I said, "but I am sure he was listening to our talk when I first observed him."

"Are you certain of it," the agent asked eagerly.

"Well—no," I replied, "not altogether certain, beyond all mistake, but it looked mighty like it, I can tell you."

"Suppose you go the telegraph office and see what kind of a message he sends," suggested the agent.

"Did that preacher-looking fellow send a message to G——?" I asked the operator, when I had gone in and closed the door after me.

"Yes; why do you ask?"

"Only out of curiosity," I replied. "Was it anything of importance? The man said that his brother and brother-in-law were both killed this afternoon."

The operator took the copy of the message from the file on the table and laid it before me. It was addressed to Mrs. C. H. Griggs, G——, and signed Isaac C. Van Scoter. It read: "Henry and Charles are both dead. They will be sent home Thursday."

Everything seemed consistent, and any doubts I had entertained of the good intentions of the stranger were speedily dissolved. I didn't go back to the office, but turned toward my boarding-place, thinking, as I walked along, Thursday would be an uncommon day with me, with two corpses and eighty thousand dollars in specie in my car.

The money was safely deposited in the car an hour before the time for the train to leave Thursday morning. It was securely locked in two strong, iron-bound chests; and when they were put away in the large safe, and the heavy door made fast, I thought everything was pretty well fixed. A few minutes before we pulled out, two wagons passed the car, one of them containing two coffins, and the other six men who were evidently acting as pall-bearers. I looked around for the bereaved brother with the peculiar eye, but he was nowhere to be seen. I thought it was a little strange that he should be absent at such a time, but I forgot all about it in a moment.

The coffins were placed in one end of the car, and after it had been arranged that one of the men should come into the car and take a look at the bodies when we arrived at Redwood, he shook hands with the others, and entered one of the coaches. As the door closed on him the bell rang, and we went steaming away.

I was pretty busy for an hour or more, and we had passed three or four stations before I had time to cast more than a casual glance at the passengers at the other end of the car. But after a little, when I had more leisure, an uncontrollable wish took possession of me to look at the faces of the two dead men. It wasn't mere morbid curiosity, and I can't describe it in any way better than to say it was a sort of vague desire which I could not quiet without satisfying it.

I noticed that the lids were not fastened down. My next discovery was that the screws were gone. This struck me as strange, for I was sure I had noticed them when the coffins were lifted from the wagon. I remembered that I had given the attendants permission to arrange the casket to their own satisfaction, and that they had been a long time doing it. If they had removed the screws unobserved at the time, what possible object could they have in doing so? With this question in my mind, I raised the upper portion of the coffin nearest me, and took a look at the face of the occupant. He was a young man, with full face and square features. His cheeks were not sunken, and he had a decidedly fresh appearance for a young man who had been dead two days, I thought.

Replacing the lid I passed away to the other coffin. Here a new and startling

surprise met me. The man in the coffin was the man whom I had seen in the express office! That red eye was staring straight at me; and I was not mistaken! For a moment my life depended on it.

This man, who was alive after the accident, which the papers said caused the death of Van Scoter and Griggs, and who had made arrangements for the transportation of their remains, was now in this coffin, to all appearance dead! Then I remembered that the bereaved stranger had said that his dead brother resembled him very closely. But two brothers are not apt to have red glass eyes! Such a coincidence as this was beyond the pale of reasonable probabilities.

While yet I gazed at the supposed corpse, the other eye opened a little, and I was sure that it was looking at me. I was convinced that there was fraud here, but to show that I had discovered it might cost me my life. So I very quietly replaced the lid of the coffin, and took a moment's time to consider the matter over.

I remembered my conversation with the express agent, which we feared had been overheard by the clerical-looking stranger, and could only come to the conclusion that the whole thing was a deliberate plan to murder me and take possession of the eighty thousand dollars in my charge.

There was no denying that the man with the red eye was alive, and I had no doubt that the other was also. Kneeling down I placed my ear to the side of the coffin, and could hear him breathe quite distinctly. I remember that the attendant who had boarded the train intended to enter the car at Redwood, ostensibly for the purpose of seeing the bodies; and I could not doubt but that the three men intended to attack me after the train pulled out from the station, and rob the car before our arrival at the next stopping-place.

There was but one station between us and Redwood, and I knew we would be there in ten minutes more. Instant action was my only chance for safety. If I could secure myself against an attack until we reached the next station, I felt that all would be well. In one instant I had decided upon a plan of action. As quickly as possible I piled several heavy boxes of merchandise on top of the two coffins, and then I knew I was safe. Scarcely was this accomplished when we ran into the station.

I immediately found two or three officers. First the man in the coach was secured. He was highly indignant that he should be disturbed on such a solemn mission. But it was no go. He was handcuffed in less than two minutes and marched on the platform.

It was an easy matter to secure the two quondam dead men. They were taken greatly at a disadvantage, and were deprived of all power to resist almost before they became aware how the nice little scheme had terminated. All three were well armed.

Bound and guarded the three miscreants were taken to Redwood and lodged in jail.

Before I left I took a look at them through the grated doors of their cell. When I paid my respects to the man with the red eye, he smiled a little, and remarked, patronizingly:

"You're a pretty sharp young man. It takes a middling keen boy to outwit you."

"Permit me to sympathize with you in your sorrow at the loss of your dear brother, just a little," I replied.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY MUCH LOVED FRIEND
F. N. SCHOOLEY.

REST sweetly gentle one, for now
The rock of stubborn grief,
Is melting by my fervent tears,
And gives my heart relief.

His spirit passed away,
To a quiet dreamless sleep,
And thought of his blissful waking,
Makes us happy while we weep.

He's gone from this world of sorrow,
Gone to the nobler life,
Of eternal peace and glory,
Safe from earth's fierce strife.

The golden link which bound us,
Draws us more closely now,
We have one more treasure in heaven,
And one tie less below.

The starry eve will turn to day,
And day to starry eve,
And time itself for me must end,
Ere I shall cease to grieve.

Seymour, Feb. 22, 1879.

WIT AND HUMOR.

THE YOUNG IDEA—ONE OF BOB INGERSOLL'S THEORIES PUT TO THE TEST.

Not long since the following utterance of Bob Ingersoll went the rounds of the papers:

"Col. Ingersoll says he keeps a pocketbook in an open drawer, and his children go and help themselves to money whenever they want it. 'They eat when they want to; they may sleep all day if they choose, and sit up all night if they desire. I don't try to coerce them. I never punish; never scold. They buy their own clothes, and are masters of themselves.'"

A gentleman living on Marshall street, who has a boy that is full as kitteney as his father, read the article and pondered deeply. He knew that Col. Ingersoll was a success at raising children in the way they should go, and he thought he would try it. The boy had caused him considerable annoyance, and he made up his mind that he had not treated the boy right, so he called the boy in from the street, where he was putting soft soap on a lamp post in order to see the lamp-lighter climb it, and said to him:

"My son, I have decided to adopt a different course with you. Heretofore I have been careful about giving you money, and have wanted to know where every cent went to, and my supervision no doubt has been annoying to you. Now, I am

going to leave my pocketbook in the bureau drawer, with plenty of money in it, and you are at liberty to use all you want without asking me. I want you to buy anything you desire, buy your own clothes, and to feel as though the money was yours, and that you had not got to account for it. Just make yourself at home now, and try to have a good time."

The boy looked at the old gentleman, put his hand on his head as though he had "got 'em sure," and went out to see the lamp-lighter climb that soft soap. The next day the stern parent went out into the country shooting, and returned on the midnight train three days later. He opened the door with a latch-key, and a strange yellow dog grabbed him by the elbow of his pants and shook him, he said, "like the agur."

The dog barked and chewed until the son came down in his night-shirt and called him off. He told his father he had bought that dog of a fireman for \$11, and it was probably the best dog bargain that had been made this season. He said the fireman told him he could find a man that wanted that kind of a dog.

The parent took off his pants, what the dog had not removed, and in the hall he stumbled over a birch-bark canoe the boy had bought of an Indian for \$9, and an army musket with an iron ramrod fell down from the corner. The boy had paid \$6 for that. He had also bought himself an overcoat with a sealskin collar and cuffs, and a complete outfit of calico shirts and silk stockings.

In his room the parent found the marble top of a soda-fountain, a wheelbarrow, a shelf filled with all kinds of canned meat, preserves, and crackers, and a barrel of apples; a wall-tent, and six pairs of blankets were rolled up ready for camping out, and a buckskin shirt and a pair of corduroy pants lay on the bed ready for pulling on. Six fish-poles and a basketful of fish-lines were ready for business, and an oyster-can full of grub-worms for bait, were squirming on the washstand. The old gentleman looked the lay-out over, looked at his pocketbook in the bureau drawer, as empty as a contribution box, and said:

"Young man, the times have been too flush. We will now return to a specie basis. When you want money, come to me and I will give you a nickel, and you will tell me what you want to buy with it, or I'll warm you. Do you hear me!"

And now that man stands around from the effects of the encounter with the yellow dog, and asks every man where a letter will reach Bob. Ingersoll. He says he will kill Ingersoll, if it is the last noble act he ever accomplishes.—*Peck's Sun*.

RED noses are light-houses to warn voyagers on the sea of life off the coast of Malaga, Jamaica, Santa Cruz and Holland.—*Prentice*.

"You flatter me," as the orange said to Judge David Davis when he sat down upon it.—*Hawkeye*. "You injure me to rise," responded the judge as the orange's life blood penetrated the dome of his pantaloons.—*Rockland Courier*.

An officer in the army laughed at a timid woman because she was alarmed at the noise of a cannon when a salute was fired. He subsequently married that timid woman, and six months afterwards he took off his boots in the hall when he came in late.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher, after telling the story of Ananias and Sapphira, asked why God does not strike everybody dead that tells a lie, and one little girl said, "I guess it's 'cause He'd be afraid there wouldn't be anybody left."

Editorial.

WM. N. SAYRE, *Editor.*

E. V. DEBS, *Associate Editor.*

WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.

Benevolence is one of the most sacred attributes of the human family. It is the spontaneous effusion of a sympathetic heart, and is the key-stone of all the acts of kindness and charity that have blessed mankind. Benevolence is the founder of all insurance and protective associations. Where charity doth not prevail between man and man, there "countless thousands mourn."

When we think of the origin of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and the incalculable amount of good it is doing, we can not refrain from concluding and admitting that the organization was born of Benevolence; that it has leaped from the magnanimous hearts of charitable men, and that so long as human affection prevails, the product of the thought and labor of these men, must be preserved and perpetuated.

Benevolence founded our Brotherhood, and benevolence must sustain it, and while we are deeply in sympathy with the organization, and love to labor in its behalf, we would scorn to be one of its devotees were not charity its prime object.

Remember, friends, that our order is not founded upon selfish motives, that the protection of ourselves is not the only aim. When we look across this fair land and see the thousands of locomotive firemen laboring steadily and earnestly to make an ordinary livelihood for themselves and families, and then consider that they are the supporters of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, we can not help but see that they have the welfare of others besides themselves at heart. They know that life on a locomotive is dreadfully uncertain, and that by a turn of the hand of providence, their families are widows and orphans, and perhaps beggars. Benevolence prompts them to make provision, ere it is too late, and so they rally to the support of the Locomotive Firemen's standard, and by contributing to its support, the protection of their families is insured. We often think of the widows and orphans of railroad men; and while the heart is moved with compassion to see them scattered over our beautiful country, left to the cold mercy of indifferent strangers, we can not imagine how a locomotive fireman can conscientiously neglect to provide for them in time. It is a duty he owes to God, to himself, and his family. Imagine a widow without a home, without means by which to gain a livelihood, going from door to door, with tear-filled eyes, begging bread for her children. Imagine the little orphans; cold, neglected, hungry; left to grow up in ignorance and idleness; and then tell me whether we ought not to be inspired by a deeper sense of the necessity of intensifying the interests of our insurance association.

The amount due from each member is insignificant, and ought to be paid in promptly. Do not wait for our Grand Secretary and Treasurer to write you a second letter, but be determined that you will recognize the first notification. The average cost to each member, for the sustenance of his insurance system, has been but the paltry sum of thirteen cents per month, and when we consider the amount of good it has done, the widows it has protected, the orphans it has clothed and educated, we can not but think that the institution is a benefactor to that

portion of our helpless and suffering humanity in which Locomotive Firemen are pre-eminently interested, and that it ought to be adequately recognized. Let us appeal to the benevolence of each member of our organization for the prompt payment of our death claims. Remember that a neglect of this duty is at the expense of helpless women and suffering children. That with outstretched hand, the widow is awaiting the fulfillment of your obligation.

You have pledged your manhood, and let it not be said that it has been sacrificed upon the altar of selfishness.

THE LABOR PROBLEM.

Whatever politicians may say to the contrary, however much they may attempt to lead the masses away from the truth, the fact remains, that the labor question is the great problem of the immediate future. Politicians may howl over the Southern question; so-called statesmen may cry "revolution" at each other, but the thinking man knows that most of it is done for effect; he knows further, that the future outlook is ominous for peace and prosperity, if the wants of the laboring man are not met as they should be. Like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, the labor issue looms up, prominent, awful, grand; and he only is a true friend to his country, who understands the great difficulty, and will use his honest endeavors to solve it. The solution, we hope, will come steadily, peacefully, but come it must, though it be necessary to bring it here on the terrible wings of revolution. Not the revolution of bloodshed, but a revolution that will overwhelm the enemies of the laboring classes beneath ruin unutterable. God hasten the day, say we. Organization is the great secret of success. A body of men—no matter who they are, or for what purpose they come together—if they are well organized, they will succeed. Our readers will recognize the truth of this by looking at our own grand Brotherhood. We are as one man, from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon—East, West, North, South—the same great body of honest, hard-working men. One great body, with one noble heart, beating responsive to the wishes of every member. Let us persevere in our objects, let us organize more fully, and we shall become more of what we are already: a power in the land for good. Brothers, gird on the armor, the whole world is a battle field, and we must be the heroes of the fight for our rights.

READERS of the Firemen's Magazine will be pleased to know that we have secured as contributors to our pages such able and well-known writers as J. Curran Keegan, a well-known writer and literary critic; also, one of our brothers, whose articles have run through twenty-two numbers of our book, and is always hailed with welcome, the non-de-plume is M. S. M. In addition to these, we have the able productions of N. W. Parker, Lee O'Harris, T. S. Abbott, and several lady friends. We desire now to receive all the "Queries," and answers thereto, as members see fit to produce. It gives interest to the work, and should be well handled.

WE have received several copies of Commissioner Walls' annual report of labor statistics for the State of Ohio, year 1878. Mr. Walls has a complete report of all branches of industry contained in this volume; and a similar bureau established in each State, would be most advantageous. At present such statistics as are given to the few, are safely locked within the libraries of State buildings. We are truly grateful to Commissioner Walls, and highly pleased with the report.

THE Columbus Daily *Labor* says:

"No labor journal in the Union ever yet had a proper support from the workers. They could give money for everything but that; they have never realized the immense power and influence which their own journals would give them. They may take it for granted that, without labor journals, the wage-workers will always be a rope of sand. It is never too late to change a foolish course for a wiser one. Labor journals are absolute necessities for the wage-workers; they can make no other vehicle for the exchange of thought, and the discussion of problems and remedies. Money expended on a labor journal gives in return a store of enlightenment and knowledge that lasts for life, and can not disappear like the assets of a broken savings bank. We are receiving a far better support than we anticipated, but still there is much room for improvement in that respect."

We emphatically concur with the above, and did our support rest alone with those whom the Magazine is intended to interest, generally speaking, we would like other labor organs be among the missing. The Locomotive Firemen's Monthly should have at least eight thousand supporters among firemen alone, yet there are many cities where it is impossible to work up a list, for want of action on the part of members.

In our April issue we made a mistake in the resolutions of No. 57. We should have mentioned the Boston, Clinton & Fitchburg R'y., instead of Fitchburg R'y.

IMPORTANT.

Magazine Agents at points where we ship by the American or United States Express Companies will go to such offices about the first of each month, and inquire for a package of *Firemen's Magazines*. The books leave here done up strong, and directed plainly. We get a check-sheet from each company's agent, and also see them placed in the office. We have on several occasions traced packages up for our agents, and invariably find that they *were not called for*, or if so, did not state what the package contained, which is absolutely necessary, as they don't go on way-bills, but are *dead-head*.

WM. N. SAYRE, E. V. DEBS.

NOTICE.—Sub-Lodges are hereby notified not to loan any of the money from their treasury to C. F. Tooper, of No. 54. Order of W. T. GOUNDIE, G. M.

I have eight finely bound volumes of Magazine for sale. All persons desiring their books bound *in good style*, with gilt stamp of locomotive and motto on cover should send to this office.

WM. N. SAYRE.

BLACK LIST.

No. 63. Chas Hewitt, expelled for selling liquors.

No. 43. Wesley Dunham, Wm. Korando, M. Rennick, S. N. Seip, D. Ult. J. H. Cline, T. Southard, A. B. Schapp, L. Carter, A. S. Bradley, 10 persons expelled who won't assist widows and little children whose father has met the fate of a railroad man. In other words, they refuse to pay 25 cents each to the helpless.

No. 14. F. Crane, W. La Rue, E. Teneyck, C. Dockwiler, Cal. Elliott, C. Merri-man, F. Genung, Jas. C. Barnard, Andy Ensey, expelled, same cause as No. 43's list calls for.

No. 66. Jacob Smith and W. W. Smith for defrauding widows of twenty-five cents each.

Correspondence.

OUR INDIA LETTER.

BY T. S. ABBOTT.

VISIT TO THE CAVES OF ELEPHANTA—Continued.

After resting awhile, we started again, and after toiling a long time in the hot sun, over these long steps, finally reached the top, and were completely used up. Here we rested under some palm trees, and their large leaves gave us plenty of air. Such a grand sea view as we had here, I have not seen from land in a long time. There were several large islands near us, Bombay island in the distance, and also the Mahratta coast. We were surrounded by trees of all sorts. There were cocoa palms, and date palms, with their great trunks, fifty feet high, and their broad, long leaves, and from their tops were hanging long clusters of dates and cocoa nuts. There were also clumps of bamboos, these were leafless, dry and withered, and when we touched them it sounded as if we had knocked a hollow tin pipe. The rains will soon start them into life. There were also wild orange and lemon trees, with green fruit upon them, and lots of mango bushes.

After a brief rest, we started for the entrance of the cave. There is a broad, stone pavement up to it from the top of the flight of steps. When we arrived there we were met by a chowhedar, or native policeman. He told us we must purchase tickets of admission, and they would be one rupee. "Dear me," I exclaimed, "it costs one a rupee to draw a long breath in this country." The entrance to the caves is surrounded by a high picketed fence, painted black, and as in times past, these caves have been much abused by vandals from all parts, the English government has lately taken a notion to take care of what is left of them. So they put up this fence or paling as they call it, and have these two native chowhedars to stand guard. They also built a bungalow, and stationed a broken down army officer here, on half pay, to look after the place, and these two natives help him. The fee demanded helps to pay these men.

We passed through the gate, and found ourselves in a square court, with floor and sides of solid rock, and the immense cave right in front of us. This cave is fifty-five feet wide, its height eighteen feet, and its length about equal to its width. There are the remains of a flight of four wide steps up to the cave, but old father Time has been busily at work, and except in one place, it's hard telling what it was originally. The cave is an immense, square chamber, cut out of the solid rock, and the roof is supported by pillars cut out of the solid rock. There were originally twenty-six of them, but only eighteen now remain. There are also two enormous columns on each side the entrance. The capitals of the pillars within the cave resemble a compressed cushion, bound by a fillet. The "abatus" is like a bunch of reeds. Below the capital, the column may be compared to a fluted bell, resting on a plain octagonal member, placed upon a die, and on each corner is placed a little grinning god of stone. These pillars support large beams cut in the solid stone roof, six of which run across the top or roof. The sides of this cavern are cut into compartments, and in them are figures of gods and angels, and various persons in heathen mythology, sculptured with rare art, in bas-reliefs in the lining rock.

To be continued.

GALION, O. March 16th, 1879.

Brother Sayre: Home again from a long Southern trip, through Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, and North and South Carolina, East and West Virginia, and take it all in all, I had a pleasant trip. I found Brother Will Achey alive and well, and full of biz, and the trip with him from Nashville to Chattanooga will long be remembered by me. The way of railroading in the South I can not say that I greatly admire, as it is rather more of a guerrilla life than I would like. But they go prepared for a siege, as they carry a cook stove and negro cook with them.

The Western and Atlantic R. R., from Chattanooga to Atlanta, is a very good road, and makes good time, but they ought to, as they carry 150 pounds of steam, and as much more as they need to make the time. They have the finest engines I saw in the South. But after you leave Atlanta I can not say much for or in favor of the style of railroading, that I happened to come across. They mostly burn wood, and their engines look as though they received but little care from any one, dirty, and seldom have over three exhausts, and in taking steam will blow the wood almost out of the fire-box, and the reverse lever has about one-half inch play each way in the quadrant, which makes a pleasant clatter, that can be heard above the noise of running over old iron. The A. & G. W. would feel nervous to have such engines in the scrap heap. There most of the firemen never get tanned by exposure to sun or coal-dust as they do in the north, but I should imagine there would be lots of things more pleasant than being shut up in a hot cab with them in warm weather. Their hair generally has considerable kink to it, so much so as to cause the most of them to have very open countenances, and when the train pulls hard the fireman is not allowed to put his head out of the window, unless he looks backward, and in going down hill he keeps his head out all the time, as they have no brakes. All this is done by Southern Firemen for the modest sum of \$1.00 per day. The companies are also modest in their charges. Passenger rates, from 5 to 7 cents per mile being the average, and from Toco to St. Augustine, Florida, 14 miles, costs \$4.00 for round trip ticket, and they don't give a *chromo* either. As to climate for winter it is the finest I have ever seen. The thermometer stood 85° in the shade January 21, 1879, with oranges, lemons, strawberries, green peas, potatoes, tomatoes, etc., in abundance, but the country and the people I have no particular love for, as the land is too poor to make brick without manure, and the people too lazy to do anything but chew tobacco and drink whisky. I have heard and read of the many fortunes made in orange culture, but I spent four weeks in Florida looking for one of those rich men, and must say I think they had all left before I arrived there as I could not see them with the naked eye. And now my advice to all brothers that have lots of money to spend and wish help to do it in a lively manner is: go to Florida, the land of swamps and sand, (but you'll find two swamps to one sand the state over) and you'll strike oil.

CHAS. BENNETT, Lodge No. 5.

Mr. Wm. N. Sayre: I received a copy of the "Locomotive Firemen's Magazine," for January, 1879. The literary matter is first-class, and the news relating to the Brotherhood should recommend it to every locomotive fireman. The complete directory of officers and lodges will be found very useful by the secretaries and others seeking information. With success to the B. of L. F., I remain yours,

BALTIMORE, March 8, 1879.

J. ADAM SOHL.

HERCULES LODGE, No. 63, Danville, Ills., March 9, 1879.

Editors:—I would like to say a few words in regard to assisting persons not belonging to our Order. Assisting them to obtain positions, and also by carrying them from place to place because they are railroad men. A few years ago, all that was required of a man to secure a ride and obtain assistance was to have a letter stating the bearer was a fireman. Indeed, very few would disregard the appeal of a man even without any proof of his being a fireman. Most all reasoned that if a person had been in the employ of a railroad company, he is entitled to favors. At that time, positions were easily procured, because times were prosperous and wages were good, and rules governing railroad employes were lenient. Consequently men run no risk in so assisting. Now it is very different. Wages are low and railroad company's rules are so strict that a person runs the gauntlet by assisting any one.

The object of our Order is for the assistance of its members, and no others; because we do all that is required of us by paying for the assistance rendered us by each and every member. Now there is no possible excuse for any fireman not joining our order. Some say they can not spare the money. Well, that excuse may answer for a time; but a person who has a will, and is determined to win in all he attempts, is scarcely ever found to offer that excuse. A little economy in spending money for a short time would cover that difficulty, and a great good would result from the same; rendering your family and yourself a support which although not required at present, may be soon. Another excuse offered is, I do not need to join, for I have succeeded thus far without it, and think I can do so in the future. Very well, perhaps time may change your circumstances, and you may be out of a position, perhaps taken sick, and a great many incidents happen that may cause you to be dependent on others for aid. Is it not better to have friends who are *bound* to assist you, than to trust to the generous feelings of others who may refuse at their option? And again, if you should wish to travel, members of B. of L. E., Conductor's society, and of our Order, would not assist you without a card. Don't you think (for policy, if nothing more,) that it would be well to join our order. Now, as the order was organized for the benefit and assistance of its members alone—and each one can find enough to do to assist those—I for one say "*assist them only.*" Let charity begin at home. A man that helps those who are dependent on him can scarcely be considered selfish.

I would like to say a few words in regard to the recognition of a brother. A great many are negligent about this matter. Let no brother pass unnoticed, especially when he is traveling, for a person traveling is quite often hurried, and can not spend time going through a long preamble when asking for a ride.

With kindest regards, and best wishes to all, I remain,

Yours,

CHAS. J. MCGEE.

Mr. Wm. N. Sayre: Having been for over a year a constant reader of your interesting little book, and so seldom seeing anything contributed by our Western Lodges, I should like to ask the reason why such is the case? It can not be for want of either time or talent. It must be inclination. The temperance wave has at last reached us. Mr. Finches' efforts here were attended with as much success as he could wish, and I was pleased to note among the first to step forward, and don the red ribbon, a number of railroad boys, and nobly have they withstood the jeers of

the opposite party. The entertainments given by Elkhorn Lodge have been very enjoyable, and I am sure could not have been conducted in your Eastern cities, with more credit to the Brotherhood. The railroad shops at this point are a model of neatness, and indeed they could not be otherwise while under the supervision of the present master-mechanic. Now, my friends, let it not be said in future that a woman has to remind you of what you owe to both yourselves and lodges, and how much more interesting, if even a part of the many subscribers to this Magazine would contribute ever so small an item.

"Dare to be just what you are,
Dare to do your duty,
And you will wear upon your brow,
Mans noblest crown of beauty."

MITE.

Editors Magazine: In writing up the account of the burial of Brother Wm. T. Morgan, which appeared in the last issue of the Magazine, I committed the unpardonable error, to omit the name of Rev. Mr. Meredith of the Methodist Church of Brazil, Ind., who took a conspicuous part in conducting the funeral services of our late brother. The omission occurred, not because Mr. Meredith was ignored, but from the fact that the communication was written in great haste, in order to secure insertion in the April number of our book. We sincerely thank Mr. Meredith for his kind services, and trust that he will not take offense for the careless manner in which his name was omitted from the subsequent actions taken by our Lodge.

Very respectfully,

A MEMBER.

SUBORDINATE LODGE ITEMS.

BROTHER Cobb and wife have added to our list another member. Like Brother Swan's little son, he will join the order as soon as he has fired long enough.

BROTHER Cole when off duty is energetically working for the Magazine. When he can not walk he gets Harry Clarke's saddle horse, and is off in a hurry.

No. 95, of Chicago, gave a grand ball, April 23d, which was largely attended and finely conducted. We recognized familiar faces from Lodges Nos. 40, 63, 47, 50 and 14.

BROTHERS Flannery and McKnight, of No. 66, having passed examination, are now on the right side of the engine. We wish them well, and a safe journey over the Grand Trunk.

BROTHER H. M. Baker of No. 39, was married to Miss Ruth Nesbitt, of Austin, Minn., also we hear of Brother Musser taking off one of Calmer's fairest ladies. Keep it up brothers—helps 39's cause.

OLD Post No. 17, gave their first annual ball, on the evening of April 21st, and a grand affair it was, the members of No. 17 have established their reputation, for it is reported that every feature of the occasion was immense.

NEW LODGES.—Perseverance Lodge No. 98 was organized April 11th, by acting Grand Instructor, J. F. F. Hale, of Silver State Lodge No. 89.

Also, Brother J. B. Clark, of No. 90, organized a Lodge at Rocklin, Cal., during the month of April, yet owing to the distance being great, we did not receive reports in time for May, as is also the case with Brother Ingles, who organized a Lodge at Tulare. The June book will give a complete report of our worthy brothers success.

BROTHER D. W. Daley, of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, will please address E. V. Debs, Box 522, Terre Haute, Ind. His whereabouts would like to be known, as important business demands his attention.

BROTHER Von Harten, in writing of No. 20, speaks in the highest terms of all the brothers, and the display of energy on the part of each. In conclusion says: Brother Baker is ill, but we are giving him every attention in our power, and hope for his speedy recovery.

NOTICE.—Too much credit can not be given the members of No. 34, for refusing to loan money to traveling brothers, with the expectation of being repaid by Lodges. The law in regard to loans was *crushed* at the Buffalo Convention. Enough has been said on this subject, and Lodges have been fully cautioned.

BROTHER Edy of No. 21, it is reported chartered a sleeping car from St. Louis south, when on his bridal tour. This the brothers don't find fault with, but when an old reliable brother like James Buck purchases a new suit of clothes to attend the wedding, and then don't go, and "*Hayes*" to swallow it, 'tis horrible to think of.

No. 36 writes us most encouraging letters. New candidates most every meeting. Good attendance. A ball under advisement. Magazines selling rapidly and well liked. Treasury solid. Great credit is due to the officers of No. 36, for their work, which causes such communications to be forwarded. Long live Tippecanoe.

BROTHER Sheppard of No. 10, always gives a glowing account of Brotherhood matters. His last contained a report of the marriage of Brother Slater, also the promotion of Brothers Wilson and Forbes, and of the safe arrival of Brother Kermode to foreign countries, where he went to visit his parents.

WORTHY Grand Master, W. T. Goundie, accompanied by Brother James McNeal, recently visited Lodge No. 11, at Phillipsburg, N. J., their mission being to give instruction and brotherly advice, which was truly appreciated by the members of No. 11, and will long be remembered as an enjoyable event in the life of Excelsior Lodge.

BROTHER Chas. McGee, of Hercules Lodge No. 63, reports the promotion of Brothers J. Franklin, J. Goodrich, and J. Chapman to the position of engineers, this being the last of a dozen promotions in a year. The C. & E. I. Railway under Mr. Allen Cook, as master-mechanic, is prospering, he having the confidence of his employees, and the respect of all who know him.

LODGE No. 7, has been transferred from Scranton, Pa., and merged into Van Bergen Lodge, No. 62, at Carbondale, Pa. We are pleased to recognize the names of Brothers Swartz, Bowdish, Yetter, Gallagher, Carpenter, Thornton, Brock and Courtright, among those transferred. We are proud to record the names of these brothers who have been steadfast and true during the past four years, and particularly so in the past two, when asked to violate their obligation to their fellow-men, their families and their God.

BROTHER Starkers of 93 was caught on his engine but a few weeks ago, rubbing down his boiler head with the coal pick and scoop. When asked what was up, he said, "Oh, I've left an eight-pounder at home, this morning, and it being a girl, am afraid I can not get a dispensation like Brothers Swan and Cobb, of Nos. 12 and 73." Never mind, brother, let the boys laugh! We would have no marriages to record if they all went to firing.

BROTHER Shaughnessy of Columbus, Ky., has been laying ill for some time past with pneumonia, but is recovering. It is with feelings of deep regret that we note the death of our worthy brother's little daughter Maimie, aged three years, who died of pneumonia, a disease which has of late swept over a great portion of Kentucky.

BROTHER Chas. Van Norten of No. 4 to Miss Nellie Powers, of Orangeville, Ohio. Van you slighted us. If not for a brother, who watches operations, we would yet think you enjoyed single blessedness. We also notice the promotion of three well-tried brothers—Williamson, Nichols and Baker, to the plug.

BROTHER Cole, of No. 82, says the largest flour mill in the world may be at Niagara Falls, and turn out 1,200 barrels per day, but Washburn Mill "B" at Minneapolis, Minn., turns out 1,500 barrels per day, having forty-two run of stone. Brother Cole is also responsible for the following dimensions of a hen's egg shown him by a neighbor: it measured $7\frac{3}{4}$ inches around the largest part, and $6\frac{1}{2}$ around the smallest part and weighed five ounces.

The first semi-annual ball of the Southern Pacific R. R. Locomotive Firemen, came off at King's Hall, last Tuesday evening. Grand march commenced at nine, with fifty couples on the floor, and by ten o'clock others arrived until the company had increased to seventy-five. The band discoursed excellent music. The Committee of Arrangements were: George A. Aldrich and Dan. Fifield. Reception Committee (blue rosettes): Dan Lazeart, E. F. Smith and H. Masurette. Floor Manager (white rosette): F. A. Griggs. Floor Committee (red rosette): Jas. Donaldson, T. Murphy, T. Thompson, C. Deitrich, Wm. Wanner. At midnight the joyous company filed into the long hall below where a sumptuous supper was spread, under the supervision of George C. Flanders of the Home Restaurant, to which the guests did ample justice. Supper over, dancing was continued until nearly daylight. The ball was one of the most enjoyable that has ever taken place at the Mission.—*San Francisco Saturday Local.*

BROTHER Debs having been chosen the nominee for City Clerk by his many friends, we append the following from the *Terre Haute, Ind., Gazette*, and hope the office will be filled by Brother Debs, certainly we wish him success and a large majority: "For city clerk the party made a most admirable selection when it named Eugene V. Debs as the standard bearer. Mr. Debs is a finely built young man of twenty-five, is active, hard working, painstaking and inspired by a most laudable ambition to excel in all he undertakes. He has a good voice to read the record of the council, and writes a neat, plain hand, with which to keep it. No one could be possessed of better qualifications than he to make not only an acceptable but a first-class clerk. He was born in this city on November 5th, 1855, and is the son of Daniel Debs, the east-side grocer. Like his father he is industrious and enjoys the favor of all who know him. He received his education mainly in Terre Haute public schools, having attended the First and Fifth ward schools. He was a member of the High School a little over a year, and at fourteen entered the Commercial College, in which he was a student at night after working hours for three years. In May, 1870, he went to work at the Vandalia paint shops, where he continued until December, 1871. At this time he was given a position as fireman on a Vandalia locomotive, running between Terre Haute and Indianapolis. This position he filled with credit until November, 1874, when he was offered and accepted

a place in the wholesale house of Hulman & Cox, and he has been there ever since. Last year he was shipping clerk. Not only has he steadily given satisfaction to his employers, serving faithfully their interests, he has also been ambitious to improve himself. He was the founder and first president of the Occidental Literary Society, a most excellent organization, started in 1875. He is now associate editor of the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, published at Indianapolis, and of which Mr. Wm. N. Sayre is editor. Mr. Debs is a rising young man. His habits are excellent, his manners pleasant; and his qualifications first-class. If he doesn't run away ahead the *Gazette* will badly miss its guess.—*Terre Haute (Ind.) Gazette*.

TO ALL LODGES—A BIG FRAUD.

Brother J. B. Miller, of Blooming Lodge No. 40, forwards to this office a postal-card, also a *bogus traveling* card, which was picked up in Chicago by Brother Jordan of No. 40. The postal-card is directed to Joe Connelly, Bloomington, Ills., care of Shell's saloon, and is signed by Wilber F. Keller. The writing we can scarcely discern. It reads: "Springfield, Ills., February 27, 1879. Joe, come. You can work here, I am broke, etc., I have everything fixed, etc." The traveling card is a fac simile of those used by the B. of L. F. previous to the St. Louis Convention, and the face reads as follows:

"To the *Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen*: Greeting. This is to certify, that E. D. Collins, the bearer, is a brother in good standing of Central City Lodge No. 54, of the *Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen*, and is entitled to the Friendship of the *Brotherhood* working under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge. We recommend him to all Subordinate Lodges to which he may apply for the space of three (3) months, as per Constitution and By-Laws. Given under our hands, and the Seal of the Grand Lodge attached, this 3d day of September, 1878. Geo. Rogers, Grand Secretary and Treasurer." The reverse side reads: Occupation, fireman; time of service, three years. Signed E. R. Campbell, Master; C. J. Sturgess, Rec. Secretary.

You will notice that the seal reads Grand Lodge Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, organized at Jackson, Michigan, 1877, and the card is signed Geo. Rogers, Grand Secretary and Treasurer, and dates would indicate that Joe Connelly was the party who rode on it, as both were found together. We desire an investigation of this case by the members; probably No. 46 can sift it.

THE *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine* for April, under the head of "Black list," gives the names of five men who were expelled from the Brotherhood for drunkenness and defrauding the widows and orphans of members of the order. If all organizations would pursue a similar course, drunkenness and the custom of swindling widows and orphans would soon be greatly lessened.—[*Women's Tribune*.

William Watton, an engineer in the yards at the Union Depot, displayed remarkable courage some two weeks since in preventing a serious collision of two trains, thereby saving the Scioto Valley Railroad many thousands of dollars. This information is not printed so much as news as it is to give credit to a very deserving gentleman and an efficient official.—*Columbus, (O.) Daily Labor*.

SWITCH-ENGINE CHICKENS.—A hen at the South Carolina Railroad yard, in this city, took a notion a few days since to lay her eggs in the tender-box on Bob Hubbard's switch-engine, and notwithstanding that veteran's views to the contrary, she persisted in getting her work so far advanced that it was deemed prudent to let her "lay." After depositing, as she thought, the usual complement of fresh eggs in order to go into the spring chicken business, she finally settled down to her work, and is now daily sitting on her nest. She leaves the engine only occasionally when she stops in the yard, and then only for a few moments to fly off, pick around and stretch herself. The engine is in constant use, and crossing and recrossing the city daily, pulling long trains of cars. The engineer has fitted her up with a nice, comfortable cotton nest, and before long expects to have a whole lot of steam-engine chickens.—*Augusta, (Ga.) News.*

QUERIES.

I find in February number of Magazine, two queries by enquirer of 39, which I will endeavor to answer.

First, to find the leading engine on a locomotive; place your engine so that right cross head is at its extreme forward travel; now examine your left crank pin, if it is on lower quarter of its revolution, the left engine is the leading one; if it is on the upper quarter then the right is the leading engine.

Second, to determine when your valves are blowing, and which one it is. When your valves are blowing it is a continuous blow, not so with packing, for that is always the strongest at the commencement of the backward stroke of piston, and blows through from one end to the other of cylinder; whereas blow of valve is from steam-chest into exhaust opening. A valve will blow hardest when it is on its extreme travel, either forward or back.

Answer to Query in No. 2, Vol. 3, from No. 39. First, to find the leading engine on a locomotive. Take note of the position of the crank-pin or driver. The right being one-fourth stroke in the lead, therefore the right is the leading engine.

Second, to determine when and which of the valves are blowing. Place first one engine on the center and then the other, with the reverse lever on the center, and apply steam, that leaving no parts open, it can not be the packing blowing.

J. B. M. No. 13.

Query by a Brother of No. 34. Why is it that brothers of No. 95, will have their "girls" in Clinton, Iowa, write for the Magazine from She-ca-go.

RESOLUTIONS.

At a regular meeting of Central Lodge, No. 22, of Locomotive Firemen, held March 16th, 1879, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased our heavenly Master to remove from our midst our most worthy brother, Adelbert Graham, by injuries received in making a mis-step in attempting to board an engine, which resulted in his death, on the morning of the 15th inst., therefore, be it

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to His divine will, and guided by the power of love, we sincerely sympathize with the bereaved family and rela-

tives, and we hereby tender to them our heartfelt sympathy in their sorrow and a sincere regard for their future welfare.

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Graham the B. of L. F. has lost a true and worthy member,

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be tendered to Messrs. Isabell, Strickler, Thayer, and Randall, for their kindness in assisting at the funeral of our late brother.

That the thanks of this Lodge also be extended to the officers of the I., B. & W. R. R. Co., also to Conductors Dennison, Jenke, Sedletzac, Mitchell and Caldwell, and Engineers Fenderson and Yant, also to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith, for acts of kindness shown friends of deceased.

Resolved, That our Charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the wife of our deceased brother, and that they be published in the Champaign County Herald and the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

C. F. RITCHEY,
F. O. BEATTY,
WM. TRENARY. } Committee.

At a regular meeting of Clinton Lodge, No. 34, B. of L. F., held March 16, 1879, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, We have been the recipients of many favors at the hands of the Grand Lodge of the B. of L. F., and members thereof, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we hold the highest esteem and regard for the noble order of the B. of L. F., "for we were strangers and ye took us in."

Resolved, That we extend our sincere thanks to Brother Wm. N. Sayre, our Grand Secretary, for a fine photograph of himself, which now adorns the wall of our Lodge-room, and furthermore, that we find in him a noble, true and forgiving mind; one, in fact, we can look upon and say: "He is truly a brother."

Resolved, That our thanks are due and hereby extended to Brother John Walsh, D. G. I., for the able manner in which he instructed us, and for advice and assistance given at our organization.

Resolved, That we extend our sincere thanks to Brothers Frogner and Van Block of No. 95, for their kindness in visiting us, and for instructions received from them.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the editor of our Magazine for publication.

B. STORY KEITH, Master.

Attest: GEORGE E. HOWELL, R. S.

At a regular meeting of Minnehaha Lodge, No. 61, the Lodge was presented with a beautiful motto, handsomely framed, "Honesty, Sobriety and Industry," by the sister of our worthy Brother Frank Fink, for which the Lodge passed a vote of thanks, and appointed a committee to draft resolutions to send the donor, and have the same published in the B. of L. F. Magazine.

Resolved, That we, the members of Minnehaha Lodge, No. 61, B. of L. F., tender our heartfelt thanks to Miss Emma Fink for her gift, and hope we will always live up to its teachings.

C. SINKS,
P. H. MURPHY,
S. SCHOOLEY. } Committee.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

W. T. GOUNDIE.....	Grand Master,
3405 Elm street, West Philadelphia, Pa.	
J. M. DODGE.....	Vice Grand Master,
No. 12 16th st., Chicago, Ill.	
W. N. SAYRE.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
S. M. STEVENS.....	Grand Instructor.
Lowell, Mass.	
J. O'KREFE.....	Grand Warden,
North Platte, Neb.	
CHAS. POPE.....	Grand Conductor,
Toronto, Ont.	
W. HUGO.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
T. DOYLE.....	Grand Outer Guard.
St. Louis.	
M. COOPER.....	Grand Marshal,
St. Paul, Minn.	

GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

M. E. COBB.....	Worcester, Mass.
J. S. COOL.....	Logansport, Ind.
JOHN MCCLURE.....	Columbus, O.
JOHN L. BODEY.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. R. WHITCOMB.....	Springfield, Ill.
P. J. ROBINSON.....	Little Rock, Ark.
A. M. CROMIN.....	Memphis, Tenn.
D. T. HENDERSON.....	Cleveland, O.
JOS. BRINTNALL.....	Fort Gratiot, Mich.
L. H. INGERSOLL.....	St. Joseph, Mo.
W. F. HYNES.....	Denver, Col.
J. POPE MYERS.....	Louisville, Ky.

LODGE ADDRESSES.

Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.

- GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.
C. F. Terry, (Valonia, Pa.).....Master
J. F. Hoffman (Box 501).....Rec. Sec'y
S. H. Quackenbush, W. E. Nichols, Mag. Agts
- UNION, at Gallon, Ohio. Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30.
A. Jenkinson.....Master
T. Wooley.....Rec. Sec'y
Jas. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
- JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. E. Hall, at 7:30 P. M.
A. J. Gabard.....Master
L. M. Phipps.....Rec. Sec'y
A. J. Gabard.....Magazine Agent
- FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.
John McClure.....Master
F. W. Arnold.....Rec. Sec'y
(Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block.)
E. Ginbey (123 Spruce st.).....Magazine Agent

- FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 2 P. M., Miller's Hall, cor. Auburn st., & Scranton ave.
S. S. Card, 283 Starkweather ave.....Master
T. H. Sheppard.....Rec. Sec'y
T. H. Sheppard.....Magazine Agent
(19 Pelton avenue, s. s.)
- EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 P. M., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
J. S. Gorgas.....Master
P. C. Everitt.....Rec. Sec'y
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
- BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.
James Shufelt.....Master
E. S. Draper.....Rec. Sec'y
N. Y. L. E. & W. Machine shops,
Exchange street.
C. G. Swan.....Magazine Agent
(438 South Division street.)
- MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, at East St. Louis, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., in Finke's building.
John McGarrahan.....Master
Jerry Benedict.....Rec. Sec'y
Fred. Lane (Box 191).....Magazine Agent
- EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M., at No. 62½ East Washington street.
Wm. Hugo (79 N. Noble street).....Master
Chas. Kline (530 E. Georgia st.).....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. Hugo.....Magazine Agent
- PACIFIC, at St. Louis, Mo. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays. Hall, Chateau ave. near Summit avenue.
J. J. Smith.....Master
J. F. Clough (3012 Sarah st.).....Rec. Sec'y
J. F. Clough.....Magazine Agent
- VIGO, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock, P. M. at A. O. U. W. Hall, N. E. Cor. Main and Eighth Sts.
James Smith (Box 1074).....Master
E. V. Debs (Box 522).....Rec. Sec'y
James Smith (Box 1074).....Magazine Agent
- OLD POST, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets in No. 2 Engine House every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.
F. B. Wheeler.....Master
C. A. Cripps.....Rec. Sec'y
C. A. Cripps.....Magazine Agent
- STUART, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.
Wm. McBride.....Master
D. Hartigan (Box 418).....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. McBride.....Magazine Agent
- INDUSTRIAL, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in Engineers' Hall.
James Bucke.....Master
H. Miller (c. Ellwood & 2d sts.) Rec. Sec'y
John Hayes.....Magazine Agent
- CENTRAL, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., in B. of L. E. Hall.
Wm. Trenary (Box 598).....Master
Geo. Bond.....Rec. Sec'y
L. E. Beckley (Box 578).....Magazine Agent

23. LOUISVILLE, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., Farmers Exchange Bank.
J. P. Myers (o. Bender's drug store) Master
(Cor. Wenzel and Jefferson streets.)
J. W. Richardson (286 Wenzel st) Rec. Sec'y
J. H. Smith (252 Zane st.) Magazine Agent
27. HAWKEYE, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets alternate Sundays, at 2 P. M., at engineers' hall.
W. C. Byers.....Master
F. B. Davis, Box 192Rec. Sec'y
W. S. Davis, Box 1146.....Magazine Agent
28. ELKHORN, at North Platte, Neb. Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month.
W. T. Chadwick.....Master
Joe Tooley (Box 168).....Rec. Sec'y
W. J. Stuart.....Magazine Agent
29. CHAMPION, at Detroit, Mich. Meets every Thursday evening at 7:30, at their hall, 65 Michigan Avenue.
Frank Clark (257 17th st.).....Master
Martin Cooper.....Rec. Sec'y
Jas. Thomas, John Shaw.....Magazine Agents
30. CEDAR VALLEY, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets every 1st and 3d Saturday each month, in Good Templars' Hall.
J. M. DuboisMaster
L. C. ChaseRec. Sec'y
W. R. Saunders (Box 799).....Magazine Agent
34. CLINTON, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
B. S. KeithMaster
Geo. E. Howell.....Rec. Sec'y
B. S. Keith.....Magazine Agent
35. AT AMBOY, ILL. Meets in Engineers' Hall 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
T. Hincheliff.....Master
Wm. H. Dean.....Rec. Sec'y
Titus Hincheliff.....Magazine Agent
36. TIPPECANOE, at LaFayette, Indiana. Meets every Sunday, at 2 P. M., at B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Fourth and Terry street, Wallace Block.
J. L. Birmingham, 193 Union st.....Master
J. H. Brewer.....Rec. Sec'y
J. H. Brewer, 94 13th st.,.....Magazine Agent
39. NORTH STAR, at Austin, Minn. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, at 2:30 P. M.
Geo. R. Talbott.....Master
J. Brown.....Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Seagel.....Magazine Agent
40. BLOOMING, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday night
James Crotty.....Master
Thomas O'Neil.....Rec. Sec'y
(905 West Locust street)
Wm. O. Webster.....Magazine Agent
41. At ROCKLIN, CAL. Organizing.
43. ST. JOSEPH, at St. Joseph, Mo. Meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every second and fourth Sundays in each month.
L. H. Ingersoll.....Master
O. W. RichardsonRec. Sec'y
L. H. Ingersoll.....Magazine Agent
45. ROSE CITY, at Little Rock, Ark. Meets every Monday at 7:50 P. M., corner Main and Markham streets.
J. A. BloudsoeMaster
P. J. RobinsonRec. Sec'y
E. W. Mills.....Magazine Agent
46. CAPITAL, at Springfield, Ill. Meets every alternate Sunday, at Eng. Hall.
W. R. Whitcomb (c. 9th & Market sts) Master
G. D. Partington (Lock box 1126).....Rec. Sec'y
Joseph Paulis (Wabash Shops).....Mag. Agent
47. TRIUMPHANT, at Chicago, Ill. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 P. M., in Railroad Chapel.
M. Gepper, 770 Wabash aveMaster
J. M. Dodge, No. 12 16th st.Rec. Sec'y
R. V. Dodge.....Magazine Agent
No. 12 16th street.
50. GARDEN CITY, at Chicago. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M., in Engineers Hall, on State street, between 48th and 49th.
W. S. Barrows, 4532 Dearborn st.....Master
W. Field.....Rec. Sec'y
Cor. State and 47th st.
W. S. Barrows.....Magazine Agent
4532 Dearborn street.
51. FRONTIER CITY, at Oswego, N. Y. Meets every Thursday at 2:30 P. M., at Engineers' Hall.
Jas. McCarthy (49 West Erie st).....Master
L. J. Boynton, 112 W. Utica st., Rec. Sec'y
J. McCarthy 49 W. Erie st., Magazine Agent
52. GOOD WILL, at Logansport, Indiana. Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M., at B. of L. F. Hall, corner Market and Fifth Sts.
A. RossMaster
R. WarnerRec. Sec'y
Ambrose Ross (Box 626).....Magazine Agent
54. ANCHOR, at Moberly, Mo. Meets every Monday night at 43 Reed street.
J. J. Murphy.....Master
Geo. R. Stacey, box 820.....Rec. Sec'y
J. BressonMagazine Agent
55. BLUFF CITY, at Memphis Tenn. Meets 2d and last Saturday evenings of each month, at Knights of Honor hall, 298 2d street.
John Clark, L. & N. engine house.....Master
Alex. M. Cronin.....Rec. Sec'y
Alex. M. Cronin.....Magazine Agent
56. TOPEKA, at Topeka, Kan. Meets every alternate Sunday at A. O. U. W. Hall.
S. McGaffeyMaster
Wm. Tangman, Topeka, Kan.....Rec. Sec'y
J. R. GoheenMagazine Agent
57. BOSTON, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at 10:30 A. M., and 2d Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.
C. H. Moulton (Box 93, Lynn, Mass.) Master
L. L. Parker, Jr.....Rec. Sec'y
L. L. Parker, Jr.....Magazine Agent
72 Cambridge street, E. Cambridge.
60. UNITED, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets 1st Thursday evening and 3d Sunday morning of each month, cor. Lawrence street and Susquehanna avenue.
J. L. Bodey, (2013 N. 3d st.).....Master
A. B. Collom, 2206 Lawrence st.....Rec. Sec'y
J. A. Falls, 2224 North 2d st.....Magazine Agent

61. **MINNEHAHA**, at St. Paul, Minn.
Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 P. M., cor 7th and Jackson sts., Engineer's Hall.
S. J. Murphy, 46 McBoal st. Master
C. Sinks, 58 Goodrich ave. Rec. Sec'y
R. Peel, 183 Exchange st. Magazine Agent
62. **VANBERGEN**, at Carbondale, Pa.
Meets every 2d and 4th Thursday of each month, in Engineers' Hall.
O. E. Histed. Master
Jno. Bryden. Rec. Sec'y
A. Hoyle. Magazine Agent
63. **HERCULES**, at Danville, Ill. Meets every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.
J. A. Bain. Master
John D. Franklin, box 772. Rec. Sec'y
C. J. McGee, box 1372. Magazine Agent
64. **LOYAL**, at Brookville, Kan. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, every Sunday.
W. H. Hamilton. Master
Matthew Richards. Rec. Sec'y
W. H. Hamilton. Magazine Agent
Box 16, Brookville, Kan.
66. **CHALLENGE**, at Bellville, Ont., (Canada.) Meets 2d and 4th Sundays in B. of L. E. Hall,
J. McKnight. Master
D. Sutherland. Rec. Sec'y
J. McKnight. Magazine Agent
67. **DOMINION**, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M., in Occident Hall, Queen street.
P. Kennedy (Box 697) Master
C. Pope (Box 697) Rec. Sec'y
P. Kennedy (Box 697) Magazine Agent
69. **HURON**, at Fort Gratiot, Mich. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, over Post Office.
Thomas Bruce, box 13. Master
Charles Macklaw, box 13. Rec. Sec'y
Charles Raymond, box 13. Magazine Agent
70. **LONE STAR**, at Marshall, Texas. Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays in each month.
C. Greenwood. Master
Geo. W. Ralston, lock box 8. Rec. Sec'y
C. T. Smith. Magazine Agent
71. **CAPITAL CITY**, at Albany, N. Y.
Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays, and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 281 Green st.
D. O. Shank, 281 Green st. Master
L. O'Brien, 7 Union Street. Rec. Sec'y
D. O. Shank. Magazine Agent
281 Green street, Albany, N. Y.
72. **WELCOME**, at Camden, N. J. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.
L. Elbertson. Master
Abner Huston, Jr. Rec. Sec'y
(322 Bridge avenue.)
Abner Huston, Jr. Magazine Agent
73. **BAY STATE**, at Worcester, Mass.
Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.
Geo. A. Hewitt, Union Depot. Master
Marshall E. Cobb, 86 Park st. Rec. Sec'y
W. E. Cobleigh. Magazine Agent
(48 Salem street, Worcester, Mass.)
74. **KANSAS CITY**, at Kansas City, Mo.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic Hall, West Kansas City.
B. B. McCrum. Master
John Clinton. Rec. Sec'y
Cor. 14th and Hickory, West Kansas City.
B. B. McCrum, 905 Penn st. Magazine Agent
75. **ENTERPRISE**, at West Philadelphia, Pa. Meets every Thursday afternoon, at Hancock's Hall, 40th street and Lancaster avenue.
C. W. Barber. Master
P. Dupell. Rec. Sec'y
W. T. Goundie. Magazine Agent
3405 Elm st., West Philadelphia, Pa.
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN**, at Denver, Col. Meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 P. M., at Engineers' Hall.
George Klock. Master
W. F. Hynes (lock box 1588) Rec. Sec'y
Jas. Collins, lock box 1588. Magazine Agent
80. **EARLY SUNRISE**, at Palestine, Texas. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. H. Morely. Master
C. Reitch. Rec. Sec'y
A. P. Draper. Magazine Agent
82. **NORTHWESTERN**, Minneapolis, Minn. Meets in Druids' Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet avenue, between 1st and second sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday evenings of each month.
J. W. Cole. Master
S. T. Brown, 1807 6th st. south. Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Cole, 1223 S. 7th st. Magazine Agent
83. **MISSISSIPPI**, at Winona, Minn.
John Herwick. Master
Wm. Warren, box 686. Rec. Sec'y
B. F. Weller, box 26. Magazine Agent
84. **MISSOURI RIVER**, at Omaha, Neb. Meets 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month in K. of P. Hall.
J. M. Byers, 590 10th street. Master
Chas. R. Campbell. Rec. Sec'y
Cor. 17th and Dodge street.
P. H. Swift. Magazine Agent
85. **FARGO LODGE**, at Fargo, D. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every other Sunday.
Jas. Burke. Master
N. A. Bassett, Box 104. Rec. Sec'y
Fred. G. Clayton, Box 54. Magazine Agent
86. **BLACK HILLS**, at Laramie, W. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays of each month.
A. E. Ralston. Master
J. E. Carroll. Rec. Sec'y
W. J. Naiswith. Magazine Agent
87. **SUMMIT**, at Rawlins, W. T. Meets every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at 7:30 P. M.
Dennis P. Murphy. Master
John F. Hittle (Box 5) Rec. Sec'y
James Noonan. Magazine Agent
88. **MORNING STAR**, at Evanston, W. T. Meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every Thursday evening.
Frank A. Hutchens. Master
J. Becker. Rec. Sec'y
David Hamilton. Magazine Agent

89. **SILVER STATE**, at Carlin, Nev. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at 5:20 P. M.
 J. A. Rossegnie Master
 Frank A. Ressegule Rec. Sec'y
 Selby Jones Magazine Agent
90. **PAY AS YOU GO**, at West Oakland, Cal. Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, cor. 7th and Pine streets, every alternate Wednesday and Thursday evenings.
 Ed. F. Ingles Master
 C. C. Walker Rec. Sec'y
 E. Yale Magazine Agent
91. **GOLDEN GATE**, at San Francisco, Cal. Meets every 1st Sunday, 2d Monday, 3d Tuesday, and 4th Wednesday of each month.
 G. A. Aldrich Master
 E. F. Smith (8 Adair street.) Rec. Sec'y
 C. Detrich (223 15th st.) Magazine Agent
92. **MARSHALL**, at Marshalltown, Iowa.
 Jno. Tipton Master
 N. J. Tallmadge Rec. Sec'y
 James Crawley Magazine Agent
93. **GATE CITY**, at Keokuk, Iowa. Meets in Engineers' Hall, on Jounson, bet. 2d and 3d sts., every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month, at 2 P. M.
 W. H. Bennett Master
 Zeb. Moore (Lock Box 7) Rec. Sec'y
 Milt E. Clark (Box 550) Magazine Agent
94. **GREENBRIER**, at Hinton, W. Va. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays in each month, at Firemens Hall, cor. 4th avenue and 3d street.
 Jos. Haynes, Box 35 Master
 Jno. McCulloch Rec. Sec'y
 W. E. Watson Magazine Agent
95. **CHICAGO**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall, 229 Milwaukee avenue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 P. M., and last Sunday at 2 P. M.
 Wm. Maroney Master
 Wm. T. Ross, 14 N. Sangamon st. Rec. Sec'y
 Wm. Maroney Magazine Agent
 21 W. Kinzie street.
96. **BALTIMORE CITY**, at Baltimore, Md. Meets 2d & 4th Sundays of each month. Hall on Preston street, between Linden ave. and Eutaw street.
 L. V. Tipton, 272 Park ave Master
 John O'Neil (146 Cathedral st.) Rec. Sec'y
 L. V. Tipton (272 Park ave) Magazine Agent
97. **ORANGE GROVE**, at Los Angeles, Cal. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th Fridays of each month.
 C. A. Enz Master
 H. F. Haman (Box 1011) Rec. Sec'y
 C. A. Enz Magazine Agent
98. **PERSEVERANCE**, at Terrace, Utah Territory. Organizing.

T H E
Locomotive Firemen's
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. 3.

JUNE, 1879.

No. 6.

From the Carnival Herald.

ED. THORNE'S MISTAKE.

BY MRS. S. VAN BENSCHOTEN.



WELL, Mary, what is it?"

"My wake's up to-night, Ma'am."

"To-night? I thought it was finished up this a. m. How long do you generally keep up your wakes?"

"I don't mean my brother's wake, but me own wake, ma'am."

"Your own wake, Mary, I can't understand what you want of a wake."

"Oh! no, ma'am, not that kind of a wake, but I'm aft of leaving you, with your kind wishes, and my wake ends to-night. I'm sorry, ma'am, I couldn't give you a bethar warning, but my brother's childer ma'am, can't do without me, seeing their mither's in bed sick; so by your lave, I'll go to-night, ma'am."

Mrs. Thorne looked at Mary, speechless with surprise!

The cook had gone home sick, a week ago. Mary, the good hearted Irish girl, on whom Mrs. Thorne always depended, going too! This was a drop too much, and down sat little Effie Thorne in her rocker, crying as if her heart would break, while the good-natured, kind-hearted Mary wiped her eyes with her apron, and assured Mrs. Thorne, with every motion of her chair, "that she had been very *considerate* with her help, and if her brother had not died she never would have left her."

Effie cried until it was time for her husband to come home, and then, dressing herself, tried to look as composed as possible.

Every time she glanced towards the mirror, she saw such a woe-begone face that she could scarcely keep back the tears.

"Why, Effie, what a long, narrow-minded face! it looks as solemn as a coffin. Been to a wake with Mary?" said Ed. Thorne.

This question made Effie smile, in spite of herself, but when she had finished the story, about Mary "giving her notice of leaving," her face took upon it again such a look, that even Ed. felt constrained to quit laughing, and look at the "leaving matter" with a little seriousness.

But he was one that never looked at the practical side of anything, and after turning over this new trouble in his mind once or twice, lighted a cigar, and as the smoke began to curl upwards in little graceful waves, he saw beautiful pictures of home life, and took such an "economical view" of the matter that his face was soon wreathed in smiles and looking kindly at his "wee wify," as he called Effie, said, "Never mind, pet, we'll manage to do the work together for a few months and put what we save into the bank. The work in this house isn't anything. I'll make

the fires and sweep, while you do the cooking. We'll have steak every morning for breakfast, that is easy to cook, and you can dine down town with me; a light supper will finish up the day. Now, women are always talking of the amount of work they have to do, and I can never understand it. I've often wished I was a woman, such lots of time to go out, and look at the sights! Pooh! Effie, you'll be glad that Mary left when you see what lots of money we'll save."

But Effie would not listen to any such plans. She knew Ed. was too fond of lying in bed until the last minute, and visions of a trial, somewhat similar a few months before, when Mary was sick, arose before her.

She well remembered Ed's crossness and language one morning, when the steak took fire, and before he could manage to put it out, became so burnt that it was not fit to eat. And when she let all the water boil off the coffee, and it stuck to the bottom of the coffee pot with such a pertinacity that she had to scrape it off with a spoon, and filled it up again with water *that didn't happen to be blood warm*, just as he was ready to sit down, how ugly he looked!

No! she had burned her face enough over the stove trying to get up a satisfactory breakfast for her liege lord, without trying it again.

And the face began to look drawn and twisted into such a terrible picture that Ed. sprang to his feet saying —

"I'll tell you what, Effie, we'll change off. I'll stay home a couple of days on trial, and if I don't make everything come out just as nice as any *two* girls can, I'll never talk to you again about economizing."

Effie's face underwent a succession of changes, a look of horror that the fastidious Ed. Thorne had offered to do housework; then a look of wonder that he, of his own free will, had offered to let *her* sit in his sanctum, when she had hardly dared to enter his office without an invitation. To Effie her husband's office, with his name in large letters, with "Real Estate and Insurance Broker," at the end, seemed very business like.

She did not know that his business was at a stand still. Of the many times he had called on his tenants for the rent long due, or the many policy holders who had been forced to let their policies "go by the board," as they said. Never dreamed that for over a year Ed. had been living on his capital, and if his father had not left him a little fortune some years before, he and his "wee wifey" would not have been able to keep *one* girl, when she was mourning for two.

Instead of talking over business matters with her so that she might manage her household and wardrobe with more economy, he kept her in utter ignorance of everything except "the times are so deuced dull," when he dropped home early in the afternoon, or stayed at home "to go somewhere."

After many and repeated admonitions from Ed. regarding the "dignified manner" she must assume, and the list of calls she must have the clerk make, Effie took her way to his office, one morning soon after this conversation.

The clerk looked at the new comer with astonishment. But after being assured "that Mr. Thorne was only a little indisposed," he began to show his interest in his "new boss" by dusting the legs of the table and the rounds of the chairs with more gusto than ever since his establishment in that office.

Effie seated herself quietly, and drawing out the names of the tenants who were in arrears, looked them carefully over with the "remarks" attached.

One of the first that struck her eye was, "send to Mr. Josephus Osgood; he owes

four months' rent, at \$60 per month, \$240. Tell him Mr. Thorne will commence suit next month if not paid. He is an old scoundrel! I told him so the last time I called, but he only said, "sue and be darned!" He'll never pay, but it is well enough to remind him, it will stand law better."

"Called the old gentleman a scoundrel!" said Effie. "Why, I never believed Ed. would do such a thing!"

"Send to Mr. Jonas Stevens. He owes me \$1,000 for rent. He is a great church man, but I took particular pains to tell him "he was worse than the heathen, and an old hypocrite," and that, too, right before some of his sanctified friends. Send Charlie there about noon, that's the time his friends generally come around for him to go to the noon prayer meeting—it will make him feel queer!"

"Well, I never!" said Effie to herself. "What has made Ed. so hardened? I don't believe he means this at all. I shan't send any such messages!"

"If Mr. Scroggins comes in at noon tell Charlie to tell him "that a rumor is around that that part of the city where his stores are going up is infested with thieves, and the detectives are on their track. His houses stand a chance of being burned to the ground. He is a stingy old rat not to insure his block right away. I told his son so the other day and guess the young man told him, for he has not been near me since."

"Who would believe that Ed. Thorne was so depraved!" and Effie sat still full five minutes, trying to get rid of this "depraved idea."

And so on through a half dozen more names, with "remarks" attached, all in the same style.

Then, some copying that must be done that day.

At last Effie came to the wise conclusion that she was Ed. Thorne, Esq., for that day, at least, and should manage everything to suit herself, and not confine herself to orders.

So, donning her stylish little bonnet and seal skin sacque, she tripped lightly down street to "make calls," she said, leaving the astonished clerk to copy, and wonder what under the sun was coming next.

The first call was on Mr. Josephus Osgood. He received her with great politeness.

After chatting pleasantly for some moments, and hearing "that Mr. Ed. Thorne had been indisposed for a few days, and had sent her to the office with a list of calls for the clerk to make," he said—

"So you are making them. A very wise proceeding. That clerk is too saucy to live, and between you and me, begging your pardon, I'll just say the old saying holds true here, 'like master, like man.'"

Going to his desk he drew up a check for the amount due Mr. Edward Thorne, and handing it to her begged her "to call again. Not to wait till the rent was due, but drop in often. He thought Mr. Thorne was wiser than he took him to be, to have married such a bright little business woman."

The next call, on Mr. Jonas Stevens, was as successful as the first, and perhaps a little more so, as Mr. Stephens loaded her with tracts for her Sabbath-school scholars, and invited himself to address the Sabbath-school she attended, at his first opportunity.

"Thought she was a wise, Christian-like woman, to take a class in the Sabbath-school. Was happy to find Mr. Thorne's temper had not soured her disposition and kind-heartedness. Sorry he had not been able to collect his money before, so as to

pay up, but would be easy right along now, and if necessary to meet Mr. Thorne's indebtedness at any time, would borrow from some of his church friends."

And so he bowed her out of his office, and Effie felt proud of her success in getting the money so long due, and pleased at the compliments, given in such a manner that she felt them genuine.

Skipping along, she met a friend walking with a genial old gentleman, whom he introduced as "Mr. Scroggins." Suddenly it dawned upon her that *this* might be the "Scroggins" down on her list. So she laughingly stated "that she had gone into the insurance and real estate business," and asked "if either wanted to insure?"

Mr. Scroggins said:

"I've been thinking for some time about insuring a block of houses which I am erecting, and have just made up my mind about which companies I wish to insure in. I'm glad to hear your husband is not well, for I had concluded the hard times had made him overbearing and selfish. So I am happy to make your acquaintance, for I should have *passed him by* if I had not met you."

Old Mr. Scroggins plodded slowly back to the office, with Effie patiently at his side, and soon Charlie, the clerk, and Effie Thorne, Esq., had made arrangements for a nice little brokerage on Mr. Scroggins heavy insurance.

Effie was so elated with her success, that she started home to lunch with her new housekeeper and tell of her good fortune.

As she neared the corner of her street, she was met and grabbed by two of her young lady friends, saying in excited tones, and in chorus:

"Why, Effie Thorne, what is the matter?"

Poor Effie looked from one to the other, and at last said: "Nothing as I know of; why?"

"We have just been to your house, and such a sight! We thought Ed. had killed you and gone insane," said Mattie Jones.

"Really, we were hurrying home to tell the folks what we saw, and ask if they didn't think something was wrong at your house," said Ida Reamy.

Effie looked from one to the other, and seeing that they were laboring under great excitement, asked them "to walk back to the house," explaining how matters stood, on the way.

To be continued.

A MARVELOUS RAILROAD.

Spanning the Desert with the Iron Rail—Amazement of the Aborigines.

THE distance from Los Angeles to Yuma, upon the Colorado River, is 248 miles. The distance from Yuma to Maricopia Wells, in Arizona, is 160 miles. The rail is now within twenty-five miles of Maricopia Wells, and track is being laid at the rate of ten miles each week. Two and one-quarter miles were laid the day we were at the front. The land is level and hard, requiring only the removal of chaparral and shrubs and the smoothing down of small hillocks for the iron. It is an inspiring scene to see this moving camp of railroad builders in the desert, disciplined like an army, and marching slowly eastward at the rate of ten miles a week, leaving behind them the iron highway that is to bear upon its road-bed a vast commerce in the future. Two thousand men, with their camps and equipages, their tools and implements of labor; great engines bearing trains heavily laden

with ties, rails, straps and spikes; a blacksmith shop, a boarding-house, Sission, Wallace & Co.'s store, the private car of Mr. Strowbridge all on wheels; great structures piled with forage for the cattle, great tanks filled with water for the horses and men,—for there is no water in the vicinity of the present work,—great wagons hauling forward supplies, great plows with six horse teams, scrapers with two horses, five men cutting shrubs, bias-eyed barbarians with shovels, briarean-armed, pitching the sand in and out as cut and all demand. In advance, fifteen miles from this track, men are grading the road; and gangs, under the direction of Seth Green, with his steam pile-driver, are building bridges and culverts of solid timbers. Little groups of amazed Indians—bucks and squaws—look on as interested spectators of the novel work that invade the privacy of their desert homes, enjoying the up and down rides upon the construction trains, upon all of which they are dead-heads in spite of the law against passes. At the front is a village of tents, and at the last point of accepted work there springs up a temporary village, with its saloons and boarding houses, and canvas hells for gin and dice. It is a marvelous scene, this caravan crossing the desert. It is a busy one by day; it is a romantic one upon a moonlight night, when sleep and silence cover the tired workers, and all save Strowbridge, the constructor, lay them down to rest. He never sleeps. No idlers in his camp; no whisky; no noisy disputes. Every man has something to do, and every man does it or is passed to the rear. The telegraph pole and electric wire keep pace with the rail, and the front talks with the home office in San Francisco every night and morning.—[*San Francisco Argonaut*.]

Written for the Locomotive Firemens' Magazine.

MUSIC.

BY JOHN CURRAN KEEGAN, A. B.

THE harmony
 Suspended still, and took with ravishment
 The thronging audience—Milton.
 Heavens! it is wrong in man, who'er he be,
 To think it truly, or in fable feign
 That thou, O Music! can'st extend thy reign
 O'er the dark soul that's undeserving thee.

Pardon me,
 The horrid regions of external pain
 A sound of harmony shall ne'er contain,
 But discord rule to all eternity.
 Why! Music's an inhabitant of Heaven,
 And sheds her incense round its starry throne;
 Small in her influence shower'd on mortals even,
 And that bless the virtuous heart alone;
 But, to the rebels 'gainst th' Almighty driven;—
 Forth from before their Maker, she's unknown.

Lowell, March 20, 1879.

UNLOADING CARS.

THE latest novelty in this section of the country is a railway train sand unloader, which has just been put into use by the B., C. R. & N. railway. There are ten or fifteen flat cars, coupled together in the usual way, and running lengthwise of them is an iron rail, so made that it can be closely connected with the next car. The unloader is a wrought iron plow, on exactly the same principle as a snow plow. After the train is loaded and ready to empty, the engine is loosened from the train and moves slowly away. Connected with it by a long rope is the unloader, which scrapes along the cars, kept in its place by the iron rail on the cars before mentioned, and pushes the sand from the cars on both sides of the track. Yesterday while at work, eight cars of sand were unloaded in just one minute and ten seconds. This seems incredible, yet it is nevertheless true. The unloader is not taken from the train, but the car on which it rests after the sand is all off, is switched to the rear of the train, where the machine is ready for business again. By this little plow is done the work in a few minutes that it would take a score of men hours to accomplish.—[*Dubuque Herald*.]

A STORY OF THE HEADLIGHT.

The Astonishing Vision that Appeared to Conductor Brannigan.

GRAY-HAIRED Columbus Brannigan is as rough and ready a conductor as ever swung a lamp. For almost a quarter of a century he has run a Hudson River train between New York and Poughkeepsie, to the satisfaction of the company, the public, and himself, and to the terror of all who tried to circumvent the road. But of late years, while he has done his work as well as ever, conductor Brannigan has felt that he is growing old; that his shoulders are not so plumb as they were, his limbs less supple, and he looks with a growing aversion upon the new men who are coming on, young fellows who wear their gold-laced caps jauntily, and give their signals in an off-hand fashion that is painfully unlike the clear free sweep of the lamp that characterizes the old style. These last two weeks he has felt worse than usual, and his eyes have bothered him a great deal. On one occasion, for instance, he saw two lights, a red and a green, at a point where he knew there could be only a green. At another time he thought the fire was spouting from the side of his engine when really the flame was only the flaring torch of the fireman who was putting oil into the cups. When he reflected upon these things he was troubled; for if he should get worse he might have to give up his train. He couldn't live away from the road. Once off and he knew what would happen then; it would not be long before the Great Engineer would blow brakes on him forever. *

This condition of mind wrought an astonishing change in conductor Brannigan's demeanor. Before, if he encountered on his train a man who was trying to ride without paying, he put him off without ceremony; now he was inclined to be lenient and if the poor traveler told a plausible story he would let him pass. Formerly he was brusque and dictatorial to his baggage-master, and made that overworked servant of the company sort and count his tickets for him and stand around generally; now he was gentle and forbearing, and did his work himself—all to the great amazement of Augustus Fogarty, the placid but gigantic trunk destroyer, whose thoughts were so engrossed by this new departure that one day he carelessly dropped

a trunk on the wrong corner; and gave it, not the gaping collapse that marks good work, but what is known as the steamboat split, a term of contempt applied to the bungling work done by steamboat deck-hands and baggage-masters on short feeder roads. Chagrined by this unfortunate accident, Fogarty gave closer attention to his duties; but he never ceased wondering what was the matter with the conductor.

Conductor Brannigan pulled out of the Grand Central depot yesterday afternoon on time. He takes the east track going up. Waymonk depot, which he reached about two hours after dark, stands alongside the west track; so that the baggage for Waymonk from up trains is set off on the down track, and removed thence to the station platform by the agent. Fogarty set out last night upon the down track seventeen trunks, seven carpet-bags, and four band-boxes, making a neat pile about the size of a log cabin. As conductor Brannigan passed the depot on his way along down his train to see if everything was all right, he saw the station agent coming out for the trunks, and then in the darkness he lost sight and thought of them altogether. Turning at the rear car, he lifted his lamp and gave his engineer the signal to go ahead, and at the same moment he saw the glare of a headlight coming around the curve just north of the depot. "St. Louis," he said to himself, as he stepped upon the rear platform, and then, as his train gathered headway, he forgot St. Louis, as he had done a hundred times before, and started for the baggage-car. While he was passing from the front platform of the rear car to the rear platform of the next, the St. Louis shot by, and at the same instant he heard a cracking sound, and thought he saw trunks flying in every direction.

When conductor Brannigan reached the baggage car he set down his lamp with a dejected air and sank wearily in his chair. "Gustus," he said: "I am getting old. Something's the matter with my eyes, I don't know what, but I'm afraid I've got to give up running. If I have to go off the road I'll do what I can to get the train for you, for you've always been faithful to me. I don't know what ails me, but lately I've seen all sorts of things. About ten days ago I thought I saw two lights at the junction; then I thought the engine was afire; to-night, as I was coming through the train, I thought I saw trunks flying around in the air; and ——"

"Speaking of trunks," said the trunk wrestler (he thought the conductor was fooling with him), "I happened to be looking out of the side-door when the express passed us, and I thought I saw a few trunks myself kind of floating around, and there might have been six or eight carpet-bags mixed in, for I set off seven of 'em along with the trunks. I thought there'd be trouble when that baggage wasn't got off the track sharp, and when St. Louis showed around the curve there wasn't any help for it. I knew by the whistle it was seventy-nine, for Jim Beetop can get more screech to the pound of steam than any man on the road, and when he's making time he don't waste any of it slowing for way stations. When she went by her furnace door was open, and the fireman was stuffing coal into her. Jim sat on his bench, hand on the throttle, and eyes ahead, and the way he was bouncing her for New York was beautiful to look at. The instant he struck the straight he saw that pile of baggage. He shut her off and opened her air pump with one hand and reversed her with the other, but he might just as well have tried to stop a comet. For about a second that pile of trunks stood out in the headlight, and then——"

"Then them was real trunks I saw in the air?" and the conductor jumped to his feet a changed man.

"Real trunks?" said Fogarty, amazed that anybody could doubt it. "Real

trunks!" and he added mournfully, "I thought I could break up a trunk pretty fine, but I want to give up railroading now——"

Conductor Brannigan gave a vicious yank on the bell-cord, and as he felt the brakes gripping under him he started back. Sitting humbly in the uncomfortable end seat at the rear of the last car was a lean and tired tramp, whose piteous plea for a free ride had just been granted by the conductor. Looking up as the door opened he saw the same conductor coming toward him, but so changed that he hardly recognized the man, who, a few minutes before, had been kind to him. That was the conductor Brannigan, who, sick and downcast himself, sympathized with those in distress, this was the conductor Brannigan who had discovered that it was not growing infirmities, but indigestion, that ailed his eye-sight.

"You can't beat the company on my train. Come out o' this!" he shouted, as he dragged the trembling tramp along the aisle, and when the train slacked up he pitched him off the platform into a snow bank. Then he yanked the bell-cord again to go ahead, went back to the baggage car, set his lamp on the floor, tipped back into his chair, and placed his feet on the highest trunk in the corner, and as he scratched a match on the bottom of the chair to light his cigar with, conductor Brannigan pulled a lot of loose tickets out of his pocket, threw them into his box, and said to the astounded baggage cruncher: "Fogarty, if you can't learn to sort tickets quicker I'm going to put on a man that can!"—[*New York Sun*.]

For the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

"DEAD BEATS."

THERE is a class of men, Brothers,
That honest men should shun;
Our Order's not exempt from them,
Nor yet is any one.

They're always looking for a job,
Yet fear they'll get a place,
And they'll "strike" you for a "meal check"
With a fearful hungry face.

Such men do not deserve them,
But they get 'em "all the same,"
And that in my opinion, brothers,
Is where we 'er all to blame.

For we all were placed upon this earth
To earn our daily bread,
And to be a credit to ourselves,
No labor we should dread.

No doubt that there are plenty
Who are searching hard for work,
That could they but obtain it
Would ne'er be call'd a shirk.

On that is not the kind of men,
I wish to speak of now;

'Tis those that get their living,
In a way—well, God knows how.
But "Pay-days" you'll always meet them,
With their faces all "a-grin"
They'll ask you if "you've got your pay,"
And, "can they help you blow it in."
They will ask you for five dollars
To pay their board and washing bill,
And if you chance to give them one
They will drink up every mill.
They always have some unpaid claim,
From their own or Grand Lodge due;
They growl and grumble all the time,
And swear "the Order's falling through."
They have a friend that is master-mechanic,
On some road away out west;
They 'er going to "strike him for a job,"
And know they'll get the best.
All such "games" they'll give you,
And say you'll never want a friend
If you'll only give them "sugar enough"
To reach their journeys end.
They will jump the town at last,
Leaving all their bills unpaid;
Laughing all the while to think
Of the fool of you they've made.
Now I expect *you* have often thought
Of what *I* have mentioned here,
But you hated to refuse a man
Because you *thought* he wanted *beer*.
But you all must know the penalty
Of "holding up" such men,
For very often we are taken
To be just as bad as them.
Now I hope you're not offended
At the few plain words I've said,
If I have spoken out to strong,
Blame not my heart—but head.

M. S. M. Drv. 56.

By the side of man should stand woman,—not Amazonian, but angelic; gentle, yet godlike in words of knowledge and duty; meek, yet mighty in all the miracles of charity and benevolence.

Written for the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

LIFE OF WILLIAM HOGARTH.

BY JOHN CURRAN KEEGAN.

Industry and Idleness. Exemplified in the conduct of two fellow-apprentices; as a contrast to an idle and vicious character, who is brought to consequent misery and shame, his fellow-apprentice is depicted moral, attentive and industrious; and by regular and natural gradations, attains the highest dignities of the greatest city in Europe. This is making the pencil an instrument in the cause of virtue, holding up the mirror of morality and truth, and showing the fair reward of industry to be happiness, honor, independence, and the inevitable consequences of idleness and vice to be poverty, misery and shame.

O, the Roast Beef of Old England! At the gate of Calais. The thought on which this whimsical print is founded originated in Calais to which place Mr. Hogarth, accompanied by some of his friends, made an excursion in the year 1747. Ignorant of the customs of France, and considering the gate of Calais merely as a piece of ancient architecture Hogarth began to make a sketch. This was soon observed; he was seized as a spy, who intended to draw a plan of the fortification, and escorted by a file of musketeers to the *Commandant*. His sketch book was examined leaf by leaf, and found to contain drawings that had not the most distant relation to tactics. Notwithstanding this favorable circumstance the governor, with great politeness assured him, that had not a treaty between the two nations been actually signed, he should have been under the disagreeable necessity of hanging him upon the ramparts; as it was, he must be permitted the privilege of providing him a few *military* attendants, who should do themselves the honor of waiting upon him, while he resided in the French dominions. Two soldiers were then ordered to escort him to his hotel, from thence they conducted him to the vessel; nor did they quit the prisoner until he was a league from the shore, when, seizing him by the shoulders, and spinning him round upon the deck, they said he was now at liberty to pursue his voyage without further molestation. So mortifying an adventure he did not like to hear recited, but has in this print recorded the circumstance which led to it. In one corner he has given a portrait of himself, making the drawing; and to show the moment of arrest, the hand of the sergeant is upon his shoulder.

Marriage a la Mode. A young nobleman for attempting to revenge the violation of his wife's virtue, which he never cherished, is killed by her paramour, who for this murder suffers an ignominious death; and the lady, distracted at the reflection of having been the cause of their lives terminating in so horrid a manner, makes her own *quietus*, with a dose of laudanum. This is painting to the understanding, appealing to the heart, and making the pencil an advocate in the cause of morality.

Ben Street and Gin Lane. In the first print, we see healthy and happy beings, inhaling copious draughts of a liquor, which seems perfectly congenial to their mental and corporal powers; in the second, a group of emaciated wretches, who, by swallowing liquid fire, have consumed both.

The March to Finchley. When King George the Second saw this print, his first question was addressed to a nobleman in waiting: "Pray, who is this Hogarth?" "A painter, my liege." "I hate *painting* and *poetry* too! neither the one, nor the

other, ever did any good! Does the fellow mean to laugh at my guards?" "The picture, and please your Majesty, must undoubtedly be considered burlesque." "What, a *painter* burlesque a soldier? he deserves to be picketed for his insolence! Take his trumpery out of my sight." The print was returned to the artist, who, completely mortified at such a reception of what he very properly considered as his first work, immediately altered the inscription inserting instead of the King of England, the King of Prussia, as an encourager of Arts. Notwithstanding this circumstance, King George the Second afterwards, in the year 1757, gave Hogarth an appointment with the title of *Sergeant Painter* to the King of Great Britain.

Portrait of John Wilkes, Esq. Enraged by the publication of Mr. Wilkes' Portrait, Mr. Churchill wrote a most virulent and vindictive satire, which he entitled an epistle to William Hogarth. In revenge Hogarth published a print of the *Bruiser*, Charles Churchill, once the Reverend, in the character of a Russian Hercules. It represents Churchill in the character of a bear, hugging a foaming tankard of porter, and like another Hercules, armed with a knotted club. From the two letters N. B. inscribed on the club, it appears that the painter considered Churchill as a writer in the North Briton (a saterie journal); from the words infamous fallacy, Lie the 1st, 2nd, 3d, 4th, etc., on each of the knots, that he also considered him a poet, who did not pay the strictest regard to truth. Hogarth's favorite dog, *Trump*, is contemptuously treating and trampling upon the epistle of his master. Before this quarrel ended Hogarth died, and Churchill survived him but nine days. In addition to the before-mentioned prints, he also published: The Battle of the Pictures; Sigismunda; Time smoking a Picture; Sleeping Congregation; Four Times of the Day; Strolling Actresses, dressing in a barn; The Times; Group of Heads; The Five Orders of Perewiss, etc., and last of all a print entitled, *Finis* or the End. A concluding plate seemed necessary; and we are told that a few months before he was seized with that malady, which deprived society of one of its greatest ornaments, he had in contemplation a *Last Engraving*. After dinner, with a few friends at his own table, enjoying "The feast of reason, and the flow of soul," the board crowned with wine, and each glass circulating convivial cheerfulness, he was asked, "What will be the subject of your next print?" "The end of all things," was his reply. "If that should be the case," added one of his friends, "your business will be finished, for there will be the end of the painter." With a look that conveyed a consciousness of approaching dissolution, and with a deep sigh, he answered: "Thou wilt so; and, therefore, the sooner my work is done the better."

With this impulse he next day began this plate, and seeming to consider it as a terminus of his fame, never turned to the right or left, until he arrived at the end of his journey. The aim of this *Omega* to his own alphabet was two-fold; to bring together every object which denoted the end of time, and throw a *pathos* and *profundity* of the ancient masters. At one period of his life Hogarth commenced to be an author, and published his *Analysis of Beauty*.

To traverse continents in search of antique paintings, explore caverns for mutilated sculpture, and measure the proportions of a statue with mathematical precision, was not the boast of Hogarth.

He may be denominated the biographical dramatist of domestic life. The Temple of Nature was his academy, and his typography the map of the human mind.

He frequently drew sketches of heads upon his nail, and when he went home

copied them on paper, from whence they were transferred to his plates. His conversation was lively and cheerful, mixed with a quickness of retort that did not gain him friends. Severe in his satire on those who were present; but of the absent he was usually their advocate, and has sometimes boasted that he never uttered a sentence concerning any man living, but he would repeat to his face. In the relations of husband, brother, friend and master, he was kind, generous, sincere and indulgent.

In diet abstemious, but in his hospitalities though devoid of ostentation, liberal and free-hearted. Not parsimonious, yet frugal, but so comparatively small were the rewards then paid to artists, that after the labor of a long life he left a very inconsiderable sum to his widow, with whom he must have received a large portion of what was bequeathed.

Finding his health in declining state, Hogarth had some years before purchased a small house at Cheswick. To this he retired during the summer months, but so active a mind could not *rust in idleness*, even then he pursued his profession, and employed the last years of his life in retouching, and superintending some repairs and alterations in his plates.

From this place he on the twenty-fifth of October, 1764, returned to Leicester Square; and, though weak and languid, retained his usual flow of spirits; but being on the same night, taken suddenly ill, died the next day of an *aneurism*.

His remains were removed to Cheswick, where is erected a plain, but neat pyramidal monument, on which is inscribed the following tribute from the pen of his friend, Mr. Garrick:

Farewell, great Painter of Mankind!
Who reached the noblest point of Art,
Whose pictured mortals charm the mind,
And through the Eye correct the heart
If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear,
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honor'd dust lies here.

Time will obliterate the inscription, and even the pyramid must crumble into dust; but Hogarth's fame is engraven on tablets, which shall have longer duration than monumental marble.

THE WELL'S MEMORIAL.

A Noble and Practical Charitable Enterprise Suggested—An Outline of its Aim and Methods.

THE committee on a memorial to the late E. M. P. Wells, D. D., has decided on the establishment and endowment of a workingmen's club and institute. They cite the noble work accomplished by the Young Men's Christian Union and Association among the middling classes, and add: Below them lies the great multitude of workingmen, for whom almost nothing is done, except relief when they fall into distress. Here is the field to-day for the best work. The need of wiser methods in our efforts to improve the condition of the working classes is deeply felt. Charity begins to shrink from physical relief to the poor, lest pauperism be encouraged. Prevention is better than relief. Self-support is better than aid. Industry, skill, thrift, respect for one's self and for others, and the true

knowledge and love of God—these are what workingmen (and we all) need. A club and institute for workingmen may be made the most powerful means for their elevation. It will be under the management of trustees in full sympathy with Dr. Wells' convictions, hopes and labors.

Locate it where the greatest numbers are found. Make it simple, spacious and fitting. Equip it with ample reading room, game room, class room, refreshment room, baths, and whatever else experience may suggest. Many kinds of instruction, either free or with some small fee, may grow up in time. Open its doors wide and free. Ask no questions as to creed. Welcome all. Put at its head a christian man, who will love all sorts and conditions of men for Christ's sake. Let him be an expert in the art of counseling men how to work, and get up and go ahead, and be industrious, and gain skill, and be thrifty. Cleanliness, industry, thrift, skill—let his words and influence and life lead them through these to the love of God and the Master's feet. Organize beneficial societies to care for their sick and pay for burials. The building and loan associations in Philadelphia have been the most powerful means to teach thrift, and reward it with independent and happy homes. Organize among the best workingmen committees to give tone and character and aid in all these ways. Organization is power. Well used, it is success. In a good cause, with God behind it, who will fix its limits? Fifty thousand dollars will procure an ample building, with all its complete but simple equipment, and will endow it as a perpetual power."

Money or subscriptions, or pledges payable at such time as each may wish, may be sent to Hon. E. R. Mudge, at 13 Chauncy street. The trustees will be J. S. Blatchford, Martin Brimmer, Causten Browne, R. M. Cushing, Richard H. Dana, jr., Charles W. Dexter, F. C. Foster, J. D. W. French, Walter L. Jeffries, Charles H. Joy, Amos A. Lawrence, Francis W. Lawrence, Robert M. Lawrence, C. J. Morrill, E. R. Mudge, H. S. Mudge, R. T. Paine, jr., Joshua M. Sears, A. J. C. Sowden, Russell Sturgiss, jr., Russell Sturgiss, third, G. C. Shattuck, Grant Walker.

DYNAMITE.

Terrific Explosion—More Than One Hundred Persons Injured and Several Killed.

SPECIALS from Stratford and statements of people who arrived at Detroit, give particulars of the accident which occurred on May 6. While shifting a car in which were thirty cases of dynamite, to be used in blasting the Limekiln reef in Detroit River, shipped from Belleville, addressed to C. H. Dunbar, Amherstburg, and purporting to be blasting powder, exploded, demolishing twenty-three cars so completely that no fragment of iron weighing over thirty pounds could be found, and all the pieces of wood-work left were so splintered that they could be broken by the hands. Eighty other cars were almost entirely ruined.

Francis Pidgeon was blown to pieces. His jaw-bone, leg and one foot were found 300 yards from the scene of the explosion. A hundred persons were injured more or less. Besides those killed, several more will die. All the houses within a quarter of a mile of the disaster were riddled as if they had been bombarded. A large number of children were injured, and one baby, while in a cradle 400 yards distant, was blown out of the door of the house, and will die. The clerks in the freight-shed were thrown through the side of the building and injured.

All the buildings in the immediate vicinity are riddled and blown to pieces. A

passenger train, crowded with passengers, passed within twenty feet ten minutes before the explosion. The noise was heard seventeen miles. A white cloud with black streaks and flame hung for five minutes over the scene of disaster. The hole in the ground, under the car which exploded, is twenty feet wide and ten feet deep.

The car upon which the explosion occurred was freighted at Montreal for Amherstburg, and contained thirty packages, which were entered as blasting powder. They were shipped on account of Vanderbilt, to be used in blasting at the Detroit Tunnel. When the explosion happened the cars were being shunted in the yard. The damage will exceed \$250,000. Geo. Hawkins, car dealer, had both eyes put out by a splinter, and is not expected to live. Joseph Humphrey is badly cut about the head and face, but may recover. Alfred Lamb and Mr. Flynn are badly injured.

Geo. Hawkins, another victim of the dynamite explosion died last night.

A FIGHT ON AN ENGINE.

LAST Monday evening passenger train No.—, on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad, came rattling up the valley between Parsons and Emporia, with Dave Dunham at the throttle and Johnnie Haley at the furnace, just as it has every evening for the past six years.

As engineer and fireman these two boys have stood side by side on this run since the spring of 1873, and have not only registered "on time," but have, by their strict attention to the road, gained the confidence of their employers and the friendship of many people living along this division of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas. (They have been the best of friends—a kind of friendship that danger cements and makes stronger has held them together for years—and but for the altercation giving rise to this item, they might have filled their respective stations for a life-time, and their names never appeared in the newspaper prints.) As the train pulled out from the low land on the Neosho and struck the prairie, the conductor noticed a sudden change in speed, but thinking the boys might be "lifting" her a little to meet the grade, paid no attention to it. The grade was met and passed as though no grade was there, and then down the hill she started at a terrible rate. As she skimmed along the passengers began to show signs of nervousness as they saw farm houses rushing along as close together, apparently as in a Kansas town, and the conductor too began to think all was not right at the "steam end." As the speed increased at every revolution of the wheels, cushions, lunch baskets, bundles and babies flew around the car like mad, and now the thoroughly frightened passengers appealed to the conductor to stop the train. By this time he realized the danger himself, and knowing that a Santa Fee freight train had the "right of the way" at the Emporia Junction, and that it would be certain death to reach there ahead of time, he jerked the bell-rope as though a town were on fire. The bell sounded the alarm, but as no response came from the whistle, he realized for the first time that he was on a runaway train, five coaches from the engine. Whether it was the small amount of his life insurance policy, or the safety of the passengers that spurred him on, will remain an open question, but it is morally certain that he was not many seconds in passing through the coaches, scaling the iron rail of the mail car, and landing on the coal pile near the locomotive, which was writhing under the pressure of 65 lbs. more of steam than was necessary for celerity, comfort or

convenience. He says that as he struck the water-tank and rolled down into the cab, the engine was going so fast that the telegraph poles along the road looked like a "picket fence." It took but a moment to put on the air-brakes, reverse the lever and slow her down and find himself within two hundred yards of an open switch at the Santa Fee crossing, and that the run of eight miles had been made in less than eight minutes. When the train stopped the fireman jumped from the engine and ran down the track toward the city, and the engineer, arising from the floor of the cab, explained that just as they neared the Neosho grade, Haley, the fireman, accused him of having reported something discreditable to him to the division superintendent. This he stoutly denied, whereupon Haley assaulted him with a coal pick, and a hand-to-hand scuffle ensued. In the melee the throttle was thrown open, and going at the rate of a mile a minute, they "fought it out on that line." On leaving the train Haley ran down to the court house, and had Sheriff Moon lock him up in a cell, fearing that he would be overtaken, he said, and killed by Dunham and his friends. Dunham was conveyed in a carriage to a physician and had his wound dressed. His face, head and shoulders were terribly cut and bruised, the cut in the back of the head by a pick being a very severe one.

The conductor ran the train through to Junction City, leaving his engineer in the hands of a nurse and his fireman in the hands of the sheriff.—[*Topeka (Kan.) Commonwealth*, April 16.]

WIT AND HUMOR.

A little girl visiting a neighbor with her mother was gazing curiously at the host's new bonnet, when the owner queried, "Do you like it, Laura?" The innocent replied, "Why, mother said it was a perfect fright, but it don't scare me." Laura's mother did not stay long after that.

AN EPISODE.

As "Pinafore" is all the rage,
Our "Uncle Dudley" did engage
To take a fair young lady friend
A pleasant evening for to spend.
Now, as he started for his seat,
A sea of faces his gaze did meet.
With a winsome smile, "I now," thought he,
"Will do this up 'officially.'"
His lady seated, he did try
To take his seat most graceful-ly.
There was a crash!—then "Uncle D."
Shot downward with velocity,
To hunt for a pin upon the floor—
Though he never saw that Pinafore.

But those seated near by overheard the following dialogue :

Lady: Do you always sit that way ?

U. D.: No, never !

Lady: W-h-a-t, never ?

U. D.: Seldom !

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A parrot that was always plunged into cold water as a punishment for swearing, happened to see passing his cage one rainy day some dripping, drenched chickens, and called out, "You miserable fools, been swearing, eh?"

"Shall I help you to alight?" said a city exquisite to a muscular country girl who was just about to get out of a wagon that had just come to the porch of a rural tavern. She jumped from the wagon, and indignantly exclaimed, "What do you mean? you don't think I smoke, do you?"

It was Dow, jr.—sacred to his memory — who said that "Life is a contra-dance; down outside and back; tread on the corns of your neighbor; poke your nose everywhere; all hands round, right and left; bob your cocoanut, the figure is ended. Time hangs up the fiddle, and death puts out the light."

Professor—"Who was Oliver Cromwell?" Student—"He was an English statesman who cut off the head of his king, and then repented of the act, saying: 'O Cromwell, Cromwell! If I had but served my God as I did my king, he would not have left me naked here.'"

Long John Wentworth, ex-mayor of Chicago, is entirely bald, except a little tuft of hair at the base of the brain behind the ears, and on one occasion, when riding in the cars, he frequently took off his hat and scratched back of his ears, when a waggish backwoodsman shouted out: "Stranger, driv'em up into the clearing, and you can catch 'em all in five minutes!"

A MODEL OBITUARY.

A disconsolate editor thus bemoans his departed spouse:

"Thus my wife died. No more will those loving hands pull off my boots and part my back hair, as only a true wife can. Nor will those willing feet replenish coal-hod or water-pail. No more will she arise amid tempestuous storms of winter, and hie away to the fire without disturbing the slumbers of the man who doted on her so artlessly. Her memory is embalmed in my heart of hearts. I wanted to embalm her body, but I found that I could embalm her memory cheaper.

"I procured for Eli Mudget, a neighbor of mine, a very pretty gravestone. His wife was a consumptive, and he kept it on hand several years, in anticipation of her death. But she rallied last spring, and his hopes were blasted. Never shall I forget the poor man's grief when I asked him to part with it.

"Take it, Skinner, and may you never know what it is to have your soul disappointed as mine has been!" And he burst into a flood of tears. His spirit was, indeed, utterly broken.

I had the following epitaph engraved upon the tombstone.

"To the memory of Tabitha, wife of Moses Skinner, Esq., gentlemanly editor of the 'Trombone.' Terms three dollars a year, invariably in advance. A kind mother and an exemplary wife. Office over Coleman's grocery, up two flights of stairs. Knock hard. Weshall miss thee, mother, weshall miss thee. Job printing solicited."

Thus did my lacerated spirit cry out in agony, even as Rachel weeping for her children. But one ray of light penetrated the despair of my soul. The undertaker took his pay in job printing, and the sexton owed me a little account I should not have got any other way. Why should we pine at the mysterious ways of Providence and vicinity? (Not a conundrum.)

Editorial.

WM. N. SAYRE, *Editor.*

E. V. DEBS, *Associate Editor.*

TEMPERANCE.

Through countless ages gone by, the use of intoxicating liquors has been a bane and curse to humanity. As early as 1639, when our fair land was scarce better than a trackless forest, the people who had settled here to seek a home upon American soil became debauched and depraved from the use of stimulants, to such an extent, that it was found necessary by the authorities of Massachusetts and Connecticut to establish laws restraining and prohibiting the use thereof. From that time until the present moment every effort which human ingenuity could devise has been made to suppress intemperance; yet we must confess, much to our humiliation, that but little headway has been made. Wherever we go throughout our country we can see the victims of this dreadful evil. The half-clothed sot, with pale and emaciated countenance, staggering along the street, the most pitiable sight one can imagine, has become an object so common, that he does not even excite our attention, much less our compassion. I have often looked at a besotted remnant of mortality whom I had known in earlier years, and then turning from him after a few moments reflection, I could not help but say to myself—"What a respected citizen he might have been had he not fallen a victim to intemperance." When we think of the families that have been wrecked, the deaths by delirium tremens, and the suicides that are recorded, the women and children who have been driven into the streets, from homes made desolate by the husbands and fathers of debauchery, and then consider that intemperance is the foster-parent of nearly all this misery and wretchedness, we grow impatient for the coming of that day, however far distant it may be, when the human family will have grown sublime enough to firmly withstand all of the temptations that issue from the enticing wine-cup. How often do we see a young man starting out upon his journey through life, with prospects as bright as the rays of the morning sun; he is happy and prosperous, has a good business, and a large circle of friends. Time passes along, he gets married, has a cheerful little home, and he is soon the husband and father of a magnificent family. Everything goes well for a while, and all is joy about his homestead. It is soon noticed, however, that through custom acquired from one of his friends, he steps across the street occasionally and for "companions sake" takes a social glass. Here now comes the turning point. It soon becomes an established habit with him to take "a little something" when the time comes. In a little while he "nips" a little oftener, and is always promptly on hand at the proper time. He is now a "moderate drinker." Dare any man advocate even moderate drinking? Let us take an imaginary glance at the future. Ten years have elapsed. When we left our good friend he enjoyed and partook of stimulants, to a moderate degree only. Let us see what effect it has had. We take a stroll up street with the intention of calling upon our old associate. We pause at his shop door, but find upon inquiry that he has been superseded these five years past. We look at each other amazed for a moment, then ask, "What has become of him?" The answer is, "Gone to a drunkard's grave two years ago. He took to drinking, got worse every day, tried without success to quit, neglected his family shamefully;

finally all his property was sold, his wife and children turned into the street, and he, like many of the victims of drunkenness went down to a grave of shame, wet with the tears of a mourning family of beggars."

My friends, this illustration is not overdrawn. Men equally as firm as yourselves have said: "We can drink moderately without drinking to excess," and then in the course of time became perpetual drunkards.

Have the manhood to say "No" when you are asked to pour a liquid into your stomach that transforms a man into a beast.

Your mission on earth is to cultivate the attributes with which God possessed you, and you should seek to do so rather than degenerate them unto the low and grovelling passions of the brute creation.

WE announce in this number of our issue, with a great deal of pleasure, the election of our associate editor, and worthy brother, E. V. Debs, to the important office of city clerk of Terre Haute. This election is an instance of the triumph of a *laboring* man over politicians and money kings. One of the great objects of our Order is the advancement of the laboring man's interest; and by laboring man we mean not only railroad men, but the laboring man of every rank and condition.

We are antagonized in our noble object by the money power. It has run not only the politics of the country, but the rights of wagemen as well.

Our success for the future depends upon organization and active work. Put our good men forward for positions in every instance that we can. Have them elected like our brother Debs was, and soon we will find not only the politicians, but the moneyed men as well, consulting our demands, because they will recognize us as a power in the land. Others of our brethren have run for office within the past year. Bro. Stevens and Bro. W. T. Goundie, both beaten it is true, but only by *slight* majorities. No wonder, however, when we call to mind the money and influence called into play to beat them. We must keep the ball rolling, and force attention to our wants by putting our own men into place.

GRAND LODGE ORDERS.

Decision.—A subordinate lodge can loan any brother out of position, a sum not to exceed \$5.

J. V. B.—your name must be on the G. S. & T's Register, and you must be square with your lodge in order to draw *any* benefits.

An important communication to Subordinate Lodges will appear in No. 7, and in order to get the opinions of Lodges in No. 8, each Sub-Lodge will, through its R. S., notify Brother Sayre, *on or before July 10th*, of the decision of the Lodge. *Bear this well in mind.*

Death Notice No. 11 is now before us for payment. Let each F. S. try to be first in getting in remittances.

BLACK LIST.

No. 51. Bert. Lewis, T. Vrooman, J. Norton, J. Shannon, expelled for defrauding widows and orphans.

No. 12. E. Varley, expelled for unbecoming conduct and defrauding his lodge.

No. 87. Geo. Thompson, expelled for non-payment of dues.

Correspondence.

In the Royal Gorge of the Grand Canon of the Arkansas.

April 20, 1879.

The present railroad war is in the courts, in the Canon, and along the line of the D. & R. G. R. R. A war not alone of legal controversy, but of two railroad corporations with a paid army. Men employed at \$3.00 per day, with board, solely for the purpose of guarding the train, round-houses, etc., but more particularly this, the Grand Canon, to keep the rival company from occupation. These men are armed with rifles and revolvers, whose only employment is the duty of the soldier in its strictest sense, with all the attendant dissipation of such *paid* idleness. Manager Strong of the A. T. & S. F., and General Palmer of the D. & R. G. are the commanding spirits and generalissimos respectfully, who are assisted by a numerous corps of subordinates. The movements of the troops, the rumors of their meeting, accompanied with loss of life, etc., have been kept before the public by the newspapers which have taken sides with one or the other.

The issue and result of this war is looked for with eagerness, and a deep interest is shown by the people of the State; in fact, it is of vital importance to a great many of our merchants. It is so much the topic of conversation that the Grand Canon has become famous, and the "Royal Gorge" a by-word. They are spoken of as was the Malakoff in the Crimean war, or Fort Sumpter in "our late unpleasantness." Only such an excitement as Leadville can attract any attention from this all absorbing struggle. You may ask, is not this contrary to the laws of your State? Does it not clash with all ideas of good government? Be this as it may such are the facts, and are now in existence and from appearances will remain so for some time.

What would be the consequence if any class, or all classes of workmen, should protest against the crushing tyranny of any corrupt monopoly, and take up arms to protect their families and force from them their just-earned right? Ah! the consequence is too well known, and an experience of it has been the parent of anything but the addition of respect to the conducting of our people-governed Republic.

Where is this Grand Canon? Two miles from Canon City and we enter the mouth of the Grand Canon through which runs the Arkansas river. The whole length of the canon is about eight miles. Its name is most appropriate, it is truly, sublimely grand. The entrance of the canon is open, affording a full view for some distance, on each side are huge mountains whose massiveness are awe inspiring. As we proceed up the canon it becomes more narrow, the mountains close in around us, they become more bare of vegetation till we reach the mouth of the "Royal Gorge." Here the rocks are rocks, indeed, the mountains become walls of naked granite, standing perpendicular thousands of feet above our heads, in many places they over-hang with a threatening aspect. Back in a deep ravine, and independent from the surrounding hills stands a high pyramid, on the top of which rests a single stone weighing many tons, you would suppose could be over-balanced by a few pounds, but it is impossible to reach it. Before entering the "Royal Gorge," to the right, is another pyramid rock lowering up a thousand feet. It brings strongly to the mind the leaning tower of Pisa. The "Babtistry" on the other side of the

canon stands out in bold prominence, resting securely on a mountain of red granite. The grim-looking fortification along our coast—Fortress Monroe, the grand old buildings and cathedrals of Europe, are here represented and magnified to immeasurable sizes. To ascertain some kind of an idea of the height that so struck our admiration—those huge walls—one of the party was requested to throw a stone to a spot designated on the opposite side of the river. This question would be like asking one to throw across a narrow street. The distance seemed not more than fifty feet. The effort brought forth a laugh as the stone fell far short of its mark, and a decided look of astonishment on the face of the one who was positive he could throw much farther and higher. A trial from each of the party with the same result, ended with the exclamation, "how strange!" Not many years ago to put a railroad through this canon was considered impossible, nevertheless, the A. T. & S. F. runs about six miles into it, and an army of workmen are employed on the construction of the road.

The noise of the blasting very much resembles thunder, and the rocks, that is some of them, which roll down in the river by the explosion of giant powder and glycerine, weigh hundreds of tons. The feeling steals over one, what if the shock of the explosion should bring down that over-hanging mass? Our grave would be the deepest, our monuments the highest, of the most beautiful colored granite, sculptured by nature's own hand, the wolves or mountain lions would not disturb our resting place. Yes, time would expire and the marble slabs of heroes would crumble to dust, our monuments would yet remain intact, admitting across their breasts the free commerce of civilization, and mark the place where we lay clasped in the arms of mother-earth.

The men at work in the canon are compelled in a great many places to make fast ropes in the rock far above them, and by this means construct platforms on which to carry on their labor. Rope ladders are also constructed reaching from the platforms to the ledge of rocks below.

When the cry of fire is heard, re-echoed through the Gorge, men will be seen running in every direction to find a safe retreat from the falling missiles that come down in a shower after the explosions. A terrific crash is heard after the word fire, and the large piece of granite, so long silent and undisturbed for centuries past, is hurled from its seat to roll to the river beneath. So narrow is the canon that in one place it is necessary to build a suspension bridge over and *parallel* with the river, suspended from each side of the canon with steel cable. A temporary trussle is at present answering the purpose. Such is the Grand Canon, the prize to be won, and these are the scenes to-day in its depths.

TIM FAGAN.

CHICAGO, ILL., April 26, 1879.

Chicago Lodge No. 95 of the B. of L. F. deserves great credit for the pleasant manner in which they entertained quite a large and fashionable audience on the eve of the twenty-third. Indeed, it was a grand affair. To do it justice requires a more able pen than mine. Had I the ability I might present before you the manner in which the two hundred couple (for there were fully that many present) managed to pass the evening, but not being gifted with the power of elaborating, I will have to confine myself to a plain rendition of the subject.

Although young, as a lodge, they certainly are not novices in the art of entertaining their friends. The occasion I have reference to is the first complimentary

reception tendered by them at Shrum's Hall, corner Washington and Green Streets.

As a participator in the festivities, I can truthfully say that I never passed a more pleasant evening, and a great many others have expressed themselves to me in a like manner. The appearance of the ladies was charming, and the gentlemen conducted themselves in a manner which fully entitles them to the full meaning of that term. Good feeling seemed to exist throughout the entire programme, nothing was said or done that I would be ashamed to record.

The management made capital arrangements for those desiring refreshments. Brother Baker announced, just prior to the intermission, that Dyball's famous restaurant, which was close at hand, was ready to accomodate an unlimited number of guests. In fact, everything was complete, nothing was neglected, there was everything that was necessary to make it what it certainly was, a most enjoyable occasion.

Dancing was continued up to the delicate hour of 4 A. M., and all seemed very reluctant even then to bid farewell to Shrum's Hall, and its agreeable managers.

Quite a number of neighboring lodges were represented. Brothers from Nos. 46, 47, 50, 34 and 63 helped to swell the large assembly. The management express themselves quite well satisfied, as the amount received from the cloak room was sufficient to defray all expense incurred.

No. 95 ever since its birth has displayed a wonderful amount of energy, and this last act certainly proves that they are a wide-awake lot. Long life to No. 95, may she soon treat me to another, equally as good.

V. G. M.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., May 10, 1879,

Messrs. Editors: As Train No. 6, on April 28, Arkansas Division, St. L. & I. M. R. R. was nearing Poplar Bluff, a steer tried his luck with the engine. The forward trucks left the track and ditched eight cars. Brother Joe Newton the head brakeman was pulled out of the bottom of the wreck, with his head very much bruised, one leg and two ribs broken. He was removed immediately to Poplar Bluff, with a special car, in an unconscious condition, and his chances for life very slim, but he is doing splendid now, and talks with the boys as jovial as ever, thanks to a good physician and a kind mother's care.

Yours truly,

H. H. LINDENBERGER.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., May 7, 1879.

Editors Magazine: At the St. Johns Hospital Fair at Armory Hall, April 17, there never was such excitement over the success of a great enterprise for mercies sake, and the fine cushions were the center of attraction. Grant has many warm friends and is deserving of much credit, but the Wabash boys could never stand and see their favorite beaten, for Lynch is a popular, as a well as a skillful engineer, and being young, single and handsome is a general favorite with the ladies. Never-tiring matrons moved wishfully about among the visitors, each imploring a mere modicum of this worlds wealth from the generously inclined toward the many objects of attraction on their tables. Young ladies eloquent in tongue, and bewitching as fairies, implored a tithe of the well filled purses of the rich for the various attractions and articles represented by them, and only requiring the writing of the name to insure a smile. Enough can not be said in credit of the ladies having this fair in their charge, for the able and efficient way in which they conducted it. The following from the *Sangamon Daily Monitor*: "The voting for the cushions—\$1,022.93

gained. In the contest for the cushions both candidates deserve the highest credit from the fact that no two names could have been selected which would have drawn more material aid to the noble purpose for which the fund derived was intended. Dennis Grant was at some considerable disadvantage in the contest, and deserves well for the gallant endurance evinced. Mr. Grant is among the most popular, as he is also the most skillful of the C. & A. engineers. His vote is an evidence of this fact, and a compliment of which he may justly feel proud. Mr. Jas. Lynch was the first choice of the Wabash boys, and the vote is an evidence of the wisdom of their choice. The contest, while spirited, was conducted in the kindest manner, one toward the other, by the partisans of both. The lady managers are too glad that they selected two such deservedly popular representatives of the two grand trunk lines passing through the city. Long may they live, say all, and the next choice blessing fall upon "Denny." The vote was, Grant, 4,716½; Lynch, 5,512½ votes; and majority for Lynch, 796 votes."

Mr. Sayre, Editor Locomotive Firemen's Magazine :

Dear Sir—Though not a member of the brotherhood, I have two sons that are members, and in good standing, as I see by their monthly receipts for dues, which they give me for safe-keeping, and I firmly believe that through the teachings of the order they have become more polished in their manners. They talk of "our lodge" and the benefits derived from it. I believe that the first duty a fireman owes to his family is protection. What can we poor weak women do to support ourselves after the cold hand of death has removed from our midst a father or son? Absolutely nothing, for unless there is a little provision made in health by our protectors we have nothing in case they are taken away. I read of Mrs. Bartol's thanks for the favor she received from the hands of the Brotherhood, and what that little sum had done for her and her little fatherless ones; also, Mrs. Gleason, of Ohio, this in itself should set all to thinking. I, sir, am truly happy to know that the locomotive firemen have acted so manfully, and that I have two sons working under the beautiful motto of Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry. May God watch over you in your positions so filled with peril, and strengthen you to do right and maintain your order is the wish of a

MOTHER.

To the Editors of Magazine: Not seeing any of No. 12 members doing, or I should say, writing for the Magazine, and letting the brothers that were at the Convention, held here last fall, know how No. 12 is prospering, I would like to say a few words for No. 12. Lodge No. 12 was in a precarious condition last summer, (that is to say we did not have so many to take an interest in the order then, as their is at the present time), the largest part of the brothers were behind in their dues, and did not seem to care about having their names kept on the books, but when the convention was held here they began to get their eyes opened, and they began to say: "Well, I guess the Brotherhood does amount to something as their seems to be smart and intelligent men at the head of the institution, so I guess the best thing I can do is to place myself square on the books so I can receive some benefit, when I am disabled, or my family can when I am called away to that better place." To-day No. 12 has forty-nine as good members, as there is in the whole order, and they do not allow themselves to become in arrears for dues, and they have also paid up what they owed on the old books (or the largest share of it) before the convention. Now I do not see why each and every lodge should not be square

with the Grand Lodge, and not keep back money due to widows and orphans on death claims, as but little work on the part of some of the members would place all square on Sub-Lodge Books, and then they could keep square with Grand Lodge. Members of the B. of L. F. keep yourselves square, and not let the world point out and say as you go by, there goes a specimen of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, a man that has not the manhood about him to help a Brother Fireman's widow and orphaned children, out of the snares of starvation. The small trifle of \$7.00 a year would make men point at him and say: there, that is the kind of a man, and the order he belongs to, that lifts up the wives and children of their dear departed Brother Firemen, and places them on a safe foundation and away from temptation, crime and starvation. Some one may want to know how the B. of L. F. places the widows and orphans away from temptation and crime. I will say, when the only source from which our daily bread comes is taken away from us, and there is no way left open for us to drive starvation away, why I say then, and not until then do we ever have the thought enter our hearts that starvation can be driven away from our door by committing some dastardly crime, and when once started we are almost sure to end our lives in States Prison or on the gallows. Hoping that all brothers will be true to their obligation, and expecting to see something in our Magazine from some other member of No. 12. I remain

Yours,

HEADLIGHT No. 12.

CHICAGO, MAY 1, 1879.

At a regular meeting of Triumphant Lodge No. 47, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, held April 13, 1879, the following resolution adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge are due, and hereby tendered to our worthy Vice Grand Master, J. M. Dodge, for donating a suitable cabinet to the Lodge for the use of safe-keeping of our regalia.

J. O. CONNOR, } Committee.
P. C. EICH. }

SUBORDINATE LODGE ITEMS.

BROTHER Walters of Peoria, is energetic in the cause of our book, and strives to build up the Brotherhood.

BROTHERS Lane and McGarrahan of No. 13 report favorable at East St. Louis, with brighter prospects ahead than heretofore.

BROTHER Glover inclines toward the poetical. Well, it is spring time, and due allowances must be made, but John be guarded, or the *Press* will be after you.

BROTHER Barnet of No. 45 is reported much better, and able to walk out of doors. We wish him a speedy recovery.

BROTHER Moore of No. 93 has some attraction at Rock Island; else why go there so often. Come, Zeb., tell us all about it or look out for *wah*!

FROM a Cedar Rapids correspondent we learn that the Locomotive Engineers and Firemen held a joint meeting at Cedar Rapids last month. The occasion was one not to be forgotten soon. A few such meetings does more good than aught else.

BROTHER Frank Clark of No. 29 is pushing the Brotherhood with zeal, and we are proud of the attention shown our worthy brother Thomas who is improving slowly from the sad accident in February last. Long live 29!

No. 12. P. McNeary, withdrawn.

P. H. MORAN of No. 70 will confer a favor by making known his whereabouts. No. 96 reports progress and writes us encouragingly of the future.

No. 23 would be pleased to hear from Thos. Nichols and Thos. Weatherford, at an early date. A word to the wise, &c.

C. F. TOOPER, Jos. W. Richey, J. W. Barrett, and S. C. Lever, will learn something to their advantage by addressing Lodge No. 54.

BROTHER Hynes of No. 77 is now at Canon City, Col." We are proud of "Tim," and trust he will not forget to *do good work*, as we send him six extra copies of No. 6.

No. 72 reports new members at each quarter as regularly as report comes in. Brother Huston is alive to business.

BROTHER Frank Arnold can relate a good story of a Columbus man who has inch soles on his boots, and also about walking in from the country *three miles* in the mud, pistol in one hand and the other on his hat to keep his hair down.

BROTHER Barrows of No. 50 writes progress, and also looks forth to his lodge becoming one of the first, firemen taking a big interest, and subscribes to our Magazine coming to the front.

BROTHER Baker of No. 95 has recovered from his accident, and once more entertains the brothers of his lodge as well as all visiting members. Look out Ned for loaded tools, they may go off.

BROTHER John Walsh of No. 46 has secured the position of engineer on one of our northern lines. The many friends of our esteemed brother will be pleased to learn this.

BROTHER Dennis of No. 54 received a letter on first of April, with a—well, John can tell, and has a search warrant out for the girl who sent it. Never mind, John, the best of goods come done up in small packages.

We find No. 36 on a steady increase, and from indications we look for a big lodge. Brothers Standish and Long have just taken unto themselves "for better or worse." The former to Miss Maggie Fitzgerald, the latter to her sister, Miss Ella M. Fitzgerald, a double-wedding, and in their own houses, furnished previously by these careful and considerate brothers. Joy be yours say we.

NEW LODGES.—Bro. J. F. F. Hale of Silver State Lodge No. 89, organized Perseverance Lodge No. 98, at Terrace, Utah Territory, April 11th. We expect much good work from No. 98, as brother Hale reports: "a finer body of Locomotive men I never met with." A list of the lodge will be found in Magazine. We are under many obligations to brother Hale for the able manner in which he performed the duties of Grand Organizer.

BROTHER Johnson of No. 10 having washed off the black oil and coal dust, and sitting down to meditate as to how many more birth days would roll around, was about to mention his thoughts to his wife, when a surprise party came in and took possession of the house. *Of course* Mrs. J. was not aware of anything of the kind, yet managed everything finely. Mrs. Cook prepared supper, which was enjoyed by the party. Then Mrs. Johnson made her husband a birth-day present, and a very appropriate one, consisting of a fine suit of clothes. Frank responded with, "May you all live long and prosper."

MARRIED—Brother Rudolph Lund to Miss Alvida Dohl. No. 95 wishes that sunshine and happiness may always be theirs.

BROTHER Jo. S. Beach at present located at Fort Klameth, Oregon, sends us in seven subscribers for our Magazine from wholly disinterested parties. We have lodges of thirty to forty members who don't take even that many. Brother Beach writes us glowing accounts of the Fort among the hills, and the country generally, also desires to be remembered to all brothers, especially those of Nos. 29 and 69.

B. OF L. F. BALL.—The Vincennes Daily *Sun* says: "The first ball of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, at Green's Hall, was very largely attended last night, and of all the hundreds who were present it would have been impossible to find even one who did not enjoy the evening. The most perfect order was maintained, and the committee of arrangements, Messrs. C. A. Cripps, H. Hogan and F. B. Wheeler, can take unto themselves much credit for the efficiency with which they did their duty. The walls were ornamented with pictures, emblematic of the firemen's calling, and a display of flags, and the chandeliers were hung with festoons and evergreen wrought in the letters "B. of L. F." The affair was pleasant and successful in every particular, and the dancing was kept up till broad daylight. The net receipts will amount to \$90."

RAILWAY NOTES.

THE FASTEST TRAIN IN THE WORLD.

A CLOSE PUSH FOR PRECEDENCE ON THE PHILADELPHIA RAILWAY.

An extra from the London *Week* headed "The Fastest Train in the World" is challenged by a reader of THE WORLD, who wants to know whether there are not American trains that run at as great a rate of speed as the Great Western "Flying Dutchman" and other English trains which make fifty and fifty-three miles an hour.

At the Erie railway office the Superintendent said: "We have no trains that run anything like those rates; our fastest schedule time is thirty-eight miles an hour. We run at that rate between Oswego and Waverly, a distance of eighteen miles, and at several other points on the route, but that is our fastest rate."

Superintendent Toucey, of the New York Central road, said: "We don't pretend to run as fast as the English roads you mention, our highest schedule rate being forty miles an hour. Of course we get a greater rate than that in some places on the road, but only for short distances. Our trains are heavier than the English."

Mr. Sherriffa, the chief clerk in the office of the Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, said: "I think we may claim to fully equal the speed of the Flying Dutchman on our road. Train No. 19 makes the distance from Jersey City to Philadelphia, ninety miles, in 110 minutes—over forty-nine miles per hour. We have to cross three important draw-bridges and pass through five cities at reduced speed to comply with their ordinances. Our train consists of a thirty-nine-ton engine and five coaches. The Flying Dutchman, I have been informed, consists of a thirty-nine-ton engine and four coaches, each coach being only about half the weight of one of ours. Their track is as level as a billiard table, and is inclosed for its whole length. We go between New Brunswick and Trenton, twenty-six miles, in twenty-seven minutes, nearly fifty-eight miles an hour, but for short distances on the route we go even faster than that; for instance, between Millstone Junction and Deans, a distance of 5.66 miles, we run in six minutes, and there are

other short distances where we run at about the same rate. This is the regular schedule time, but between Menlo Park and Rahway we made on one occasion three miles in 58, 55, and 50 seconds. I do not, however, consider this as good work as that made by our regular trains, consisting of thirteen coaches, two of them railway post-office cars filled with heavy mail matter, seven of them Pullman sleepers, weighing twenty-six tons each, and the rest express coaches filled with passengers. We send them through from Jersey City to Philadelphia in two hours and fifty minutes. The English Engine has a driving wheel 8 feet in diameter, while ours is but 5 feet 10 inches, so that I think that we may fairly claim to equal this Flying Dutchman speed which is here stated as the "fastest in the world."

G. V. T.—The population of Leadville is about 1,300. The best route is via the A. T. & St. F. Railway from Denver, as this is an old established line, and the time is some hours quicker, the scenery grand, and but one hundred and twenty-five miles of staging, which is performed in twenty-four hours. You take the stage at Canon City via the D. & S. P. Railway, it requires two days staging, and the time being slower makes the former line the most desirable.

AN ENGINEER'S DEATH.

WILKESBARRE, PA., April 1.—"If there be a man so kind to me, will he shoot me in the heart or cut my throat?" was the cry raised by Nicholas Schillinger yesterday as he lay in agony, the victim of an accident on the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

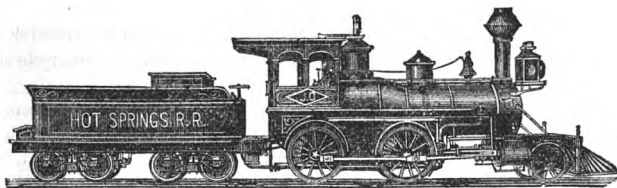
The Buffalo and Western express train from Philadelphia and New York, due at this city at 1:55 a. m. left on time. The engineer and fireman had been changed. The engine was one of the best upon the road, and Engineer Schillinger, one of the oldest employes of the company, had taken his seat at the lever. Henry Stevenson was in the fireman's seat. The signal was given, and the long train, loaded with human freight, started off at a thirty mile run. It was bounding along through the suburbs of the city at the usual even speed, when it entered a cut at the northern boundary of the city. The train had proceeded but a few hundred yards into the cut when, as the fireman said, "the engine began to jump up and down," and an instant later it had plunged headlong into the right bank of the cut. The engine-tender doubled over upon top of the engine house and buried in the ruins were the engineer, Nicholas Schillinger, and Henry Stevenson, the fireman. The pipes, filled with scalding water and steam, were broken, and their contents turned upon the poor unfortunate lying under the engine.

The cries of the engineer and firemen calling piteously for help, almost drowned the noise of escaping steam. Schillinger begged in the name of humanity for somebody to kill him. He was a German, and in his broken accents he pleaded to be killed, and when he found his appeals for deliverance from his terrible position unavailing, he cried like a child until unconscious and death hushed his voice. The fireman was lying very close to him, but in a more favorable position. The willing hands to succor were, however, baffled for some time in their determination to render all the assistance human power could command. The fireman, with great difficulty, was extricated, but died this evening. Stevenson, before his death, lay upon a bed writhing in agony and praying for the end to come. "Why was not I killed at once and put out of this misery?" was his oft-repeated enunciation. Schillinger, the engineer, is scarcely recognizable by his old comrades. He leaves a wife and daughter, and Stevenson has a wife and two children.—[*Columbus Labor*.

LIGHT LOCOMOTIVES.

Previous to the year 1867 there had been built in the city of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, some three or four small locomotives for use at the neighboring coal mines, but in this year the construction of light locomotives as a regular business began in the shops of Smith & Porter. Four years after when these shops were destroyed by fire the firm of Porter, Bell & Co. was formed, and new and extensive shops better adapted to this business were erected on a more eligible site, and the business assumed larger proportions. In 1878, on the death of Mr. Bell, the firm name was changed to H. K. Porter & Co.

Among the better known varieties of light locomotives are those specially designed for passenger and freight use on narrow-gauge railroads. The following are the dimensions of the principal sizes of the "Diamond Jo" style passenger engines built by H. K. Porter & Co. This name is given to these engines from one of a number of this class used by Mr. Jo. Reynolds of Chicago on his Hot Springs Railroad in Arkansas.



**"DIAMOND JO" STYLE PASSENGER LOCOMOTIVE,
FOR NARROW GAUGE THROUGH LINES.**

This style is specially designed for Narrow Gauge Passenger traffic, where fast speed, long runs, heavy trains, considerable grades, easy motion, and quick stopping and starting, are conditions of service.

Cylinders {	Diameter.....	10 inches.....	11 inches.....	12 inches.....	13 inches.....
	Stroke.....	16 inches.....	16 inches.....	16 inches.....	18 inches.....
Diameter of Driving Wheels.....		40 to 44 in.....	40 to 44 in.....	40 to 48 in.....	40 to 48 in.....
Diameter of Truck Wheels.....		26 to 28 in.....	26 to 28 in.....	26 to 30 in.....	26 to 30 in.....
Rigid Wheel-base of Engine.....		6 ft. 0 in.....	6 ft. 0 in.....	6 ft. 6 in.....	6 ft. 9 in.....
Total Wheel-base of Engine.....		16 ft. 2 in.....	16 ft. 2 in.....	16 ft. 10 in.....	17 ft. 6 in.....
Wheel base of Engine and Tender.....		32 ft. 6 in.....	32 ft. 6 in.....	34 ft. 0 in.....	36 ft. 0 in.....
Length over all of Engine and Tender.....		39 ft. 0 in.....	39 ft. 0 in.....	41 ft. 0 in.....	44 ft. 0 in.....
Weight of Engine in working order.....		30,000 lbs.....	33,000 lbs.....	37,000 lbs.....	44,000 lbs.....
Weight on Driving Wheels.....		22,500 lbs.....	25,000 lbs.....	28,500 lbs.....	33,000 lbs.....
Weight on Two-wheel Radial-bar Truck.....		7,500 lbs.....	8,000 lbs.....	8,500 lbs.....	11,000 lbs.....
Water capacity of Tender Tank.....		800 galls.....	1,050 galls.....	1,050 to	1,200 to
				1,200 galls.....	1,400 galls.....
Weight per yard of lightest Rail advised.....		30 lbs.....	35 lbs.....	40 lbs.....	48 lbs.....

**HAULING CAPACITY (BESIDES TENDER), INCLUDING WEIGHT OF CARS
AND THEIR LOADS, IN TONS OF 2,000 POUNDS.**

	10 x 16	11 x 16	12 x 16	13 x 18
On level.....	585	650	730	865
On grade of 40 feet per mile.....	180	200	230	270
On grade of 100 feet per mile.....	80	90	100	120

Some of the advantages of this style of Locomotive, are:

1. Economical distribution of weight, combining superior tractive power, with

greater ease on the track. Compared with the usual eight wheel passenger engine, the "Diamond Jo" passenger engine has but two-thirds the dead weight, and also has more tractive weight. For locomotives of 11 x 16 cylinders, the comparison is as follows:

	Eight Wheel Locomotive.	"Diamond Jo" Locomotive.
Weight on driving wheels.....	24,000 lbs.	25,000 lbs.
Weight on Truck	12,000 lbs.	8,000 lbs.
Total weight of engine.....	36,000 lbs.	33,000 lbs.

II.—A low center of weight, and a large diameter of truck wheels, secure superior stability and speed. This completely disposes of objections to narrow gauge, founded on alleged top heaviness, or incapacity of speed of narrow gauge passenger locomotives. The centre of weight of these narrow gauge engines is lower, in proportion to the gauge of track, than the center of weight of wide gauge passenger engines, of usual size and construction.

III.—A long flexible wheel base, combined with a short rigid wheel base, secures ease of motion, even on rough track, and renders sharp curves passable with safety, even at fast speed.

IV.—The two-wheel radial-bar truck is a most sufficient guide in passing curves, having a lateral as well as a rotary motion. It is preferable to a four-wheel truck, for the following reasons:

Strength, simplicity and proper proportion of parts are secured. Instead of two small axles, with light machinery and small wheels, one heavy axle, with wheels and machinery better able to carry the load and withstand shocks, is used. In the case of broad gauge heavy passenger engines, the four-wheel truck is needed to support the weight, and as large wheels as desirable are practicable. For narrow gauge passenger locomotives, a two-wheel pony truck is all that is demanded, since the weight on its single axle is less than half the weight on the two axles of the four-wheel truck of passenger engines in general use on wide gauge roads.

To be continued.

QUERIES.

What is the difference between a high and low pressure engine. Please in answering give the theory.

H. & St. Jo.

Which end of a cylinder uses the most steam, and which end condenses the most?

WINDY.

Bro. Sayre—Please inform me what priced chromos lodges generally give members when they desire their presence at a lodge and they have nothing to keep them from attending.

J. T. H.

Ans.—Presume we will have to double the insurance, give \$10 a year to each brother who travels, also a magazine, and put the yearly dues to \$2.

Bro. Sayre—Is it proper to give the prize to a Lodge of 40 members, if they do not get as many subscribers in proportion, as a smaller Lodge of only 16 members.

R.

Yes, sir, for the simple reason, that Lodges of from 15 to 20 members, always get from 25 to 100 more subscribers than a Lodge of 40 members. For instance, the smallest Lodge in the Order to-day has three times as many subscribers as the largest Lodge. We have several Lodges who take but one book, with a membership of from 25 to 40 and that is the property of the Lodge.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

W. T. GOUNDIE.....	Grand Master,
3405 Elm street, West Philadelphia, Pa.	
J. M. DODGE.....	Vice Grand Master,
No. 12 16th st., Chicago, Ill.	
W. N. SAYRE.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
S. M. STEVENS.....	Grand Instructor.
Lowell, Mass.	
J. O'KEEFE.....	Grand Warden,
North Platte, Neb.	
CHAS. POPE.....	Grand Conductor,
Toronto, Ont.	
W. HUGO.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
T. DOYLE.....	Grand Outer Guard.
St. Louis.	
M. COOPER.....	Grand Marshal,
St. Paul, Minn.	

GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

M. E. COBB.....	Worcester, Mass.
J. S. COOL.....	Logansport, Ind.
JOHN MCCLURE.....	Columbus, O.
JOHN L. BODEY.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. R. WHITCOMB.....	Springfield, Ill.
P. J. ROBINSON.....	Little Rock, Ark.
A. M. CRONIN.....	Memphis, Tenn.
D. T. HENDERSON.....	Cleveland, O.
JOS. BRINTNALL.....	Fort Gratoit, Mich.
W. L. INGERSOLL.....	St. Joseph, Mo.
W. F. HYNES.....	Denver, Col.
J. POPE MYERS.....	Louisville, Ky.

LODGE ADDRESSES.

Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.

4. GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.
C. F. Terry, (Valonia, Pa.).....Master
J. H. Hoffman (Box 501).....Rec. Sec'y
S. H. Quackenbush, W. E. Nichols, Mag. Agts
5. UNION, at Galion, Ohio. Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30.
A. Jenkinson.....Master
T. Wooley.....Rec. Sec'y
Jas. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
8. JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. E. Hall, at 7:30 P. M.
A. J. Gabard.....Master
L. M. Phipps.....Rec. Sec'y
A. J. Gabard.....Magazine Agent
9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.
John McClure.....Master
F. W. Arnold.....Rec. Sec'y
(Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block.)
E. Ginbey (123 Spruce st.).....Magazine Agent

10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets every other Sunday, commencing April 6th, Haller's Hall, Ontario St. s. s. at 2 P. M.
S. S. Card, 283 Starkweather ave.....Master
T. H. Sheppard, No. 6 Fruit st. Rec. Sec'y
T. H. Sheppard.....Magazine Agent
(19 Pelton avenue, s. s.)
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 P. M., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
J. S. Gorgas.....Master
P. C. Everitt.....Rec. Sec'y
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.
James Shufelt.....Master
E. S. Draper, Jr.....Rec. Sec'y
N. Y. L. E. & W. Machine shops,
Exchange street.
C. G. Swan.....Magazine Agent
(438 South Division street.)
13. MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, at East St. Louis, Ill. Meets every other Sunday in Temperance Hall, commencing April 20, at 2 P. M.
John McGarrahan.....Master
Jerry Benedict.....Rec. Sec'y
Fred. Lane (Box 191).....Magazine Agent
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M., at No. 624 East Washington street.
Wm. Hugo (79 N. Noble street).....Master
Chas. Kline (530 E. Georgia st.).....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. Hugo.....Magazine Agent
15. PACIFIC, at St. Louis, Mo. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays. Hall, Chateau ave. near Summit avenue.
J. J. Smith.....Master
J. F. Clough (3012 Sarah st.).....Rec. Sec'y
J. F. Clough.....Magazine Agent
16. VIGO, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock, P. M. at A. O. U. W. Hall, N. E. Cor. Main and Eighth Sts.
James Smith (Box 1074).....Master
E. V. Debs (Box 522).....Rec. Sec'y
James Smith (Box 1074).....Magazine Agent
17. OLD POST, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets in No. 2 Engine House every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.
F. B. Wheeler.....Master
C. A. Cripps.....Rec. Sec'y
C. A. Cripps.....Magazine Agent
20. STUART, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.
Wm. McBride.....Master
D. Hartigan (Box 418).....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. McBride.....Magazine Agent
21. INDUSTRIAL, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in Engineers' Hall.
James Bucke.....Master
H. Miller (c. Ellwood & 2d sts.) Rec. Sec'y
John Hayes.....Magazine Agent
22. CENTRAL, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., in B. of L. E. Hall.
Wm. Trenary (Box 598).....Master
Geo. Bond.....Rec. Sec'y
L. E. Beckley (Box 578).....Magazine Agent

23. LOUISVILLE, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., in Israel's Hall, 69 3d avenue.
J. P. Myers (c. Bender's drug store) Master (Cor. Wenzel and Jefferson streets.)
J. W. Richardson (286 Wenzel st) Rec. Sec'y
J. H. Smith (252 Zane st.) Magazine Agent
27. HAWKEYE, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets alternate Sundays, at 2 P. M., at engineers' hall.
W. C. Byers.....Master
F. B. Davis, Box 192.....Rec. Sec'y
W. S. Davis, Box 1146.....Magazine Agent
28. ELKHORN, at North Platte, Neb. Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month.
W. T. Chadwick.....Master
Joe Tooley (Box 166).....Rec. Sec'y
W. J. Stuart.....Magazine Agent
29. CHAMPION, at Detroit, Mich. Meets every Thursday evening at 7:30, at their hall, 65 Michigan Avenue.
Frank Clark (257 17th st.).....Master
Martin Cooper.....Rec. Sec'y
Jas. Thomas, John Shaw.....Magazine Agents
30. CEDAR VALLEY, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets every 1st and 3d Saturday each month, in Good Templars' Hall.
J. M. Dubois.....Master
L. C. Chase.....Rec. Sec'y
W. R. Saunders (Box 799).....Magazine Agent
34. CLINTON, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
B. S. Keith.....Master
Geo. E. Howell.....Rec. Sec'y
B. S. Keith.....Magazine Agent
35. At AMBOY, ILL. Meets in Engineers' Hall 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
T. Hinchcliff.....Master
Wm. H. Dean.....Rec. Sec'y
Titus Hinchcliff.....Magazine Agent
36. TIPPECANOE, at LaFayette, Indiana. Meets every Sunday, at 2 P. M., at B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Fourth and Terry street, Wallace Block.
J. L. Birmingham, 193 Union st.....Master
J. H. Brewer.....Rec. Sec'y
J. H. Brewer, 94 13th st.).....Magazine Agent
39. NORTH STAR, at Austin, Minn. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, at 2:30 P. M.
Geo. R. Talbott.....Master
J. Brown.....Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Scagel.....Magazine Agent
40. BLOOMING, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday night
James Croty.....Master
Thomas O'Neil.....Rec. Sec'y
(905 West Locust street)
Wm. O. Webster.....Magazine Agent
41. At ROCKLIN, CAL. Organizing.
43. ST. JOSEPH, at St. Joseph, Mo. Meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every second and fourth Sundays in each month.
L. H. Ingersoll.....Master
O. W. Richardson.....Rec. Sec'y
L. H. Ingersoll.....Magazine Agent
45. ROSE CITY, at Little Rock, Ark. Meets every Monday at 7:50 P. M., corner Main and Markham streets.
J. A. Bloudsoe.....Master
P. J. Robinson.....Rec. Sec'y
E. W. Mills.....Magazine Agent
46. CAPITAL, at Springfield, Ill. Meets every alternate Sunday, at Eng. Hall.
W. R. Whitcomb (c. 9th & Market sts) Master
G. D. Partington (Lock box 1126) Rec. Sec'y
Joseph Paulis (Wabash Shops) Mag. Agent
47. TRIUMPHANT, at Chicago, Ill. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 P. M., in Railroad Chapel.
M. Gepper, 770 Wabash ave.....Master
J. M. Dodge, No. 12 16th st.....Rec. Sec'y
R. V. Dodge.....Magazine Agent
No. 12 16th street.
50. GARDEN CITY, at Chicago. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M., in Engineers Hall, on State street, between 48th and 49th.
W. S. Barrows, 4532 Dearborn st.....Master
W. Field.....Rec. Sec'y
Cor. State and 47th st.
W. S. Barrows.....Magazine Agent
4532 Dearborn street.
51. FRONTIER CITY, at Oswego, N. Y. Meets every Thursday at 2:30 P. M., at Engineers' Hall.
Jas. McCarthy (49 West Erie st) Master
L. J. Boynton, 112 W. Utica st, Rec. Sec'y
J. McCarthy 49 W. Erie st., Magazine Ag't
52. GOOD WILL, at Logansport, Indiana. Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M., at B. of L. F. Hall, corner Market and Fifth Sts.
A. Ross.....Master
R. Warner.....Rec. Sec'y
Ambrose Ross (Box 626).....Magazine Agent
54. ANCHOR, at Moberly, Mo. Meets every Monday night at 43 Reed street.
J. J. Murphy.....Master
Geo. R. Stacey, box 820.....Rec. Sec'y
J. Bresson.....Magazine Agent
55. BLUFF CITY, at Memphis Tenn. Meets 2d and last Saturday evenings of each month, at Knights of Honor hall, 298 2d street.
John Clark, L. & N. engine house.....Master
Alex. M. Cronin.....Rec. Sec'y
Alex. M. Cronin.....Magazine Agent
56. TOPEKA, at Topeka, Kan. Meets every alternate Sunday at A. O. U. W. Hall.
S. McGaffey.....Master
Wm. Tangman, Topeka, Kan.....Rec. Sec'y
J. R. Goheen.....Magazine Agent
57. BOSTON, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at 10:30 A. M., and 2d Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.
C. H. Moulton (Box 93, Lynn, Mass.) Master
L. L. Parker, Jr.....Rec. Sec'y
L. L. Parker, Jr.....Magazine Agent
72 Cambridge street, E. Cambridge.
60. UNITED, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets 1st Thursday evening and 3d Sunday morning of each month, cor. Lawrence street and Susquehanna avenue.
J. L. Bodey, (2013 N. 3d st) Master
A. B. Colloom, 2206 Lawrence st.....Rec. Sec'y
J. A. Falls, 2224 North 2d st.....Magazine Ag't

61. **MINNEHAHA**, at St. Paul, Minn. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 P. M., cor 7th and Jackson sts., Engineer's Hall.
S. J. Murphy, 46 McBoal st. Master
C. Sinks, 58 Goodrich ave. Rec. Sec'y
R. Peel, 183 Exchange st. Magazine Agent
62. **VANBERGEN**, at Carbondale, Pa. Meets every 2d and 4th Thursday of each month, in Engineers' Hall.
O. E. Histed Master
Jno. Bryden Rec. Sec'y
A. Hoyle Magazine Agent
63. **HERCULES**, at Danville, Ill. Meets every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.
J. A. Bain Master
Chas. J. McGee, box 772 Rec. Sec'y
Chas. J. McGee, box 772, Magazine Agent
64. **LOYAL**, at Brookville, Kan. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, every Sunday.
W. H. Hamilton Master
Matthew Richards Rec. Sec'y
W. H. Hamilton Magazine Agent
Box 16, Brockvill, Kan.
66. **CHALLENGE**, at Bellville, Ont., (Canada.) Meets 2d and 4th Sundays in B. of L. E. Hall.
J. McKnight Master
D. Sutherland Rec. Sec'y
J. McKnight Magazine Agent
67. **DOMINION**, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M., in Occident Hall, Queen street.
P. Kennedy (Box 697) Master
C. Pope (Box 697) Rec. Sec'y
P. Kennedy (Box 697) Magazine Agent
69. **HURON**, at Fort Gratiot, Mich. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, over Post Office.
Thomas Bruce, box 13 Master
Charles Macklaw, box 13 Rec. Sec'y
Charles Raymond, box 13 Magazine Agent
70. **LONE STAR**, at Marshall, Texas. Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays in each month.
C. Greenwood Master
Geo. W. Ralston, lock box 8 Rec. Sec'y
C. T. Smith Magazine Agent
71. **CAPITAL CITY**, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays, and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 281 Green st.
D. O. Shank, 281 Green st. Master
L. O'Brien, 7 Union St. Rec. Sec'y
D. O. Shank Magazine Agent
281 Green st., Albany, N. Y.
72. **WELCOME**, at Camden, N. J. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.
L. Elbertson Master
Abner Huston, Jr. Rec. Sec'y
(322 Bridge Avenue.)
Abner Huston, Jr. Magazine Agent
73. **BAY STATE**, at Worcester, Mass. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.
Geo. A. Hewitt, Union Depot Master
Marshall E. Cobb, 86 Park st. Rec. Sec'y
W. E. Cobleigh Magazine Agent
(48 Salem street, Worcester, Mass.)
74. **KANSAS CITY**, at Kansas City, Mo. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic Hall, West Kansas City.
B. B. McCrum Master
John Clinton Rec. Sec'y
Cor. 14th and Hickory, West Kansas City.
B. B. McCrum, 906 Penn st. Magazine Agent
75. **ENTERPRISE**, at West Philadelphia, Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at Hancock's Hall, 40th street and Lancaster avenue.
C. W. Barber Master
P. Dupell Rec. Sec'y
W. T. Goundie Magazine Agent
3405 Elm st., West Philadelphia, Pa.
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN**, at Denver, Col. Meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 P. M., at Engineers' Hall.
George Klock Master
W. F. Hynes (lock box 1588) Rec. Sec'y
Jas. Collins, lock box 1588 Magazine Agent
80. **EARLY SUNRISE**, at Palestine, Texas. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. H. Morely Master
C. Reitch Rec. Sec'y
A. P. Draper Magazine Agent
82. **NORTHWESTERN**, Minneapolis, Minn. Meets in Druids' Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet avenue, between 1st and second sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday evenings of each month.
J. W. Cole Master
S. T. Brown, 1807 6th st. south Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Cole, 1223 S. 7th st. Magazine Agent
83. **MISSISSIPPI**, at Winona, Minn. John Herwick Master
Wm. Warren, box 686 Rec. Sec'y
B. F. Weller, box 26 Magazine Agent
84. **MISSOURI RIVER**, at Omaha, Neb. Meets 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month in K. of P. Hall.
J. M. Byers, 590 10th street Master
Chas. R. Campbell Rec. Sec'y
Cor. 17th and Dodge street.
P. H. Swift Magazine Agent
N. E. Cor. 15th and Chicago Sts.
85. **FARGO LODGE**, at Fargo, D. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every other Sunday.
Jas. Burke Master
N. A. Bassett, Box 104 Rec. Sec'y
Fred. G. Clayton, Box 54 Magazine Agent
86. **BLACK HILLS**, at Laramie, W. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays of each month.
A. E. Ralston Master
J. E. Carroll Rec. Sec'y
T. J. Killet Magazine Agent
87. **SUMMIT**, at Rawlins, W. T. Meets every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at 7:30 P. M.
Dennis P. Murphy Master
John F. Hittle (Box 5) Rec. Sec'y
James Noonan Magazine Agent
88. **MORNING STAR**, at Evanston, W. T. Meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every Thursday evening.
Frank A. Hutchens Master
J. Becker Rec. Sec'y
David Hamilton Magazine Agent

89. **SILVER STATE**, at Carlin, Nev. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at 5:20 p. m.
 J. A. Resseguie Master
 Frank A. Resseguie Rec. Sec'y
 Selby Jones Magazine Agent
90. **PAY AS YOU GO**, at West Oakland, Cal. Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, cor. 7th and Pine streets, every alternate Wednesday and Thursday evenings.
 Ed. F. Ingles Master
 C. C. Walker Rec. Sec'y
 E. Yale Magazine Agent
91. **GOLDEN GATE**, at San Francisco, Cal. Meets every 1st Sunday, 2d Monday, 3d Tuesday, and 4th Wednesday of each month.
 G. A. Aldrich Master
 E. F. Smith (8 Adair street.) Rec. Sec'y
 C. Detrich (223 15th st.) Magazine Agent
92. **MARSHALL**, at Marshalltown, Iowa.
 D. Garrett Master
 N. J. Tallmadge Rec. Sec'y
 James Crawley Magazine Agent
93. **GATE CITY**, at Keokuk, Iowa. Meets in Engineers' Hall, on Jounson, bet. 2d and 3d sts., every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month, at 2 p. m.
 W. H. Bennett Master
 Zeb. Moore (Lock Box 7) Rec. Sec'y
 Milt E. Clark (Box 550) Magazine Agent
94. **GREENBRIER**, at Hinton, W. Va. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays in each month, at Firemens Hall, cor. 4th avenue and 3d street.
 Jos. Haynes, Box 35 Master
 Jno. McCulloch Rec. Sec'y
 W. E. Watson Magazine Agent
95. **CHICAGO**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall, 229 Milwaukee avenue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 p. m., and last Sunday at 2 p. m.
 Wm. Maroney Master
 Wm. T. Ross, 14 N. Sangamon st. Rec. Sec'y
 Wm. Maroney Magazine Agent
 21 W. Kinzie street.
96. **BALTIMORE CITY**, at Baltimore, Md. Meets 2d & 4th Sundays of each month. Hall on Preston street, between Linden ave. and Eutaw street.
 L. V. Tipton, 272 Park ave Master
 John O'Neil (146 Cathedral st.) Rec. Sec'y
 L. V. Tipton (272 Park ave) Magazine Ag't
97. **ORANGE GROVE**, at Los Angeles, Cal. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th Fridays of each month.
 C. A. Enz Master
 H. F. Haman (Box 1011) Rec. Sec'y
 C. A. Enz Magazine Agent
98. **PERSEVERANCE**, at Terrace, Utah Territory, meets every Tuesday at 5 p. m. at City Hall.
 Robert Sims Master
 F. R. Britton Rec. Sec'y
 E. Prudence Magazine Agent

THE
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Written for the Locomotive Firemens' Magazine.

FROM SHORE TO SHORE.



How many are the times, that Life has been likened unto the passing of a vessel from shore to shore, and how vivid the far-seeing artist has represented to us his sketch on the subject, true to the various stages of human existence.

First seen is old Time, his hands on the oar, his hoary locks tossed by the gentle breeze; truly a veteran of uncertain age, who since the first dawn of Creation has taken it upon himself to look after and take charge of all who arrive on this terrestrial sphere, and amid storm and shine we find the sturdy pilot at his post, the passing years having left no traces of care and perplexity on his brow, but seeming rather to have endowed him with that mechanical action acquired only by long years of practice.

With steady and unvarying stroke, he dips his oar in the sparkling tide of years, and were it not that memory, (that organ so essential to man's pleasure and happiness), so oft revert us to the past, oblivion, like the wave, would hide from us the path we have come.

Stretching our imagination a little more we view the prow of the little barque, and there find two of the opposite sexes, who have reached that age, that we first become conscious that it is impossible for humanity to always live alone, or to continue in the present. With earnest and searching glance they are peering into the future, trying to discern their new abode on the distant shore.

Hope has come to their relief, and has spread his bow in the dim distance, yet experience has failed to teach them the lesson of contentment. They already begin to dream of the prospective joys, thinking little and caring less for present necessities.

"For why should care its shadow cast,
When darker hours may come at last?
Why seek to dim hope's first fair light?
"Twill come full soon—the withering blight.

With measured stroke the boatman has propelled the life barque o'er a lapse of years, and though experience is limited, the zephyrs of time have left their impress on the heart, and childhood has merged into youth, when the soul goeth forth to mate with one of like passions, the gaze into the future has been withdrawn, the bow of promise is come, and now centers upon the one object, the fulfilling of which promises all that at present is desirable. The youth is now a lover and the object of his affections has burst the first buds of Spring, and is slowly yielding to love's witching spell, living only in the bliss of the present.

"Little care they what the future may bring;
Life now is all flowers, and the birds sweetly sing;
They hear not the dip of the silent oar,
Wafting them across from shore to shore."

Once more youth is lost, this time in the more advanced years of manhood; hope's first bloom has been blunted by the realities of life, and by degrees and the passing of the tide, has resumed yearning for the future. The fair young maid became a wife and mother, and through love forsook not its throne, yet the ways of Providence has so divided our lives into steps, each time the last one fails to satisfy the yearning of the inner man and we keep ever striving to reach the next narrow round, knowing

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Was not attained by single flight;
We mount the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And reach its summit round by round."

Listen! the oar is still dipping into the clear crystal waters, yet the maiden, wife, and mother still retains implicit confidence in him who pledged his love with hers; once more the oar dips and she begins to realize for the first time that she is fleeting to that home from whence no traveler returns; even in the midst of joy and revelry, the heart still feels that the mystical bell of conscience is ringing in the distance, and as it grows fainter and fainter, the heart begins to vibrate and we find ourselves striving to reach the highest and holiest aspirations of humanity.

The mists begin to rise, our minds revert and we are again among the gay and happy, and life indeed seems like a full blown rose which loads the air with its fragrance. Will the boatman rest on his oars to let us enjoy this delightful season? Ah! No.

"He pauseth not from morn till e'en,
Though the day is fair and life's mead's are green,
But with steady dip of the silent oar
Bears us along from shore to shore."

And now we come to the last solemn stage, we are nearing the upper round, the tide begins to lessen, we have almost reached the farther shore, and though we look back and regret the swift passage of years, yet we trust in the assurance that our lives have been passed in accordance with the laws of God and man; peace hovers near, telling us of eternal life and the weary voyager bows his head and exclaims, "Thy will, not mine, be done." Oh! if the boatman would only wait, and give us a little preparatory time, our happiness would be complete. It seems sometimes as if he did, for at the last our lives seem prolonged beyond the strength of human existence.

At last the intellect grows weak, reason totters on its throne and man becomes as a little child, and we know he has truly passed from shore to shore.

HERCULES LODGE, No. 63.

A FIREMAN'S WIFE,—N. G.

BOOKS are standing counselors and preachers, always at hand, and always disinterested; having this advantage over oral instructors, that they are ready to repeat their lesson as often as we please.

From the Carnival Herald.

ED. THORNE'S MISTAKE.

BY MRS. S. VAN BENSCHOTEN.

(Conclusion.)

But they could not explain the "signs," as they called it; and so Effie rang the bell, and waited with great expectancy to see what would be brought to her view. After a few moments of suspense, the door was opened by one of the strangest looking men she had ever seen. His head was white as the driven snow, while one cheek and eye was black as ink. His pants were rolled up, and an apron covered with blood trailed behind by its strings, which were tied around his waist.

At first Effie was frightened, but soon taking in the situation, she startled the girls by sitting on the floor and going from one laughing fit to another, until they began to fear she was going insane, too. But suddenly she checked her mirth and looked toward the stairs, from which columns of smoke were ascending from the kitchen. Calling to the girls to "come on, something is on fire!" she rushed madly down stairs.

Sure enough, there was a blaze nearly to the top of the wall, caused by a pot of lard, which Mr. Edward Thorne, housekeeper, had stood on the stove near the mutton-chops, which he was broiling over an open fire, while he answered the door-bell.

The chops had taken fire, and then the lard, and the blaze came very near amounting to a "big fire" before the girls and "housekeeper" could put it out.

Ed. sifted his flour to make some biscuit, and while he was looking for the baking powder on a high shelf, stood it too near the edge for his own comfort. Seeing the powder on the first shelf, he seized it with so much vigor, raising his head proudly aloft at the same moment, that he bumped noses with the seive, and before he could grasp it, his head was enveloped in a deep covering of "beautiful snow."

He breathed several hard words, but as it was near dinner time, and thinking Effie would get sick of business and come home disgusted about that time, he resolved to let it go, until he had put the things on the stove to cook.

When the young ladies called to see Effie, he rushed to the door, forgetting all about his hair, thinking it too early for calls, and that it could be "no one but Effie."

Seeing their astonished look, he explained that "he was going to take the character of Washington, in some tableaux, in a few days, and being at home half sick, was trying experiments in costuming."

"But why did you black your eye?" said little Miss Jones.

"Oh, that is only ink; I've been copying all the morning!"

But the awful smell permeating the halls filled the girls with strange fears, and as he didn't seem to know *exactly* where his wife had gone, and seemed so mixed about matters, fears of cremation soon drove them away.

Ed. had started out as soon as Effie left home, to buy something for dinner—something that would show how *he could get up a nice dinner*, and how *his mother* used to bring dinner on the table.

Selecting a nice turkey, a variety of vegetables, cranberries and so on, with mutton-chops for breakfast, he ordered them "home immediately."

Hastening back, he was horrified to meet Tom, the old cat, with Effie's beautiful bird in his mouth. He had forgotten to shut him out, as Effie always did when

she left home, and Tom had jumped at the cage, knocking it on the floor, and then clawed the little pet through the wires.

"This is the worst thing that could happen. Effie will never forgive me," said Ed., and he spent nearly an hour mourning over the bird and chasing the cat.

He had ordered the butcher to "pull" the turkey, but somehow, in his haste to get it to Mr. Thorne's, after peremptory demands from his customer "to send immediately," he failed to "pull," and so Mr. Ed. Thorne, housekeeper, "pulled as he never pulled before," and at last gave up in despair, and cut it up in small pieces, wiping his knife on his wife's apron, which he had borrowed for the occasion.

After cooking it for some time, he opened the oven to "baste" it, and found that it was *so much done* that no one could eat it. He stood aghast, but at last fell back on the promised breakfast of mutton-chops.

Out of respect to Ed.'s feelings, Effie did not invite her chums to dinner, for after putting out the fire, and taking a general survey of the kitchen, she found the vegetable and cranberries "done up so well" that no one but the swill-man's cow could eat them.

"Nothing in the house to eat, or I would invite you to dinner, girls," said Effie.

"Never mind," said Ida; "I smell a mouse; good bye," and even Ed. deigned to believe it, for *something* had filled the kitchen with strange perfumes.

After her friends' departure, Effie took a survey of the house, followed by such a forlorn look from her husband that she failed to scold and fret, as Ed. had expected. She felt so sorry for his misfortunes that she could not bear to brag of what *she* had accomplished, in a business way, but the lessons it taught him were never forgotten, and some of his tenants remark that "Mr. Thorne has grown awfully jolly."

I haven't time to tell of all the strange doings by that strange housekeeper that day. Suffice it to say, Ed. Thorne never seeks to economize by doing anything toward housekeeping, or brags about what *his* mother used to do when she kept house.

THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

"**B**UT Uncle Royal I am certain he will reform" said Hero Lewis. "He has promised me."

Uncle Lewis looked down with a sort of mild sublime pity from the height of his six feet two, upon his pretty niece, as he stroked her silken hair softly.

"My poor Hero," he said, "what is the word of a drunkard worth?"

"O, Uncle, don't use that cruel word. Don't call him a drunkard!" cried the girl, shrinking back as from a blow.

"I hardly know what other word is applicable to him, Hero. No, he will never reform. And, child, I'd rather see you in your grave than married to a man who drinks."

"He has promised," pleaded the girl, her eyes shining like blue wistful tears. "Uncle, ought I not to give him another chance?"

He shook his head.

"My common sense, Hero, says no."

"I hate common sense," flashed out Hero.

"People always talk about common sense when they mean to be cold, hard and

cruel. I love Harry Rivers and I mean to marry him in spite of the carping, sneering world."

And Hero went away through the golden waving of the ears of ripening rye, her blue ribbons fluttering like pennons in the breeze.

Uncle Royal looked after her with a countenance of misgiving.

"Like all other girls," he said, "she is determined to have her way — well, if she will wreck herself, I can't help it."

"Do you expect Harry to-night?"

Miss Erminia Lewis was what the world irreverently terms the old maid, but she was quite young enough at heart to sympathize in the love affair of the sister fifteen years her junior, to whom she had always stood in the place of a mother, and she, too, had a soft spot in her heart for handsome, dissipated Harry Rivers. She spoke from the window while Hero was leaning over the gate, a scarlet shawl thrown over her shoulders.

"He said he would come," was the hesitating answer.

"It is getting late and cold," said Erminia. "Better come in to the fire, you know as well as I do that your throat is not strong."

"I'll come in a minute," said Hero.

"They were telling me down at the corners this afternoon," said Erminia speaking with an effort, "that the railroad company are going to discharge him from their employ."

Hero turned sharply around.

"To discharge him? For what?"

"For habitual intoxication. They say it is not safe to employ a man who—who is not always himself."

"It is slander," cried Hero hotly. "It is the work of some base villain who wants to post himself."

"Very probably," said Erminia sadly. "Only Hero don't be vexed at me about it darling—but they say Harry has fallen in with that set of men from the mines, and is getting into worse habits than ever."

Hero turned her face away.

"Have you only evil tidings to tell me Erminia?"

"I would that they were good for your sake, sister. But the air is growing chill and we shall have rain. Had you not better come in?"

"By and by. Don't tease me, Erminia."

And Erminia comprehending that at times solitude is the best medicine for a diseased mind, said nothing more, and closing the casement, sat down to her needlework, by the light of a lamp.

At eleven o'clock promptly, she went to bed, after having ascertained by a peep through the window, that Hero was still leaning on the gate, all alone in the autumn darkness, with the red leaves raining down around her, and the melancholy cry of an owl in the distant wood, lending an additional tinge of mournfulness to the night and the stillness.

"She'll come in when she is ready," thought Erminia. "I don't like to assert any authority over her when she is in one of these moods."

No sooner had Hero perceived, by the disappearance of the light from her sister's window, that Erminia had sought her pillow, than softly gliding through the gate she hurried down the road with the scarlet shawl drawn tightly over her head.

"I will not be deceived and put off," she murmured to herself. "I will find out myself whether he is to be trusted or not."

The Miners Arms, at the corner of Three Roads, was all light as she approached it and from the wide open casements she could hear the loud chorus of a drinking song, the clink of glasses, and that harsh sound of besotted laughter. And lifting a trail of scarlet-leaved woodbines which formed a natural curtain to one of the windows, Hero Lewis peeped in.

With a sinking heart, a chill sensation of despair, she saw Harry Rivers rise, staggering to his feet with a brimming glass in his hand, and propose some hiccoughing toast, which was received with noisy applause by the riotous assemblage. Hero did not wait to hear more. Dropping the woodbines once more, she hurried away with a white set face.

"God help me! God be merciful to me!" she murmured, "for the idol whom I worshipped has fallen to the ground!"

Just at that moment the far-off whistle of a train smote through the silence of the night—a sudden ghastly possibility took possession of Hero's heart.

"The midnight express!" she muttered to herself, "and he dead drunk at the bar room!" Hurrying down a steep ravine, heedless of the scratching briars and cruelly piercing thorns that rent her dress and drew blood from her tender flesh, she sprang like a frightened deer down the declivity, scarcely even pausing for breath until she reached the iron track in the valley below, where a side rail marked the intersecting course of a little freight road that led away toward the north. At six every morning and evening the freight train passed over the road bed, and it was among Harry Rivers' most important duties to turn the switch that connected this branch road with the main track, after the freight train had gone by.

Had he remembered to do so to-night? Or was the long heavily laden express from the west even now sweeping downward to its certain doom of death and destruction?

Hero knelt down to feel of the track. Her deadly doubts had too much foundation in fact—the switch had not been altered since the freight came up at six.

A chill dew beaded over her forehead. A sinking sensation struck to her heart. What was she to do? Were she gifted with the flying foot-steps of Mercury's self she could not get to Miners Arms in time to avert the impending catastrophe. And even suppose that she could, was Harry Rivers in condition to comprehend what was said to him? And with a bitter groan rising from the depth of her heart, she realized all the horrors which have their beginning and end in the wine-cup.

Suddenly a gleam of hope shot athwart her brain. She knew where the switch key was kept—she remembered having once seen Harry slip it under a projecting ledge of rock upon a sort of natural shelf, secure from due, rain, or tempest, just beyond where she stood. What if she herself should attempt to save the lives of the doomed passengers every minute coming nearer their fate! The idea and to act upon it were telegraphed almost simultaneously from brain to hand. Snatching the key from its resting place, she stooped in the faint twilight now beginning to glimmer through the clouds, and strove with all the force of her weak woman's strength to move the iron rails.

God be thanked! they stirred—they grated in their sockets—and, even at the moment in which the gray red eye of the approaching express train blazed in the foggy distance, Hero dragged the switch into its proper place.

Yet even then she could scarcely believe that it was right, as with the key dangling by her side she leaned panting against the rocks until, with a shriek like to that of some fire throated demon of Avernus, the train swept by, a dizzy succession of lighted windows, and darkness and silence again settled down over her.

Hero Lewis neither fainted nor wept. She was not of the material that shriekers and fainters are made of. She knew that she had saved all the lives on the express train; she knew that she had averted a great crime from Harry Rivers' soul and that was enough for her.

As she climbed the hillside a little later, she met Harry Rivers staggering down the road. She stopped him peremptorily.

"Harry where are you going?"

"Don't get in my way, my lass, for Heaven's sake," he cried in a thick uncertain voice. "It's the midnight express. I—I ain't quite sure about the switch!"

"The midnight express train passed fifteen minutes ago," said Hero firmly. "I heard the whistle."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure."

"Then God have mercy on my soul," cried Harry, fairly sobered by the shock.

"You need have no fears; I was there and turned the switch."

"You?"

"Yes, I. I have seen you do it, and I knew where the key was kept."

"Hero you are my guardian angel. You are a woman among a thousand. Kiss me, darling."

"Never again, Harry Rivers," she answered shrinking from him. "This night has opened my eyes. Hereafter we are the merest strangers to one another."

So she left him scarcely believing the evidence of his own senses.

The next day his formal dismissal from the service of the railroad company came and he accepted it without protest. He knew how dark a record would have lain against his name had Hero chosen to speak.

As for Hero herself, she never saw him again.

"My girl," said Uncle Royal, "you are worthy of your name, and believe me, you never could have respected Harry Rivers as a wife should respect her husband."

"I know it uncle," she said softly. But alone within the depth of her own soul she kept the secret of the Midnight Express Train.

(Air.) *Courting in the Rain.*

OH poor, poor weak humanity,
How soon shall we all know
That in the cup of joy there lurks
The trembling dregs of woe.

Another instance we have had,
Of lost affection dear;
The one I vowed to me was true,
The heart I thought sincere,

Alas! was by another won;
The reason gives me pain,

'Twas all because I deigned to go
A courting in the rain.

I braved the storm unconscious of
The many I did meet;
With weary steps, but joyous heart,
At last I reached Tenth street.

So eagerly I rang the bell!
Soon came a lady stout,
And politely told me that Miss——
And her *beau* had just walked out.

I staggered off the steps, but said,
"No, no, it can not be,
Her *beau*, why lady don't you know
That I—that I am he."

For three successive Sunday nights
I tried, alas! in vain,
'Twas useless for to try to go
There courting in the rain.

The sleepless nights and weary days!
At last a happy thought,
There's just as good fish in the sea
As ever has been caught.

MORAL.—Now all young men, I pray, beware,
Although it gives me pain,
I say, beware! and never go
A courting in the rain.

LOCOMOTIVE PERFORMANCE ON THE CANADA SOUTHERN.

MASTER Mechanic John Orton, on this road, has under his charge two shops, at St. Thomas and Grosse Isle. The number of mechanics and helpers employed at the St. Thomas shops is 249, the number of engineers on the Canada Division 74, and of firemen 77—making a total of 400. The number of mechanics and helpers in the Grosse Isle shops is 136, engineers on the American Division 34, and firemen 36—a total of 206. This makes a grand total of employes in the department of 610—385 mechanics and helpers, 108 engineers, 113 firemen and four clerks.

The St. Thomas *Journal* says: "The number of locomotives employed on the Canada Division last year was 41, but owing to the great increase of traffic 23 new ones were ordered at the Schenectady Locomotive Works on January 1. Nearly all of these have been delivered, and still the demand is increasing. * * * * Five of the Canada Southern locomotives last year made a run of 70,000 to 77,000 miles; the highest record was 77,243 miles, and this was made by a freight engine doing freight service."

Mr. Orton furnishes further particulars to the *Detroit Post and Tribune* as follows:

"Some of the details of mileage made last year by all the Canada Southern engines, good, bad or indifferent, may be interesting. They show an average running of 4,497 miles per month per engine, all the year round, allowing nothing in this for time for repairs, of which we had plenty, due to casualties, etc.

The average cost per mile in cents—

For repairs was.....	1.82
For small stores.....	0.07
Oil and Waste.....	0.53
Total.....	2.42

"Our total mileage in Canada was 2,250,707 miles.

"In the month of February, this year, with only twenty-eight days, six passenger engines averaged 8,146 miles each (one of them ran 8,557 miles), and twenty-one freight engines averaged 4,811 miles each (one ran 5,669 miles). Hitherto it has been no unusual thing for many of our freight engines to run over 7,500 miles, month after month, with an average load of forty loaded cars.

"The work done by our engine No. 21 (Baldwin) is regarded as exceptionally good. That engine, in four consecutive years (1875 to 1878 inclusive) ran 212,031 miles, or an average of 53,000 miles per year, or 4,417 miles per month, and the average cost for repairs, including small stores, was only 1.06 cents per mile."

The Canada Southern is probably the most favorable road in America for obtaining work from a locomotive. It has no heavy grades, very little curvature and that very slight.—[*Railroad Gazette*.]

WIT AND HUMOR.

By the use of the microphone you can hear the rope walk, or the butter fly, or the gum drop, or the fall of the year, or a bed tick, or a ram pant, or a stove pipe, or a peach blow, or a lolly pop, or a muffin ring.

A man was sitting for his photograph. The operator said, "Now, sir, look kind o' pleasant. Smile a little." The man smiled, and then the operator exclaimed: "Oh, that will never do. It is too wide for the instrument."

A POOR MEMORY.—"Do yo feel much pain this morning, dear?" said a thoughtful wife to her husband. "Pain! No!" he said, loftily. "Why should I?" "Well, you rolled down two pairs of stairs last night, when you came home from the dinner party, and I had to get James to help me carry you up; I thought you felt sore maybe." "Rush of blood to the head," he said. "I'll go and get some medicine immediately, before I eat a bit of breakfast. I'm glad you told me, Catharine."

THE GENTEEL TRAMP.—The genteel tramp mounted the landing and rang the front door-bell. "Would you be so kind," said he, as the mistress of the house appeared at the door, "to exchange this piece of pie for a couple of hard-boiled eggs and a cup of coffee? I am a dyspeptic, and this is the ninth quarter of mince pie I have tried to go through this morning. I can't stand it; It's too much of a sameness. If you accept my proposition, you can also have the satisfaction of telling the neighbors that Mrs. Robinson, across the street, uses allspice instead of using cloves, and that the under-crust is very slack baked." The temptation was great, and the genteel tramp had his eggs and coffee, and a large triangle of frosted cake as a bonus.

The following testimonial of a certain patent medicine speaks for itself: "Dear Sir—Two months ago my wife could hardly speak. She has taken two bottles of your 'Life Renewer,' and now she can't speak at all. Please send me two more bottles. I wouldn't be without it."—[*Norristown Herald*].

MR. MARTIN was a conductor on the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern railroad. He is a church member, and puts his faith in the Lord. He arose at a church-meeting at Pottsville the other evening and told what the Lord had done for him. Among other things, he said he ran his caboose car from Cedar Rapids to Pottsville without a flange on one wheel. He had faith the Lord would keep the caboose on the track, and he did. It was not long after he received an epistle from C. J. Ives, General Superintendent, which began thus: "Young man, I don't believe the Lord has anything to do with running freight trains;" and now Martin has no caboose to trust in the Lord.—[*New York Sun*].

STUMPED.

I left New York for Albany in no very pleasant mood. Getting up for an early train is neither customary nor agreeable with me; the coffee was muddy and the toast abominable. I got into a muss with a hackman about my fares to the depot, my finger was jammed in the car door, and a fat man stepped on my toe as I moved to my seat. My face I knew looked forbidding, and, though the car was full, the seat beside me was not taken. We had gone past one or two stations, when a tall, broad-shouldered, farmer-looking fellow got into the car, and without a "By your leave," or "Is this seat engaged?" down he sat by me. I gave him a severe look that ought to have annihilated him, but it didn't. Then I looked out of the window, and the car moved on. By and by my attention was attracted by a gentle touch.

"Pleasant day."

I gave him to understand, in a curt way, that I didn't care if it was. After a while he reached his long neck out by me and said, yawning:

"Looks as if we should have some rain soon."

I let the remark pass without reply, determined he should not draw me out. After some miles he again spoke.

"Killed a hog last night."

"Well, what's that to me?" I said sharply.

"Guess how much it weighed."

"Oh, don't bother me—six hundred pounds."

"Guess again?" after a pause.

"Well, say a hundred pounds."

The challenge to guess had a trifle of interest in it, but in a moment, ashamed of having shown any at all, I thrust my head out of the window, awaiting my sturdy associate's advances. He made none, and after riding some ten or fifteen minutes, I looked round. He was staring at one of the windows, apparently lost in reflection.

"How much did your cussed hog weigh, anyhow?" I asked, as surely as I could.

His face didn't change a muscle, though I thought his eye looked a trifle mischievous, as he replied:

"Don't know; we didn't weigh him."

Fortunately for my peace of mind, he got out at the next station.

Editorial.

WM. N. SAYRE, *Editor.*

E. V. DEBS, *Associate Editor.*

ORGANIZATION AS A REMEDY.

In this number of our issue we purpose saying something about the future condition of labor in this country. Before the United States became as thickly populated as it is now, before great numbers of wage-laborers and skilled mechanics had gathered into our great cities, competition was not so intense as it is now, and consequently laborers and mechanics were not compelled to out-bid each other in order to get employment. They received a compensation based upon the actual worth of the labor performed, rather than upon their necessities arising from close competition. Within the past twenty years the conditions of labor have changed, natural increase coupled with emigration has increased the working population to a wonderful extent. Intense competition has become the rule instead of the exception, and we find wage-laborers of all kind outbidding each other for positions. The misfortune is aggravated by the fact that capital has been, and is, thoroughly organized, and is in a condition to take advantage of the wage-laborer's needs. Manufacturers, railroad managers, miners, in fact, all large capitalists have affected among themselves complete organization. The result is that labor is entirely under their control, because labor is unorganized, and does not present a solid front to the aggressions of capitalists. We have on several occasions tried to impress upon our readers that organized action is the only salvation for railroad men or any other class of wage-laborers. If laborers will present as bold and solid a front to the encroachments of capital, as capital always does to labor, we would soon see the condition of things changed. All the great railroads of this country can, by concertive action, raise or lower the price of labor employed for them, or they can raise or lower the price of shipments at their pleasure. Why can not the laborers do the same thing when they desire an advance in wages? Simply because they are not organized, and consequently their action is nearly always unsuccessful. We hear some one say that labor organizations will always fail because some of the members will betray them. This may be true in some instances, but not to any very great extent. Organization is a plant of slow growth, but it becomes large at last. Fifty years ago such a thing as a labor organization was almost unknown in England. Now they are the rule amongst workingmen. Such organizations are to-day the only thing that prevents the English laborer from being the actual slave of his employers. In this country the outlook is quite favorable, but we must show a more solid front to the aggressions of our employers. Betrayals may retard us, but if we remain true to our own best interests success is only a matter of time. This is, we think, the future hope of labor. All depends upon effort towards the desired end—complete organization.

WE give space in this issue to the communications of T. P. O'Rourke and C. J. McGee on the labor question, and trust through our editorial, we have given a full and fair expression of the question mentioned. Organization and arbitration are the only successful stepping stones to future success.

WE are in receipt of a large, and beautifully framed photograph of an anthracite coal burning locomotive engine, from the Rogers Locomotive and Machine Works, Patterson, New Jersey. We herewith acknowledge and return our sincere thanks.

WE are under many obligations to Judge Wilson of Indianapolis for a volume of the *American Railroad Journal and Advocate of Internal Improvements*. Issued in the year of 1833, and edited by Mr. D. K. Minor. This book in its day was what the *Railroad Gazette* of to-day is, the standard railroad paper. We will from time to time give extracts from its old and well worn pages, which will be interesting to our readers. In this issue we give the fast time of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, as made during the month of May. The following is a report of what was in 1833 called *big time*. On comparing we find we have made many improvements, both in time and engines.

SATURDAY, August 31, 1833.

RAPID TRAVELING.—The Locomotive engine which left Saratoga on Friday at 5 o'clock p. m., landed the passengers at Schenectady, N. Y., in *one hour two minutes and fifty-two seconds*. The time actually consumed in running the distance—22 miles—was *fifty four minutes and thirty-three seconds*, being the quickest trip ever made.

	Min.	Sec.		Min.	Sec.
Saratoga to Balston, 6 miles.....	17	31	Detention.....	5	7
Balston to ———, 8 “	18	34	“	3	12
— to Schenectady, 8 “	18	28		8	19
Running time.....	54	33			
Stoppages.....	8	19			
Whole time.....	62	52			

[From *American Railroad Journal* of 1833.

FAST TIME ON THE NEW JERSEY CENTRAL.—Train No. 120, due at Plainfield at 2:18 p. m. left Jersey City one day last week fifteen minutes late. Seven minutes time was gained between Jersey City and Elizabeth. The run from Elizabeth to Plainfield was made in nine minutes, and she left that city six minutes late, and arrived at Bound Brook, at 2:30, two minutes late, having made the entire run of thirty-one miles in thirty-five minutes, including a stoppage at Elizabeth and Plainfield. This is probably the fastest time ever made on this road. The distance from Elizabeth to Plainfield is twelve miles.—[*Newark (N. J.) Advertiser*, May 19.

In 1833 the Camden and Amboy line was opened. Passengers were conveyed from Amboy to Camden in seven hours. The time is now two hours and forty minutes.

GRAND LODGE ORDERS.

The quarterly password was sent out June 13, to take effect on the 17. *Many* lodges have failed to send in quarterly report, due June 17. Get them in immediately. This applies to *all* Sub-Lodges.

SPECIAL ORDER TO ALL LODGES.—Each Lodge will provide the Master with a box, suitable for the secret work, to be kept by him, (*and not left in the Lodge room between meetings*) he to be held responsible for the same.

W. T. GOUNDIE, Grand Master.

Correspondence.

OUR INDIA LETTER.

BY T. S. ABBOTT.

VISIT TO THE CAVES OF ELEPHANTA—Continued.

The end of the large cave opposite the entrance is the most remarkable. A temple in the centre contains a gigantic triumvirate, or bust of a three-headed figure, eighteen feet high, representing the Hindoo trinity: Brahma, the creator; Vishnoo, the preserver, and Shiva, the destroyer. Their faces are immense, but have good features and expression, and the eyes quite a human look, although in stone. Brahma is the central figure. His crown is a most wonderful piece of carved stone work, and represents precious stones, and filagree work. The heads are all joined at the back, and all cut out of the solid stone in the wall of the cave. The length from the chin to the crown of the head is six feet, and all of them have heavy thick under lips.

The God Shiva is the Hindoo Supreme God, and source of all being and power. On each side of this triumvirate, are figures of men fourteen feet high, and of gigantic proportions. On each side of these figures are dwarfs, and they have their hands up to their heads. The figures are guards to the three-headed gods, and the dwarfs are their servants, as they are of a lower caste. The fingers of these gigantic men are three feet long. These figures have been badly mutilated and broken. Some have lost both legs, and others both legs and arms. On either side of these gods are more compartments, filled with figures. The central one in each is a tall figure, half man and half woman; this is a representation of the god Shiva, in his double character of male and female, as the destroyer. He has immense feet and hands, and also has a tremendous snake wound about him. These figures were surrounded by all sorts, sized and shaped gods and angels, and all appeared to be in attitudes of adoration. There are hosts of these small gods cut in the rock in all parts of this cave. On each side of this end of the cave are two small, square chambers, cut out of the solid rock. One can see numerous marks of chisels on their walls. In the centre of each of these, is a square altar cut in the solid rock, with a deep gutter running from it into an opening in the floor of the cave. These were sacrificial chambers, and many horrid scenes are said to have been enacted here. The gutters must have been constructed to carry off blood. They are also called "linga chapels." Each have two doorways, built in the Roman style, large at the bottom and slanting upwards and growing smaller at the top, with a heavy molding around them, handsomely cut. On each side of these doorways, are more gigantic figures, eighteen feet high.

On the right side of the cave was a low arched opening, and here flights of steps, cut in the rock, led down to a spring of water. This water filters through the rock, and falls into a reservoir cut to receive it. On the left of the cave is a high arch, and stone steps here lead down into a square court to the cave of the lions, as two rude representations of these beasts guard the entrance. There are flights of stone steps leading up to it in a good state of preservation. This cave is shaped like the large one, only it is in a more ruinous condition. Some of the huge pillars have fallen down, others are broken in half, and the top of the pillar is left hanging from the roof. In one place the rocky roof has cracked, and through this opening

the earth has fallen in. This cave is not considered safe, as the remains of the pillars may fall at any moment, so the guides hurry on through it. The gods in this cave are the same as those in the large cave, only smaller, but are cut and carved very handsomely and curiously. In one corner of this cave, is a dark arched entrance, now choked up with earth and rubbish. It is supposed to be a passage to other caves in the recesses of the mountain, as there are known to be other caves, which are inaccessible now. No one cares to enter this passage, however, and the guide said it had been choked up for years. I heard afterwards that some English gentlemen were going to have these openings explored, and have the caves repaired so people could visit them.

After leaving this cave, the guide said he would show us two others, if we would walk a short distance through the woods. We did so, and found the sun very hot during our walk of a quarter of a mile. These two caves are nearly in the center of the mountain, and seem to be behind the great cave, and are just like it in form, but the walls are perfectly smooth, and there are no gods in them. One was larger than the other, and in the larger one at one side, was a wide and high arch, which connected it with a third chamber, but as this was nearly filled with blocks of stone and earth which had fallen, we could only look into it by standing on a block of fallen stone. It is a very large cave, and very high, and at one end the sun was shining into it. I could see its broad rays on the rocky wall, and also the shadows of some of the gigantic figures. There seemed to be quite a number of them in this chamber. There is supposed to be an opening into it, from the summit of the mount, but no opening near the ground. The guide said it had been full of rubbish for some time, and at times it would be half full of water, a kind of a well. I afterwards saw an ancient book, containing a plan of these famous caves, and it spoke of this secret chamber, and said it was lighted by a circular opening at the top of the mount. It was then accessible by this arched opening, and is described as a fine large well-lighted chamber, with a deep well cut in the solid rock in one corner. There were then many other caves connected by these low arched passages, leading far into the fastnesses of the mountain, and some were very curious, but these are now inaccessible, and guides are fearful of venturing into them. I felt curiosity enough to clamber upon this rubbish, but the guide stopped me, and said, I might get killed by falling stones or earth, and so I gave up all idea of further explorations. This large chamber had various little gods about, to startle one by their hideous grins, and there were also the double figure of Shiva and Parneti, male and female destroyers, and also in his only remaining hand, he held the remains of a cobra capello. Only the head of his snakeship is now left. This snake is one of the Hindoo gods, and is considered a high caste one. They worship them and bring offerings of rice, sugar and pine apples.

The native priests are like the rest of their race, cheats and thieves, and so when the day comes to worship the cobra, they hire a tame one, and then after he has gorged himself with the various offerings, then they pocket the rest. These priests are often worth millions, which they make out of their poor countrymen.

Now I will go on with my story. After seeing these two caves, we went back through the woods to the large cave, and glad we were to get into its cool recesses out of the hot glaring sun. They are always cool in the hot weather here. These caves are truly very wonderful, especially when one considers how long it took to cut them out of solid rock. All these halls, gods and figures, passages, steps,

doorways, walls, etc. It is wonderful, and seems more so, when one thinks of the rude tools they must have used to do all this work with. The steps down the mountain side are of very fine construction and workmanship.

At the same time it seems a strange piece of work to cut all these caves on a mount, in the midst of the ocean, and where could the worshipers all come from? A strange weird feeling steals over one while in them, they seem unearthly, like a place belonging to the imp of darkness.

To be continued.

To Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

Having so far recovered my health, as to be able to travel, I left my home in Lowell, Mass., May 15, for Indianapolis, Indiana.

Arrived in New York on the morning of the 16th, found Brother W. R. Cutter, a sound member of Boston Lodge No. 57, with whom I stopped while in New York. I learned from him that there were a number of brothers employed on the elevated road. On looking them over I found two of the old members of Springfield Lodge, No. 49, Springfield, Mass., and some from old Providence Lodge, No. 25, Providence, Rhode Island.

In visiting the ruins of what was once Lodges No. 3, 50, 58 and 68, I found, with few exceptions, a loss of all interest in the Order. While officials on the very road where these lodges were located have in conversation with me said that they owed the organization no ill feelings, and granted me all favors asked. On the contrary they believed it a grand thing for any class of working men, to band themselves together upon the principles of benevolence and charity.

At Hoboken, N. J., I found some of the former members of old No. 58. From them I learned of the troubles of two years ago; also the cause of the fall of No. 58: Some of the members being tired of the title of men wanted an excuse to leave the Order, and not having any other, got up a strike, and then found fault with the Brotherhood because it would not support them when they knew that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, believing in progression, was organized upon the basis of arbitration, in place of strikes, for the settlement of disputes between themselves, and the corporation that employed them. Honest men should have no respect for such beings. They merit nothing but the contempt of all respectable people, for they have proven traitors to themselves, and to their maker as well.

Tuesday May 20th at 9:15 A. M., left Jersey City over the N. Y. L. E. & W. R. R., for Port Jervis. On my arrival there I met Brothers Welsh, Nichols, Smith, and others, formerly members of Deer Park Lodge No. 1, and I am sorry to say they have allowed the mother lodge to go down by default, for no other cause than a lack of individual interest, but I am happy to state there are some good men at Port Jervis, who, I think, will revive the slumbering feelings, and call for a new charter and start under better prospects than before.

At Hornellsville I met John Broderick, the *old reliable*, and his very soul seems to bound with joy at the mention of the word Brotherhood. I wish there were more like old John.

I started for Meadville, Penn., at 8:15 A. M., arrived at Meadville at 3 P. M., was met at the depot by Brother J. F. Hoffman, of Great Western Lodge, No. 4, and escorted to the Gable House, and later was introduced to members of the lodge who done everything in their power to make my stay pleasant and agreeable.

On Sunday Brother Sayre arrived, and together we met the members of No. 4 in their lodge rooms. Had a large and enthusiastic meeting. The advice given was listened to with much interest, which I hope will be profitable and lasting in its effects.

On Monday, May 26, we left Meadville for Indianapolis via. Cleveland.

At Leavittsburg, O., we met Brother Lindsey, who was glad to see us, and extended such courtesies as he could. At Cleveland Brother Tom Sheppard put in an appearance. Being about to leave, we had but a few moments for conversation. We had time, however, to learn from Brother Sheppard of the prosperous condition of No. 10. Left Cleveland at 7:35 P. M., over the Bee Line, and arrived in Indianapolis at 7:20 A. M., May 27.

On the evening of May 28, visited Eureka Lodge No. 14, and gave them such advice and instructions as they required. Eureka Lodge numbers about thirty-five members, and is in very good condition. With my visit to Eureka Lodge, I will close my letter, and will forward my next from some point further west, when I hope to be able to make a favorable report, regarding the establishment of new lodges, increase of membership in old lodges, and not losing sight of the Magazine, I shall struggle hard to extend its circulation, and I hope to receive aid from all brothers.

In closing, I wish to extend my heartfelt thanks to all lodges for their forbearance at my seeming neglect. Hoping that my health will permit of my being with them more in the future than I have been in the past,

I remain, fraternally yours,

S. M. STEVENS,

Grand Instructor

Editors Magazine: We received your letter requesting some items concerning the epidemic that visited our city with such sad results. It is impossible for me to do justice to the subject. It was terrible beyond description. Only those who have watched by the bedside of a dear friend, a kind husband, a loving wife, or mother, or perhaps an only son or daughter, can fully realize the dreadful trials and distress that accompany such a plague.

Many of our friends fell around us, many left for various parts of the country to escape the dreadful scourge; to remain was like facing death, though many stood by their posts, and gave up their lives in attending to the sick, relieving the wants of the distressed and burying the dead. Among these were Mr. Joe H. Tedro, engine dispatcher at Paris, Tennessee. Poor Joe! On a board placed at the head of his grave is written "A friend to the needy;" never was an epitaph more appropriately written. He was a gentleman in every respect. He had been in the employ of the railroad company many years, and was beloved by all who knew him. He gave up his life trying to save the lives of others. The fever was raging at Paris (the terminus of our division), and friend was deserting friend, but no one called upon Joe, but he rendered all the assistance in his power. Such men deserve to have their names written in the memories of all forever. He leaves a wife, a most estimable lady, and two little children. Mrs. Tedro lost in one short month, father, mother, husband and a little child. Only such persons can fully realize the dreadful consequence of such a plague.

Brother Emmette Pope was among the first to succumb, leaving a mother and

sister. Brother Michael Riley joined the Howard Association, and lost his life visiting the sick and suffering. Brother Edward Fox lost his father, mother and sister. Brother O. B. Haines, Wm. Buchanan and Walter Nance were very low with the fever, but came through after many days of severe illness.

We can not say enough to the credit of Brothers John Clark and Wm. Bender. The fever was raging the entire length of our division. Friends were falling around us every day, and to remain was like facing death, but these worthy brothers stood to their posts, (Bender acting as foreman at our shops, and Clark running an engine on the road), and were among the few to escape the disease. We also feel under obligations to Mr. Walsh, our master-mechanic, who remained with us, and gave all the encouragement he could under such distressful circumstances. Of course, our Lodge No 55, was much disorganized by the epidemic, but she has raised her head again, though under unfavorable circumstances. Thanks to the efforts of Brothers Clark, Cronin and Bender to reorganize No. 55, and reunite us in B. S. & I.

Fraternally yours,

ECNAN.

MEMPHIS, TENN., 1879.

SOUTH PUEBLO, COLORADO, May 10, 1879.

Wm. N. Sayre, Dear Sir and Brother: Knowing full well that you are kept constantly engaged attending to the affairs of our Order as Grand Secretary, and the position you occupy as editor of the Magazine entails such manifold duties, leaving you but very few leisure moments, I am loth to intrude upon your precious time, or to divert you from more serious business, by asking a few trivial questions and submitting a few suggestions. I have been a member of the Brotherhood about two years, being a charter member of No. 63, but not until about a year ago did I take any interest in the affairs of the organization. I can not attribute this lack of interest to any defects which I found in the inner workings, or in the exterior manifestations of the Order; for, in fact, I could not find any, nor did I trouble myself to look. The only and sole cause was my own want of experience and judgment. I was but eighteen years old at the time I joined, and had never traveled, had always been under the control of my parents, and did not for a moment give a serious thought to the principles, or to the mission of the B. of L. F., which I had joined, I might say, out of idle curiosity. But in the last year I have been around considerable, and have seen and learned a great deal of the world, its ways and inhabitants. I have been taught by sad experience to look at some things in a far different light, and to draw different conclusions from my observations to those which it was my way of doing two years ago.

I am now proud of the B. of L. F. I glory in its principles, and rejoice that I am a member of such a noble organization. Henceforth I will use my utmost endeavors to promote its welfare, to increase its numbers, to disseminate its principles, to assist in establishing the Magazine, until it shall become a recognized power for good in the land, and to help educate and elevate, as far as my feeble intellect will permit, the hard toiling, but poorly requited "Knight of the Scoop." But you will ask, why this preface? time is precious, and bides no man's pleasure, I can only answer that "the spirit moved me," and I could not suppress it. But as to the questions. Well, here they are: Why is it that the great labor problem is not more fully discussed in the columns of the Magazine? This, in my opinion, is the greatest problem now before the American people; it is made the subject of editorials in all the leading papers of the land; it is made the subject of debate in our Legis-

lative halls, municipal, state and national; it is made the subject of sermons by ministers of the gospel, from \$50,000 a year Beecher, preaching love and felicity commingled with bread and water, down to a lesser light in Danville, Ill., who I heard during the time of the "big strike," announce from a church pulpit the horrible blasphemy that "the workingman should not complain so long as he could obtain ten cents a day, when the hard times and the interests of his employers demanded it of him." It is discussed by all the labor organizations and their organs; then why is it, I ask again, not more fully discussed in our Order and its Magazine? Since I became a subscriber for the Magazine, I have eagerly perused the pages of every succeeding number, in hopes of finding a chapter or two treating of this all important subject, and save a few mild letters from "Tim Fagan," and a short editorial, my search was not rewarded by anything worth mentioning.

Hoping that you will not consider me impertinent, for asking the above questions, and expecting a friendly reply to the same at your earliest convenience, I remain,

Yours in B. S. & I.,

THOS. P. O'ROURKE.

To the Officers and Members of B. of L. F.

Gentlemen and brothers: Duty frequently makes demands on us that are anything but agreeable, and yet its performance is a source of pleasure. Such are the circumstances that compel me to write a farewell to you. To leave you is a pain and a loss to me that I can not estimate. How do you compute the estimation of an esteemed and loving friend? When you do this, multiply the result — which I doubt you cannot place a standard value on — by the number of delegates at Buffalo Convention who represented our noble Order of fellow-workmen, scattered broadcast over this Republic and the Dominion of Canada.

Yet still my dear friends and brothers,

"Let fate do her worst, there are moments of joy,
Bright dreams of the past which he can not destroy,
That come in the night-time of sorrow and care
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long may my heart with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled,
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang 'round it still."

W. F. HYNES.

Bro. Sayre: I have often heard brother firemen make the remark that they had a poor opinion of any railway officer who was antagonistic to the Order of Locomotive Firemen. Now permit me to say that the officers do not oppose Odd Fellowship, Knights of Honor, and many more of the secret benevolent orders, nor would they this, if they knew its real objects. I am positive, if from what discontented firemen say, that the officers will not allow us to provide for our families after our death, nor protect ourselves in health and disability while alive, that from close observation of the black list I find there are those who will not help themselves when they can, nor allow others to do it for them. To think of an able bodied man, as firemen must necessarily be in order to fill the position, being expelled for refusing to pay twenty-five cents toward fatherless and motherless children, aged parents, or a helpless wife. I believe it to be our duty to go to our officers, and show up such a person, as unfit for his position. The very act denotes reckless habits, and a disposition tending to a shop whistle or the pay-car only. I

must also state that there is no occasion whatever for one of our members being expelled for this cause, viz: non-payment of dues; as we do not ask from a member who is sick, disabled, or out of position, why fall in arrears? Are they not aware that in protecting themselves, families and fellow-workmen, that they not only raise themselves in the estimation of all, but make a demand upon their officers for a share of their respect, which naturally follows. Show me a man who will not invest a sum for the protection of those depending on him, or even for himself, which would require one hundred years at the present premium to pay in an amount equal to that which he draws out, and I'll show you a man unfit for the position which we as firemen daily toil for. For that class of men, though few in number, sooner or later brings disgrace upon one of the noblest professions given to man, that of handling with safety the property and lives of our people. I trust we will see no more names in the black list. Let our Magazine appear so as not to cause any one to blush at its pages.

Yours in B. S. & I.,

P. D. X.

✓ CAPITAL AND LABOR.

This question has been discussed and agitated at length by all classes until it has become a bore, it being well known that one can not succeed without the other. Capital can not be increased without the assistance of those who labor, and such being the case, of course they, to a certain extent, are also dependent. The constant howling of the poor against men of means is wrong, for it not only makes riches prejudiced, but don't add materially to the wage classes nor their interests. If those who are dependent on others for the living afforded to themselves and families, were to accept the reverses and so-called oppression with more patience, and determine to advance the cause of their employers it would cause a change; for this reason: that any one having in their employ a man who is faithful and sober, self-reliant, industrious, and working for your interest as much as for his own—reason says that such a man will be retained, and invariably his salary is larger than he who indulges in the habit (for it can not be called anything but a habit) of deploring his hard lot, dissatisfied because another is receiving better pay for his work, becomes careless, and the result is that his services are no longer required, and this man raises the cry of capital crushing labor because his whims would not be sanctioned. From the most remote period in the past to the present day it has been so. Some are favored with wealth while others are not. Wealth and position are scarcely ever attained by sitting idle, and waiting for it to pass into your hands without any exertion. It requires the closest attention to business, joined with economy, and a determination to win and raise higher. Let me urge you all, brothers, to do this. Do not listen to the words of the dissatisfied man, for he is always complaining, never satisfied, and it matters not what wages they may receive or what position they may have still they complain. They envy those who are more fortunate. I do not know of any one who would reject riches, and perhaps you are the very one who would use those under you in a manner far worse than you are subjected to now.

Contentment is a virtue that but very few possess, and it is one that all should cultivate. I admit that trials that are very hard to bear come upon us, but be cheerful and try again, it may be brighter to-morrow. It costs no more to be

cheerful and give a pleasant word than to despond and give those above us the very worst word that we have.

And one thing more, brothers, in regard to the Brotherhood. If we ever expect to receive favors from our employers, we must merit them, and do not fancy that the rich are always drawing us down. Show them by actions that our Order is not only for the elevation and the assistance of its members, but also giving a better class of men, both morally and socially. All men are equal. All breathe the same air and pray to the same God. In conclusion I would say that those who attend to their own affairs, are happy and diligent, and are scarcely found to cry out against capital. Merit respect, and I can assure, you will invariably receive it in return.

CHAS. J. MCGEE.

The success of all organizations for any purpose depends principally on its perfection of system. It is the continual, persevering, never-tiring work of those minute little creatures that builds the coral-reef to the very surface of the sea from its depths of many thousands of feet below. The loss of so many noble ships laden with treasure in grain and gold can testify at their cost to the industry of those little creatures. The bee whose busy life is so widely known that the hive is the symbol of industry; the ant that works with such energy and earnestness all day along, and only rests when the sun has retired, and the little worker then reluctantly ceases his labor to rest and prepare for the next days toil. We see in these insignificant insects a lesson and example that may be followed with profit; the beauty and perfection of their system, and the faithfulness of the performance of their duty; they make their home attractive and agreeable; their laws are simple and intelligible, and are understood, framed and executed by all the members of the family. This excites our admiration, and is worthy of the comparison which I make. Our noble Order represents the builders of the coral-reef, over which drunkenness, idleness and dissipation, shall never ride with safety, but like the waves at sea that lashes itself into a foam against the rocks only to perish in its own din and confusion; the hive in which is stored the result of our industries that the widows and orphans may not suffer, and when he is gone that worked with us, and their aid from him is past; the ants nest is the lodge room where the whole Order is in miniature, the laws are clearly defined and interpreted, and where useful and instructive information is diffused amongst the members. This is what I found in the school of the *Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen* for the number of years that I had the good fortune to be a member. It aims *directly* to the elevation of its members and their families, teaches the necessity of harmony of feeling between *all* enginemen and their employers, a feeling from which emanates the safety of capital invested, and the encouragement of labor to work for the best interests of their employers. We desire a careful investigation from, and by all railroad officials. Examine the truth and worth of the Order; its merits, its faults, and true bearing to your interests, as much if not more than to the members. See if it does not deserve a higher place in your esteem rather than your condemnation. Look into the Magazine of the Brotherhood. *Does not every book, nay, every leaf, call for your most earnest support?* You can not say, gentlemen, that the Order publishes one thing, and teaches another in secret meetings, because if such an inconsistency were tolerated, we would not have such true characters of manhood, or the use of their pen and sound reasoning, to advance the cause: We would not have survived the shocks of the past when

almost in our infancy ; nor make such rapid strides to progress as mark our march to-day ; but, on the contrary, we would receive the just reproach of all men of worth and lovers of honor, justice and sobriety ; and the welfare of society generally would crush such an infamous mob detrimental to their own welfare, their employers, and a danger to the republic.

It is, and always will be a source of pleasure to me to look back, and see the perfect understanding, existing not alone in my own lodge, No. 77, but throughout the Order generally. The attention to the laws, the respect of members to officers, and officers to members. This respect to each other extends itself from force of habit to everybody whom our business or pleasure in life brings us in contact with, until politeness will become, as it were, a part of our nature. Our insurance is justly our boast, and together with the disability clause, we all may well feel proud.

Look at the Constitution and By-Laws. Will you not say the Order has a noble work before it. Its object is encouraging and inspires us to noble actions. *Charity* the greatest of all virtues. It instills into our souls a willingness to make *any* sacrifice for the sake of *humanity*, the elevation of our fellow men. This is our object, and where is there one more noble, grand or soul-elevating?

A few words to the Magazine. When we look at the Magazine it is like looking in the mirror to see ourself reflected, and that little pamphlet always gives a pleasing reflection, because of its truth. And I here assert that a member who does not endeavor to advance the circulation of the Magazine has not the welfare of the Order at heart. For every subscriber we not alone gain in our charity fund, but an average of ten persons who have learned a knowledge of our existence and object. It shows our ability to self-government. It gives us news from all lodges in the United States and Canada. It gives us an opportunity to express our views or opinions on any question that may arise, concerning the Order or the State. It gives us information from different parts of the world. It gives us a list of those—who have defrauded the widows and orphans of their fund, and all men, no matter who, or what business they follow should note the names in this list. It gives to the wives sisters and families of members a means to understand our Order, and why we are a band of brothers, and affords them a pleasant hour. In short it is ours, *our own property, solely and entirely*, and ably edited by our Grand Secretary and Treasurer, W. N. Sayre. Push it, brothers, push it forward, it is our standard ; support it, advance its cause, it is begot by our noble Order and a credit to its parent. I wish I could before leaving the country show every individual member the necessity of a wider circulation of our Magazine. Think, my dear brothers, of the importance of its growth.

And though the sunshine of life cast its shadows on him,
I shall always be, my dear friends, yours humbly,

TIM.

A VOICE FROM THE SHADOW OF BUNKER HILL.

Our Order now extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Minnesota on the north to the Lone Star State in the south. The glorious Order now stretches forward its hand, from the great moral centre of the intellectual world across the Alleghanies. It makes its way with its ennobling influences to light up the pathway of the firemen upon the prairie lines of the Great West, as the flash of lightning lights up the night, or as the glittering North Star guides the weary traveler on his lonely way. To those who would ask, "What has the Brotherhood done?" I

will say, it has done much, but it will do more, and with the help of an All-wise ruler, we will not stop our good work until we have extended the benefits to be derived from membership to all worthy locomotive firemen in the United States and Canada so as to enable them to make provisions for their dependent ones. To those who look upon us with disfavor, I would ask that they let their minds wander from themselves but for one moment, to those aged ones who are no longer able to earn their bread by daily toil. Think of the unclad and unfed children whose only means of support went down with the wreck while in the discharge of his duty on the rail. Let us pause here, and consider how much more true glory there is to be won by assisting others in this great race of life than by being selfish, and contributing to no ones comfort but our own.

Another thing of vital importance to the Order is the Magazine, and brothers should not let an opportunity go by to extend its circulation. It will speak for itself and is the beacon that will light our craft into a safe harbor, and bring us to a sound and safe anchorage.

The editor of the Magazine, Brother Sayre, is entitled to a large amount of credit for his untiring work, and earnest endeavors to make the book a success. If all the members would work one hundredth part as hard as he, our future would be settled, and the glory of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen shine as bright as the star of Bethlehem in evidence of its origin. S. M. S.

PAWTUCKETVILLE, MASS., May 17, 1879.

Hearing that the locomotive firemen on the Indianapolis, Peru & Chicago Railroad wished to embrace the opportunities presented by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, I left Indianapolis, May 31, at 11:15 P. M., on the train fired by Brother Hughes, arrived at Peru at 2 o'clock A. M., went to the boarding house of Brother Hughes, and took a few hours rest. After breakfast we repaired to the engine house of the I. P. & C. R. R., where I was introduced to several firemen to whom I explained the aims and purposes of the Order. After talking with them a while, I found no trouble in convincing them of their duties to themselves, and those dependent upon them for support.

At 2 o'clock P. M., we met at the editorial rooms of the Miami County *Sentinel*, the use of which was tendered us by the generous proprietor, Samuel F. Winter. Here, assisted by brothers of No. 14, I organized as fine a body of men, as I ever met. Among the number were several engineers.

Wabash Lodge starts off under good circumstances, with a fine set of officers, and a bright future before them. S. M. STEVENS, Grand Instructor.

A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

Editor Magazine.—At the suggestion of many firemen of the Sioux City and St. Paul railroad, I take the liberty of introducing to you, and through your magazine to the Brotherhood everywhere, a certain gentleman who is now permitted to act as locomotive engineer on the Sioux City and St. Paul railroad. His name, John Kline, and his experience as an engineer amounts to about 18 months (part of which time he has been firing.) Taking upon himself the duties of master mechanic, he has been cutting down the Sunday allowance of firemen, from ten hours' pay to five hours pay, which is chopping off of the Sunday pittance heretofore allowed. Such is the littleness of human character. When he himself was firing, and the pay was reduced by the company, he was the first to complain and the loudest to protest

against "taking the bread out of his family's mouth." Now, when "clothed with a little brief authority," he raises his hand to take the crust from the mouths of other men's families. This letter is written in no spirit of unkindness, nor personal bitterness. It is written for the purpose of fairly rebuking unfair and ungenerous treatment towards firemen at the hands of a man fresh from the firemen's ranks; with the hope that all may heed its letter and spirit; and that firemen everywhere may know their enemies.

FIREMAN.

S. C. & St. P. R. R., Sioux City, Iowa, May 20, 1879.

I wish to return my sincere thanks to Brother W. R. Cutter, of Boston Lodge, No. 57, for information furnished me during my stay in New York. Also Barney Welsh, of Port Jervis, and Past Grand Vice Master Broderick and family, for courtesies received at Hornellsville, N. Y. I am under obligations to Brother Hoffman of Great Western Lodge, No. 4, and Brother Lindsey, of Forest City, No. 10, for brotherly acts shown on my trip west. I also wish to extend thanks to Brother Hughes, of Eureka Lodge, No. 14, for valuable assistance rendered me while organizing Wabash Lodge, No. 99, at Peru, Indiana. S. M. STEVENS.

HOW TO HELP OUR CAUSE.

If every member of the Order will make it a point to take the Magazine, and get one subscriber besides, we could double our list in a short time, and thereby be enabled to do just twice as much as we are now doing for the manly purpose which we have banded ourselves together to accomplish.

Henceforth let us one and all take hold and see what we can do to assist him who is struggling so hard to make the book a success. The members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen are fast learning how much they owe William N. Sayre for his earnest work in behalf of our organization which makes a just claim to being one of the first in America; one that seeks only to stay the hand of want from the home of the widow and fatherless, and teaches its members that by being sober and industrious they can all "lay claim to that God given title" *Man*.

BUSINESS.

SUBORDINATE LODGE ITEMS.

No. 54 is thriving. Brother Stacey reports all well, and initiates expected. We look forward to much from Old Anchor.

BROTHER M. Gepper, of No. 47, has applied for a patent on his cleaning and polishing preparation. We are satisfied it will prove the thing for the brass.

BROTHER Raymond, of No. 69, has been laying off with a crippled hand and arm for some time, but is now around again and ready for business.

BROTHER Wm. Hynes, of No. 77, paid us a friendly visit on his way to New York to take the steamer for Europe. May your journey be one of pleasure.

BROTHER Myers writes—No. 98 is alive and working up the interests of our Order with a vim, and closes by saying: "Send us fifty Magazines." Long live No. 98! Would there were more such.

BROTHER H. F. Haman, of No. 97 has gone to running a switch engine some distance from Los Angeles. All communications for the present will be directed to brother C. E. Hill, or Worthy Master C. A. Enz.

A. E. THORNTON, of No. 7 has deposited his card in No. 62.

We are glad to hear of the promotion of brothers Bender, Nance, and E. Q. Fox to the throttle. Also, of Brother Haines and Clark, all of No. 55.

A. E. Ralston of No. 86 has received the prize coveted by all good firemen, promotion. Brother Ralston has taken the switch engine at Laramie City, Wyoming territory. You have our best wishes, and don't forget the sand lever.

BROTHER Chas. O. Mansur, of No. 73, will please communicate with M. E. Cobb, 86 Park street, Worcester, Mass. His whereabouts would like to be known, as important business demands his attention.

Firing on the N. Y. Elevated R. R.—*Editor.*

BROTHER Wilkes of No. 4 is deserving of much credit for his untiring efforts in promoting the magazine on the Franklin branch of the A. & G. W. R. R., and reports subscribers coming in from Oil City. No. 4, and all the members are alive to the interests of our book.

BROTHER Baird of No. 27 has recovered from his attack of fever and can be found with brother Byers on the night line. Brother Calkins still fishes for perch when business is dull.

MARRIAGE.—Brother James Perrine to Miss Adelaide Kelly, both of West Oakland, California. Brother P. is one of No. 90's staunchest timbers, and an honor to the lodge. May your cup of bliss be brim full, and your days many, and "Pay as you go" ever fresh on your memory.

BROTHER Card, of No. 10, came around the A. & G. W. depot one morning, a short time ago, and there met Brother Callahan. Card spoke up saying: "Tom, what makes you so merry this dull morning?" "Oh! only a little boy at our house; but, Brother Card, why laugh?" "Oh, well, we have a mate for that boy," and then both agreed not to let Sayre find it out, or it would get into the Magazine. But no use, we must have a record of these additions. All doing well.

BROTHER Davis, Recording Secretary of No. 27, writes of the illness of Brother F. A. Davis, who is suffering from a disease of the eye. At last accounts he was improving. Brother Davis (Wm.) has been visiting his friends in and about Clinton, Iowa, and reports his visit to No. 34, as most satisfactory, having been escorted over the city and the public works. He says Brother Keith, and those he had the pleasure of meeting, are warm and enthusiastic workers in the cause.

HONORABLE MENTION.—Perseverance Lodge No. 98, thirty days after her organization lost one of her most esteemed members, Brother Allard, by an accident while in the performance of duty. It is creditable to No. 98 and her fourteen members to say that no such exhibition of true brotherly feeling has been shown as in this instance, as no insurance was coming to the deceased, and the lodge standing all expenses, as follows: first a complete outfit for the deceased, a lot in the cemetery at Ogden for the deceased, and the property of the lodge for future use, if necessary, and a burial which will long be remembered by the people who witnessed it. No pains or money was spared, as will be seen from the fact that each brother contributed to the amount of \$12.00 to defray expenses. The funeral all in all was not only a credit to No. 98, but an example of what our Order teaches. Much credit is due the firemen of Terrace, for so fully illustrating the teachings of but a few days.

WE note the success of brothers Woolen and Crater, of No. 77, at present located at Leadville, Col., where they are engaged in an active and remunerative business. No. 77 sends regards, and asks the worthy brothers to establish an agency for the Magazine at that point.

BROTHER T. J. Kellett, of No. 86, has the firm grip of the throttle, and if Brother K. succeeds as well as all others who have been promoted from our Order, we will not complain. We wish you every success, and hope your obligation will ever be fresh in your mind.

GRAND BALL.—The Fourth Annual Ball of Capitol Lodge No. 46, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, took place last night at Armory Hall, and the event was the grandest of the season. Balls as a rule are well attended, but on last evening the seating capacity was insufficient for the large gathering. When so many are present and desire to dance there is generally some confusion, but to the credit of the floor managers it must be said that nothing of the kind occurred, and they are to be congratulated on their part of the work being admirably managed. The programme embraced twenty-four dances, well arranged, and the entertainment commenced at 9 o'clock with a grand march. After dancing twelve numbers then came an intermission, and attention was turned to the refreshment tables. The refreshments having received due attention, the merry ones again turned to the waxed floor and to the excellent music furnished by the German String Band, and the sturdy firemen and handsome maidens danced the midnight hours away. As the occasion celebrated comes only once a year, the merry party did not homeward go until old Sol had announced his coming by streaks in the east. Then the dancers hastened to their abodes, and the gallant fireman, as he parted with his fair damsel, gently whispered of the coming fifth annual celebration, and it made her face beam with gladness and her heart throb with joy.—[*Monitor, Springfield, Ill.*]

BLACK LIST.

- No. 62. J. Van Demark, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 40. M. Foley, Geo. Baker, E. Goodspeed, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 39. Expelled H. E. Day for non-payment of dues.
- No. 77. Geo. R. Mackley, F. D. Hickox, D. F. Moore, expelled for violating pledges and defrauding the helpless. Take down their names.
- No. 56. L. McCormick, A. La Rue, G. Herron, J. W. McClure, J. Hahn, expelled.
- No. 50. Daniel Wright, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 88. Wm. Davies, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 10. D. T. Henderson, for defrauding his lodge and non-payment of dues.
- No. 4. Warren E. Nichols, expelled for defrauding widows and orphans.
- No. 8. Wm. McKain, expelled for defrauding and slandering lodge.
- No. 23. J. P. McKenney, expelled for non-payment of dues.
- No. 52. Peter Ulrich, expelled for defrauding the widows and orphans.
- Last month we published E. Varley, expelled from No. 12, for defrauding lodge. The act consisted in holding \$17.00 of No. 12's money and failing to remit. Also, defrauding the widows and orphans fund.

RESOLUTIONS.

At a regular meeting of Rocky Mountain Lodge, No. 77, B. of L. F., held in their hall May 22, 1879, the resignation of Brother W. F. Hynes, as Recording Secretary, was tendered. He is about to leave on an extended trip to Europe. The following preamble and resolutions were adopted :

WHEREAS, The retirement of our esteemed and worthy Brother W. F. Hynes, from the office of Recording Secretary presents a suitable opportunity for expressing the esteem in which we hold him as a faithful and efficient officer, therefore, be it

Resolved, That the thanks are due and are hereby tendered to Brother Hynes, for the able and worthy manner in which he has performed his duty.

Resolved, That on leaving the position he has so satisfactorily filled he carries with him the regards and good wishes of all the brothers of No. 77, and that they sincerely hope that his trip will prove a gain to him, and trust that his future will be as bright and prosperous as he can anticipate or desire.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes, and a copy transmitted to Brother Hynes, and published in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

By Order of the Lodge,

M. OLMSTEAD.

At a regular meeting of Boston Lodge, No. 57, B. of L. F., held May 7, 1879, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted :

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His Great Wisdom, to remove from her home on earth to that on high, the loving wife of our worthy brother, Geo. Arnold; this burden coming as it does, so close upon a former bereavement—the loss of their darling child—, be it

Resolved, That we extend to Brother Arnold our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this, his hour of affliction, and we pray to God to enable him to bear the sad bereavement with christian strength and fortitude.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be given our worthy brother; also that they be placed on the lodge records, and sent to the Locomotive Firemens Magazine for publication.

I. J. WALTON,
L. L. PARKER, JR., } Committee.
J. C. ADAMS,

PHILADELPHIA, PA., April 27, 1879.

WHEREAS, The Almighty ruler of the Universe has seen fit to remove from our midst, the much beloved wife of our esteemed friend and brother, Carlos E. Austin, therefore, be it

Resolved, That the members of Enterprise Lodge tender to the afflicted brother their sincere and heartfelt sympathy in the hour of his affliction; also to the bereaved family of four small children, who have lost the tender and comforting care of a dear mother, and may they in the time of their distress turn to the Savior, and find comfort and consolation in his holy words.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the minutes; also a copy sent to the sorrowing brother, and be printed in our Magazine.

W. T. GOUNDIE,
HENRY KNEPLEY, } Committee.

At a regular meeting of Forest City Lodge No. 10, B. of L. F., held at their hall, June 1st, 1879, the following resolution was unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, Mr. N. Wright, our worthy master mechanic of the Mahoning Division of the A. & G. W. R. R., met with a sad accident, which resulted in amputation of one of his limbs. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Forest City Lodge, extend to him our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in the sad misfortune which has befallen him.

S. S. CARD,
J. L. CLARK,
T. H. SHEPPARD, } Committee.

At a special meeting of Perseverance Lodge No. 98, held at Terrace this day, the following resolutions were adopted :

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Grand Architect of the universe to remove from our midst by the hand of death our beloved brother, Edmund Allard, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we deeply feel the loss of our departed brother who has so suddenly been called from among us in the vigor of life and manhood.

Resolved, That as a token of respect for our departed brother, our charter and hall be draped in mourning for the period of thirty days.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the records of the lodge, and a copy be presented to the bereaved parents of our deceased brother, and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

E. M. JACOBS,
E. FISHER,
C. C. GOULD. } Committee.

TERRACE, UTAH TERRITORY, May 12, 1879.

MEDALS WELL BESTOWED.

The gallant railway employes who stood to their posts during the epidemic receive acknowledgments from the Howard Association of Memphis. The following letter, which explains itself, was sent, by order of the Howard Association, to the superintendents of each of the railways which ran trains into the city during the epidemic of 1878, each letter accompanied by medals to be distributed to each of the employes of the respective roads, whose names appear below :

MEMPHIS, TENN., May 17, 1879.

Mr. ——— :

By order of the Howard Association I have the pleasure of forwarding to you this day — medals, to be presented to you to the following parties, who, during the epidemic of 1878, as employes of your road, rendered invaluable services on the trains that brought us physicians, nurses and supplies. In presenting these medals please assure the parties that the association wishes each of them a prosperous future. That they will wear the medals with honor to themselves and to our association, they have already proven by their good deeds.

Very respectfully,

A. D. LANGSTAFF,
President Howard Association.

The medals are of gold, consisting of a bar and shield, appropriately inscribed, and are the work of the popular jewelers, W. C. Byrd & Co., who have acquired quite a notoriety for elegant workmanship in this line. The following are the names of the employes of each road upon whom the medals have been bestowed :

MEMPHIS AND LOUISVILLE RAILROAD.

William Bender,
Jack Fox,
Alex. Smith,
Thomas Walsh,
P. B. Fields,
Robert Speddy,

E. M. Wheelock,
John Conners,
John Nichols,
Pat Kelly,
John Hilbert,
D. A. Cole,

James Chamberlain,
Joseph O'Neil,
O. Haynes,
B. F. Young,
Richard Lawton,
A. H. Dougherty.

MISSISSIPPI AND TENNESSEE RAILROAD.

C. P. Bollinger,
William A. Hume,

P. E. Bokewell,
Joseph Wonegar,

Albert Jehl,
M. Carrigan.

MEMPHIS AND CHARLESTON RAILROAD.

R. J. M'Cauliff,
W. O. Carroll,

W. E. Ramsey,
G. S. Rodenbough,

J. R. Irondale,
Wallace Williams.

[*Memphis Appeal.*]

In presenting this list of names, we find missing those of brothers John Clark, Thomas Nichols, Walter Nance, Geo. Zohn, Thos. Hannon and W. Buchanan, who stayed all through the fever, yet were not awarded medals. We sincerely trust that Mr. Langstaff, President of the mission, will correct so grave an error, in justice to those brave and fearless brothers who stood to their posts in such a time. We would be pleased to give fuller details from the *Memphis Avalanche*, if space would admit.

OUR PIN.—There being no uniform Pin or emblem of our Order, we have secured at a great expense, a die for the purpose of manufacturing a fine gold Pin, truly emblematic of our profession, and within the reach of every brother's pocket. We give a correct cut of the Pin on inside of first cover—the cross scoops linked together with a small B in center. To the person who sends an order for 12 Pins at one time, we will give a Pin free. Brother Stevens will have a lot with him to sell lodges he visits. Pins \$2.00 each. Address, WM. N. SAYRE, Indianapolis, Ind.

QUERIES.

P. D. H. wants the principle of the working of injectors.

Ans.—Having run a Rue's injector for five years, I herewith, in connection with reliable authority, give the principles as requested by P. D. H.

Under a given pressure the velocity of escaping steam is much greater than that of the water which would be ejected were a hole opened in the boiler below water line. At a pressure of 90 pounds to the square inch, the excess of velocity of the steam is about in the proportion of 9 to 1. As the escaping steam, in being condensed, loses none of its velocity, except that due to the friction of the pipes through which it passes, it consequently, after condensation has a penetrating force about 9 times greater than the resisting force of the water in the boiler. At the moment of condensation it imparts its momentum to the water by which it is condensed, and with which it mingles. For instance, 1,700 cubic inches of steam on being condensed to 1 cubic inch of water, imparts sufficient momentum to 8 cubic inches of the water by which it is condensed to exactly balance the pressure of the water in the boiler. In this case the opposing forces are in equilibrium; but combined with any less quantity of water, say even 7 inches, the momentum

will more than suffice to overcome the resistance of the water in the boiler, and the mingled condensed steam and feed water will force its way into the boiler, if a properly constructed entrance is provided.

TIM FAGAN.

WHAT relation is a locomotive engine to a loaf of bread? Ans.—The child. Why, a locomotive is an invention; bread is a necessity; necessity is the mother of invention, consequently the engine is the child.

LONE TRAMP.

MAGAZINE—IMPORTANT.

Back numbers can be furnished to agents in any number, always have your subscribers commence with Number *one*. The second week in July is set apart by the Grand Magazine Agents, as appointed at the Buffalo Convention to get subscribers. We request that each member of the Order will devote one hour out of the one hundred and sixty-eight of that week, to the interests of our book to solicit subscribers, and report by the twelfth of July. The result of each lodge's success will be published in August number of the Magazine. This is no idle scheme, but an absolute necessary one, and we look forward to great returns.


Death Claim No. 11 was due July 5. Financial Secretaries will do well to forward the amount due immediately.

W. T. GOUNDIE, Grand Master.

IMPORTANT TO ALL LODGES.

As a majority of the lodges of this Order are desirous of holding the next annual Convention in Chicago for the following reasons, we herewith submit the same, asking in return that each lodge will take a vote, and report by July 30, in order that the same may appear in August Magazine. The reasons given are as follows: The greatest number of lodges are in the West, and as there has been two Conventions in Indianapolis, it would seem unfair to hold a third one there. Transportation can be secured as favorably to Chicago as to Indianapolis; also there are more that prefer the former, owing to the expectation of a day for inspection of the city, and its grand buildings since the fire. You will notify the G. S. & T. promptly of your decision.

WM. T. GOUNDIE, Grand Master.

 See advertisement of B. of L. F. Pin on inside page of front cover.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

W. T. GOUNDIE	3405 Elm street, West Philadelphia, Pa.....	Grand Master,
J. M. DODGE	No. 12 16th st., Chicago, Ill.....	Vice Grand Master,
W. N. SAYRE	Indianapolis, Ind.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
S. M. STEVENS	Lowell, Mass.....	Grand Instructor.
J. O'KEEFE	North Platte, Neb.	Grand Warden,
CHAS. POPE	Toronto, Ont.	Grand Conductor,
W. HUGO	Indianapolis, Ind.	Grand Inner Guard,
T. DOYLE	St. Louis.....	Grand Outer Guard.
M. COOPER	St. Paul, Minn.....	Grand Marshal,

GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

M. E. COBB	Worcester, Mass.	A. M. CRONIN	Memphis, Tenn.
J. S. COOL	Logansport, Ind.	D. T. HENDERSON	Cleveland, O.
JOHN MCCLURE	Columbus, O.	JOS. BRINTNALL	Fort Gratoit, Mich.
JOHN L. BODEY	Philadelphia, Pa.	L. H. INGERSOLL	St. Joseph, Mo.
W. R. WHITCOMB	Springfield, Ill.	W. F. HYNES	Denver, Col.
P. J. ROBINSON	Little Rock, Ark.	J. POPE MYERS	Louisville, Ky.

LODGE ADDRESSES.

Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.

4. GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.
C. F. Terry, (Valonia, Pa.).....Master
J. F. Hoffman (Box 501).....Rec. Sec'y
S. H. Quackenbush, W. E. Nichols, Mag. Agts
5. UNION, at Gallion, Ohio. Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30.
A. Jenkinson.....Master
T. Wooley.....Rec. Sec'y
Jas. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
8. JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. E. Hall, at 7:30 P. M.
A. J. Gabard.....Master
L. M. Phipps.....Rec. Sec'y
A. J. Gabard.....Magazine Agent
9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.
John McClure.....Master
F. W. Arnold.....Rec. Sec'y
(Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block.)
E. Ginbey (123 Spruce st.).....Magazine Agent
10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets every other Sunday, commencing April 6th, Haller's Hall, Ontario St. s. s. at 2 P. M.
S. S. Card, 283 Starkweather ave.....Master
T. H. Sheppard, No. 6 Fruit st. Ret. Sec'y
T. H. Sheppard.....Magazine Agent
(19 Pelton avenue, s. s.)
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 P. M., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
J. S. Gorgas.....Master
P. C. Everitt.....Rec. Sec'y
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.
James Shuffelt.....Master.
E. S. Draper.....Rec. Sec'y
N. Y. L. E. & W. Machine shops, Exchange street.
C. G. Swan.....Magazine Agent
(438 South Division street.)
13. MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, at East St. Louis, Ill. Meets every other Sunday in Temperance Hall, commencing April 20, at 2 P. M.
John McGarrahan.....Master
Jerry Benedict.....Rec. Sec'y
Fred. Lane (Box 191).....Magazine Agent
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M., at No. 62½ East Washington street.
Wm. Hugo (79 N. Noble street).....Master
Chas. Kline (530 E. Georgia st.).....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. Hugo.....Magazine Agent
15. PACIFIC, at St. Louis, Mo. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays. Hall, Chateau ave. near Summit avenue.
J. J. Smith.....Master
J. F. Clough (3012 Sarah st.).....Rec. Sec'y
J. F. Clough.....Magazine Agent
16. VIGO, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock, P. M. at A. O. U. W. Hall, N. E. Cor. Main and Eighth Sts.
James Smith (Box 1074).....Master
E. V. Debs (Box 522).....Rec. Sec'y
James Smith (Box 1074).....Magazine Agent

17. OLD POST, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets in No. 2 Engine House every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.
F. B. Wheeler.....Master
C. A. Cripps.....Rec. Sec'y
C. A. Cripps.....Magazine Agent
20. STUART, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.
Wm. McBride.....Master
D. Hartigan (Box 418).....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. McBride.....Magazine Agent
21. INDUSTRIAL, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in Engineers' Hall.
James Bucko.....Master
H. Miller (c. Ellwood & 2d sts.) Rec. Sec'y
John Hayes.....Magazine Agent
22. CENTRAL, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., in B. of L. E. Hall.
Wm. Trenary (Box 598).....Master
Geo. Bond.....Rec. Sec'y
L. E. Beckley (Box 578).....Magazine Agent
23. LOUISVILLE, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., in Israel's Hall, 69 3d avenue.
J. A. McHugh.....Master
(422 11th street, corner Broadway.)
J. W. Richardson (286 Wenzel st) Rec. Sec'y
J. H. Smith (252 Zane st.) Magazine Agent
27. HAWKEYE, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets alternate Sundays, at 2 P. M., at engineers' hall.
W. C. Byers.....Master
F. B. Davis, Box 192.....Rec. Sec'y
W. S. Davis, Box 1146.....Magazine Agent
28. ELKHORN, at North Platte, Neb. Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month.
W. T. Chadwick.....Master
Joe Tooley (Box 166).....Rec. Sec'y
W. J. Stuart.....Magazine Agent
30. CEDAR VALLEY, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets every 1st and 3d Saturday each month, in Good Templars' Hall.
J. M. Dubois.....Master
L. C. Chase.....Rec. Sec'y
W. R. Saunders (Box 796).....Magazine Agent
34. CLINTON, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
B. S. Keith.....Master
Geo. E. Howell.....Rec. Sec'y
B. S. Keith.....Magazine Agent
35. AT AMBOY, ILL. Meets in Engineers' Hall 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
T. Hincheliff.....Master
Wm. H. Dean.....Rec. Sec'y
Titus Hincheliff.....Magazine Agent
36. TIPPECANOE, at LaFayette, Indiana. Meets every Sunday, at 2 P. M., at B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Fourth and Terry street, Wallace Block.
J. L. Birmingham, 193 Union st.....Master
J. H. Brewer.....Rec. Sec'y
J. H. Brewer, 94 13th st.).....Magazine Agent
39. NORTH STAR, at Austin, Minn. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, at 2:30 P. M.
Geo. R. Talbott.....Master
J. Brown.....Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Seagel.....Magazine Agent
40. BLOOMING, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday night
James Crotty.....Master
Thomas O'Neil.....Rec. Sec'y
(905 West Locust street)
Wm. O. Webster.....Magazine Agent

41. At ROCKLIN, CAL. Organizing.
43. ST. JOSEPH, at St. Joseph, Mo. Meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every second and fourth Sundays in each month.
L. H. Ingersoll Master
O. W. Richardson Rec. Sec'y
L. H. Ingersoll Magazine Agent
45. ROSE CITY, at Little Rock, Ark. Meets every Monday at 7:50 P.M., corner Main and Markham streets.
J. A. Bloudsoe Master
P. J. Robison Rec. Sec'y
E. W. Mills Magazine Agent
46. CAPITAL, at Springfield, Ill. Meets every alternate Sunday, at Eng. Hall.
W. R. Whitecomb (c. 9th & Market sts) Master
G. D. Partington (Lock box 1126) Rec. Sec'y
Joseph Paulis (Wabash Shops) Mag. Agent
47. TRIUMPHANT, at Chicago, Ill. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 P. M., in Railroad Chapel.
M. Gepper, 770 Wabash ave Master
P. M. Dodge, No. 12 16th st. Rec. Sec'y
B. V. Dodge Magazine Agent
No. 12 16th street.
50. GARDEN CITY, at Chicago. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Engineers Hall, on State street, between 48th and 49th.
W. S. Barrows, 4532 Dearborn st. Master
W. Field Rec. Sec'y
Cor. State and 47th st.
W. S. Barrows Magazine Agent
4532 Dearborn street.
51. FRONTIER CITY, at Oswego, N. Y. Meets every Thursday at 2:30 P. M., at Engineers' Hall.
Jas. McCarthy (49 West Erie st) Master
L. J. Boynton, 112 W. Utica st., Rec. Sec'y
J. McCarthy 49 W. Erie st., Magazine Ag't
52. GOOD WILL, at Logansport, Indiana. Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M., at B. of L. F. Hall, corner Market and Fifth Sts.
A. Ross Master
R. Warner Rec. Sec'y
Ambrose Ross (Box 626) Magazine Agent
54. ANCHOR, at Moberly, Mo. Meets every Monday night at 43 Reed street.
J. J. Murphy Master
Geo. R. Stacey, box 820 Rec. Sec'y
J. Bresson Magazine Agent
55. BLUFF CITY, at Memphis Tenn. Meets 2d and last Saturday evenings of each month, at Knights of Honor hall, 298 2d street.
John Clark, L. & N. engine house... Master
Alex. M. Cronin Rec. Sec'y
Alex. M. Cronin Magazine Agent
56. TOPEKA, at Topeka, Kan. Meets every alternate Sunday at A. O. U. W. Hall.
S. McGaffey Master
Wm. Tangman, Topeka, Kan. Rec. Sec'y
J. R. Goheen Magazine Agent
57. BOSTON, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday of each month, at 10:30 A. M., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.
C. H. Moulton (Box 93, Lynn, Mass.) Master
L. L. Parker, Jr. Rec. Sec'y
L. L. Parker, Jr. Magazine Agent
72 Cambridge street, E. Cambridge.
60. UNITED, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets 1st Thursday evening and 3d Sunday morning of each month, cor. Lawrence street and Susquehanna avenue.
J. L. Bodey, (2013 N. 3d st.) Master
A. B. Collom, 2206 Lawrence st. Rec. Sec'y
J. A. Falls, 2224 North 2d st. Magazine Ag't
61. MINNEHAHA, at St. Paul, Minn. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 P. M., cor 7th and Jackson sts., Engineer's Hall.
S. J. Murphy, 46 McBoal st. Master
C. Sinks, 58 Goodrich ave. Rec. Sec'y
R. Peel, 183 Exchange st. Magazine Agent
62. VANBERGEN, at Carbondale, Pa. Meets every 2d and 4th Thursday of each month, in Engineers' Hall.
O. E. Histed Master
Jno. Bryden Rec. Sec'y
A. Hoyle Magazine Agent
63. HERCULES, at Danville, Ill. Meets every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.
J. A. Bain Master
Chas. J. McGee, box 772 Rec. Sec'y
Chas. J. McGee, box 772., Magazine Agent
64. LOYAL, at Brookville, Kan. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, every Sunday.
W. H. Hamilton Master
Matthew Richards Rec. Sec'y
W. H. Hamilton Magazine Agent
Box 16, Brockvill, Kan.
66. CHALLENGE, at Bellville, Ont., (Canada.) Meets 2d and 4th Sundays in B. of L. E. Hall,
J. McKnight Master
D. Sutherland Rec. Sec'y
J. McKnight Magazine Agent
67. DOMINION, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M., in Occident Hall, Queen street.
P. Kennedy (Box 697) Master
C. Pope (Box 697) Rec. Sec'y
P. Kennedy (Box 697) Magazine Agent
69. HURON, at Fort Gratiot, Mich. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, over Post Office.
Thomas Bruce, box 13 Master
Charles Macklaw, box 13. Rec. Sec'y
Charles Raymond, box 13. Magazine Agent
70. LONESTAR, at Marshall, Texas. Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays in each month.
C. Greenwood Master
Geo. W. Ralston, lock box 8 Rec. Sec'y
C. T. Smith Magazine Agent
71. CAPITAL CITY, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays, and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 281 Green st.
D. O. Shank, 281 Green st. Master
L. O'Brien, 7 Union St. Rec. Sec'y
D. O. Shank Magazine Agent
281 Green st., Albany, N. Y.
72. WELCOME, at Camden, N. J. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.
L. Elbertson Master
Abner Huston, Jr. Rec. Sec'y
322 Bridge Avenue.
Abner Huston, Jr. Magazine Ag't
73. BAY STATE, at Worcester, Mass. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.
Geo. A. Hewitt, Union Depot. Master
Marshall E. Cobb, 86 Park st. Rec. Sec'y
W. E. Cobleigh Magazine Agent
(48 Salem street, Worcester, Mass.)

74. **KANSAS CITY**, at Kansas City, Mo.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic Hall, West Kansas City.
B. B. McCrum Master
John Clinton Rec. Sec'y
Cor. 14th and Hickory, West Kansas City.
B. B. McCrum, 905 Penn st. Magazine Ag't
75. **ENTERPRISE**, at West Philadelphia, Pa.
Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at Hancock's Hall, 40th street and Lancaster avenue.
C. W. Barber Master
R. E. Dupell, 3723 Story St. Rec. Sec'y
W. T. Goundie Magazine Agent
3405 Elm st., West Philadelphia, Pa.
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN**, at Denver, Col.
Meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall.
George Klock Master
John Young, Rec. Sec'y
John Daily, Magazine Ag't
79. **MIAMI**, at Cincinnati, Ohio. Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 2d and 4th Sundays, at 9 A. M., corner 8th and Freeman sts.
Wm. P. Jones Master
No. 155 Walker Mill Row 21st ward.
Jas. G. Horrocks, 400 George st. Rec. Sec'y
Wm. P. Jones Magazine Ag't
80. **EARLY SUNRISE**, at Palestine, Texas.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. H. Morely Master
C. Reitch Rec. Sec'y
A. P. Draper Magazine Agent
82. **NORTHWESTERN**, Minneapolis, Minn.
Meets in Druids' Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet avenue, between 1st and second sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday evenings of each month.
J. W. Cole Master
S. T. Brown, 1807 6th st. south. Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Cole, 1223 S. 7th st. Magazine Ag't
83. **MISSISSIPPI**, at Winona, Minn.
John Herwick Master
Wm. Warren, box 686. Rec. Sec'y
B. F. Weller, box 26. Magazine Agent
84. **MISSOURI RIVER**, at Omaha, Neb.
Meets 1st and 3d Saturday nights of each month in K. of P. Hall.
J. M. Byers, 590 10th street Master
Chas. R. Campbell Rec. Sec'y
Cor. 17th and Dodge street.
P. H. Swift Magazine Agent
N. E. Cor. 15th and Chicago Sts.
85. **FARGO LODGE**, at Fargo, D. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every other Sunday.
Jas. Burke Master
Arthur Bassett, Box 104. Rec. Sec'y
Fred. G. Clayton, Box 54 Magazine Agent
86. **BLACK HILLS**, at Laramie, W. T.
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays of each month.
A. E. Ralston Master
J. E. Carroll Rec. Sec'y
T. J. Killet Magazine Agent
87. **SUMMIT**, at Rawlins, W. T. Meets every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at 7:30 p. m.
Dennis P. Murphy Master
John F. Hittle (Box 5) Rec. Sec'y
James Noonan Magazine Agent
88. **MORNING STAR**, at Evanston, W. T.
Meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every Thursday evening.
Frank A. Hutchens Master
J. Becker Rec. Sec'y
David Hamilton Magazine Agent
89. **SILVER STATE**, at Carlin, Nev. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at 5:20 p. m.
J. A. Resseguie Master
Frank A. Resseguie Rec. Sec'y
Selby Jones Magazine Agent
90. **PAY AS YOU GO**, at West Oakland, Cal.
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, cor. 7th and Pine streets, every alternate Wednesday and Thursday evenings.
Ed. F. Ingles Master
C. C. Walker Rec. Sec'y
E. Yale Magazine Agent
91. **GOLDEN GATE**, at San Francisco, Cal.
Meets every 1st Sunday, 2d Monday, 3d Tuesday, and 4th Wednesday of each month.
G. A. Aldrich Master
E. F. Smith (8 Adair street) Rec. Sec'y
C. Detrich (223 15th st.) Magazine Agent
92. **MARSHALL**, at Marshalltown, Iowa.
D. Garrett Master
N. J. Tallmadge Rec. Sec'y
James Crawley Magazine Agent
93. **GATE CITY**, at Keokuk, Iowa. Meets in Engineers' Hall, on Jounson, bet. 2d and 3d sts., every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month, at 2 p. m.
W. H. Bennett Master
Zeb. Moore (Lock Box 7) Rec. Sec'y
Milt E. Clark (Box 550) Magazine Agent
94. **GREENBRIER**, at Hinton, W. Va.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays in each month, at Firemen's Hall, cor. 4th avenue and 3d street.
Jos. Haynes, Box 35 Master
Jno. McCulloch Rec. Sec'y
W. E. Watson Magazine Agent
95. **CHICAGO**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall, 229 Milwaukee avenue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 p. m., and last Sunday at 2 p. m.
Wm. Maroney Master
Win. T. Ross, 14 N. Sangamon st. Rec. Sec'y
Wm. Maroney Magazine Agent
21 W. Kinzie street.
96. **BALTIMORE CITY**, at Baltimore, Md.
Meets 2d & 4th Sundays of each month. Hall on Preston street, between Linden ave. and Eutaw street.
L. V. Tipton, 272 Park ave Master
John O'Neil (146 Cathedral st.) Rec. Sec'y
L. V. Tipton (272 Park ave) Magazine Ag't
97. **ORANGE GROVE**, at Los Angeles, Cal.
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th Fridays of each month.
C. A. Enz Master
H. F. Haman (Box 1011) Rec. Sec'y
C. A. Enz Magazine Agent
98. **PERSEVERANCE**, at Terrace, Utah Territory, meets every Tuesday at 5 p. m. at City Hall.
Robert Sims Master
M. Myers Rec. Sec'y
E. Prudence Magazine Agent
99. **WABASH LODGE**, at Peru, Ind.
Chas. A. Wilson, (box 316) Master
M. E. Daly Rec. Sec'y
C. A. Wilson Magazine Ag't

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Locomotive Firemen's

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. 3.

AUGUST, 1879.

No. 8.

Written for the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

BENEVOLENCE. ✓



BENEVOLENCE is the main object of our Order. It is a motto which we pledge ourselves before the altar to support, and assist our brother and those dependent upon him for support.

A person can not tell what may occur to make him helpless, and an object of charity. Life is uncertain. We are beings dependent upon the divine will of providence. To-day we are prospering, having all the luxuries that wealth can procure, enjoying life in every manner that the mind dictates, having no care or burden to bear, no troubled mind; in fact, life seems but a dream of pleasure to us. We can not bear to think that we will ever have to ask aid from others, and we rarely give a thought to those who little know what a body without trouble or care is; who earn their pittance to eat, drink and wear by the sweat of their brow. Theirs, indeed, presents a contrast and the dark side of life to us, so that we shudder and turn away from them.

Brothers, be humble, and do not let prosperity—be it ever so abundant—lead us to despise the poor man whom God has placed upon this earth for a good purpose. He breathes his prayers to him as well as you. He has feelings as sensitive as you. He also has his wife and little darlings, perhaps parents also whom he dearly loves, as only a poor man can love, wishing that he had the power to bestow upon them the luxuries that you become weary of. But no, he must be content with his lot, and must bear the burden brought to bear upon him with patience. Sickness comes and casts its shadows upon his house, perhaps times may become depressed, and result in relieving him of his sole means of support, and starvation and want stalks in, an unrelenting enemy trying to grasp its victims. Sometimes his wages are reduced to such a trifle that he can scarcely procure the actual necessities of life. Let such thoughts enter your minds often, and I am sure you will never become uncharitable. Give a pleasant word of encouragement whenever possible; lend a helping hand, if in your power. It encourages and causes them to forget their grievances, and their hearts become light again, and another effort is the result, and it may be the stepping stone to success.

I have noticed lately that different lodges do not comply with the rules governing our insurance, and when it is done it is with reluctance. Brothers, this is very wrong indeed. Remember what passed the first time you entered the lodge room. Remember that this is one of the *principal* benefits to be gained in becoming a member. If you believe in benevolence why do you not practice it? When a man loses his honor, so as to cause him to violate his obligation, as sacred and binding as ours, then he is not worthy to be called brother, and unfit to live in civilized

society, perjuring himself to both God and his fellow man. Many, it seems, do not realize the enormity of the act. Our Order is for the relief of its members, and those dependent upon them for support. How then do you comply with its object by refusing to contribute to the maintaining of a late brother's wife or children, or perhaps an aged parent—dear ones that perhaps have lost their entire means of support?

Take care, you are careless now, but be not too *sure* that you and your family may not need charity extended to them. I can not see a fault in our insurance. Many may complain that the amount is small. Well, compare the small sum that brings it, and I think it is quite a dividend to receive. We do not expect to leave those behind us wealthy. The object is to give them an opportunity to do something that will place them out of want, and I think if many a poor person had the sum now paid, they would be ever grateful. Our Order was organized for benevolent purposes, and that alone, and brothers, it was surely needed, and is needed to-day, and will always be so.

If we expect aid ourselves, we must also learn to give it. Let me appeal to you, brothers, never to fail in this part above all others. Remember the widow and helpless little ones, do not let them remain in want, you can assist them by a mere trifle. The cry of your own may be heard some time. Have charity, and you will never regret it, for it is one of the greatest of all virtues.

Very truly your brother,

CHAS. J. MCGEE.

HERCULES LODGE, No. 63, Danville, Ills., June 26, 1879.

Written for the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

THE IRON HORSE.

BY GEORGE BENFIELD, ENGINE DRIVER, DERBY, ENGLAND.

To commemorate the satisfactory arrangement arrived at by the Directors of the Midland Railway Co., and the Engine Drivers and Firemen in their employ, April 2d, 1867.

THE squire may boast of his prancing steed, as docile swift and free,
Easy to ride and gentle to guide, but the Iron Horse for me.
The lord may praise his racing pet, as graceful and swift as the fawn,
Her feet so neat, her coat so sleek, the most spirited ever born.

The farmer tells of the feats of strength that his steed in the shaft can do,
With limbs so round and health so sound, with joy his toil pursue.
But my song I'll raise to the Iron Horse, whose back it's my lot to ride,
For strength and speed she's a bonnie steed, surpassing all beside.

She seems to rejoice to make her escape from her stable so dark with smoke,
And the grooms they stand, a happy band, cracking the merry joke.
She screams and hisses and pants, and longs to be set to her task,
With a tender of coal on the rail she doth roll, and the bridges like spectres fly past.

O'er hill and dale my steed I ride, through granite rock and mountain,
Where the lamb is seen by the rippling stream, or at the bubbling fountain.
Her feet are swift and shod with steel, and seldom known to fail,
Right happy are we our steed to see, glide on the smooth face rail.

Her heart is set in a copper case, and is made of glowing coals,
And through her veins flies the rushing flames, as on the rail she rolls.
She's like a giant in her strength, with muscles made of brass,
Her sinews of steel that will not yield, and a coat as smooth as glass.

And though my steed is a ponderous weight, in a moment my will she'll obey,
And off she will rush with a gentle touch, and as quickly brought to bay.
Howe'er begrimed with grease and smoke, he who in the saddle rides,
The physical Mind of the huge steam horse in this faithful man abides.

My footman rides in a break behind, and a faithful guard is he,
Should danger he spy, with his watchful eye, a signal he'll give to me.
'Tis true I am slightly honored, in my journeys far and wide,
For at junction and at station, livery servants in rotation stand, my iron horse
to guide.

'Tis true the risk to life and limb of my calling's very great,
For some she hath touched with her iron clutch, and death has been their fate.
And many a strong and hearty youth, by wet and sad exposure,
In a few short years, with bitter tears, has filled a dark enclosure.

Exposed am I when the frowning sky is drenching the earth with rain,
When the howling blast, with the thunder's crash, and the red winged light-
ning's flame.

And when the frost king comes, with garment white, and covers all nature o'er,
And the frozen stream in the sun doth gleam, and the rill is set to the core.

When the sun is high in the vaulted sky, and the balmy breezes sleep
And along the glade to the silent shade the bleating cattle creep.

'Tis then I feel convinced, my task, ten hours a day is plenty,
As much as he would have me do, who to this world hath sent me.

Then while we at our dangerous craft toil for our daily bread,
Oh let us seek that God may keep his watch-guard o'er our head.
Then should misfortune on our path cast her shades of gloom,
May grace to help from that land be sent, where flowers eternal bloom.

With hearts as clear as waters bright, hearts free from ostentation,
O, let us live prepared to die, with Christ for our salvation.

THE WESTERN MINER.

From an interview with Senator Jones of Nevada.

MINING is a magic operation; it involves all the sublimity and tragedy of life. You are a Monte Cristo to-day, and perhaps sitting out on the bare rocks to-morrow, with a pick in your hand and a grub stake of \$50 from some kind friend, looking hopefully into the riddle of the mountain's face. I believe, however, that most men are more manly at mining than any other pursuit.

You see a poor chap without a change of clothes, sleeping in a hut, no woman near him, and cooking his own food, yet with the dream of immortal riches in his mind and the courage to go on week after week, driving his pick and shovel and cartridge into the hill. There is nothing mean about him; he has hope, which is

the essence of religion. I remember reading in Bulwer's "Lost Tales of Minetus" the story of Sisyphus. There he sat on a granite hill-side, the sun flaming down upon the hot rocks, almost blinding his sight, and with his powerful limbs extended, his back bent, he was pushing a stone up the mountain, on whose summit inconceivably high, was the only green or cool spot of light falling as if upon grass there. He had been working for years and years to drive that stone to the top of the mountain, and it ever slipped back upon him. If he can drive it up to the top he is to be one of the immortals, but if he gives it up his doom is oblivion. His good angel says to him, "O, Sisyphus! why continue at this impossible task?" "Why," he replies, don't you see the light on the green summit yonder? Beyond that is the Elysian fields, and if I only get the stone up there I shall have rest and dwell with Rhadamanthus and the happy people." "But," says the angel, "my poor soul, you never can roll the stone up. After all, the only penalty of abandoning the task is extinction. Why toil so hard when you can have sweet oblivion?" "Begone!" exclaimed Sisyphus, "better to work through all eternity than accept oblivion," and he turned to his task again.

"Now" said Senator Jones, "that is the life of the miner. He is rich to-day and buying yachts, country houses, managing railroads, &c. Next year he is broke, and goes back to the mines and stares into the burning face of the mountain. Hope keeps him up."

AN EXCITING CHASE.

BY E. A. COBLEIGH.

Two months rolled by, and not a thing worth mentioning occurred on the Va. and S. C. R. R. This, during the war, was an uncommon event, for scarce a week passed with us without some wonderful, new, and startling occurrence.

But it was foreordained by the fates that our season of quiet should speedily come to an end, and it so happened that I was one of the actors in the new tragedy.

During the two months above-mentioned, the Confederate forces had been slowly and surely approaching our road, and at last the news was brought up the road by a train, that they were within six miles of the southern terminus. This train had come direct from there, and the engineer reported that all the inhabitants were leaving the place. Furthermore he said that a spy had been captured the previous night, who revealed some of the plans of the Confederates. They intended to attack the town, seize all the engines and cars they could, run quickly up the road, capturing cars as they went, and then run back again.

Well, it so pleased our superintendent just at that time to save the single train that had been left at Carlington. He had run down with me in an extra train, with a few officers, to Stonington, a station about fifty miles from Carlington, and we had remained there all night. I had just reversed my engine, and was making ready to take this party back to Mt. Pleasant, when the news of the advance of the Confederates reached us. There was no time for delay, and I was ordered to back down the road as fast as steam could take me to Carlington. Once there I was to couple quickly on to the train at that place, and bring it with me.

My fireman was just through oiling the moving machinery, the tender was full of wood and water, there was a roaring fire in the furnace and plenty of steam in the boiler.

"Jump on, Dan!" I shouted, and my man sprang aboard. The next thing I did was to run the two cars I had coupled to back on a side-track. This done and my engine once more on the main track, I gave the lever a jerk, pulled the whistle string and moved off down the road. In two minutes more we were rolling over the rails at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, and running backward at that. It must be borne in mind that I had not waited to turn my engine around before starting, and as it had been headed the other way I was now traveling hind end foremost.

It was necessary to keep a very sharp lookout before us in order to stop in an instant in case of accident. Many engines were stationed at different points on that end of the road, and the special danger at that time arose from the fact that some of them hearing of the new state of affairs, would start up the road and run into us at some curve.

It may as well be stated here that our road crossed the T— river about twelve miles from Carlington, and at this point a draw-bridge was located, over which bridge every train had to pass. The "draw" consisted of a single section of the structure, which turned around on a pivot and allowed the river boats to pass. It was located at the extreme southern end of the bridge, and just there the road curved to the left and ran through a pretty deep cut, so that a train approaching from the south would be within thirty feet of the draw before the engineer could see it.

Well, on we rattled over the loose rails and decayed cross-ties, until we had passed the bridge just described and were within four miles of Carlington. We were just entering a tunnel when the shrill whistle of a locomotive came to our ears from the direction in which we were going. Now the engine I was running on this occasion was not my old "Dasher," so well tried as regarded her speed, nor yet was it the powerful "Vulture," but it *was* a small locomotive which had been used until it was almost worn out. This fact made me cautious, for I did not wish to be compelled to run any great distance from an approaching train.

As soon as the sound of the whistle struck my ear, I shut off almost all the steam, and stood ready to stop the engine at a moment's notice. The tunnel was a long one, and as I had "checked up" it took us several minutes to go through. When, at last, we came out at the other end, I could see a locomotive coming up the road at a high rate of speed, and carrying over her the Confederate flag. Her tender was full of soldiers too, and I comprehended, in a moment, that the enemy had captured Carlington, and that a few of the soldiers were now raiding up the road on an engine.

It took me but a moment to jam the lever hard back, reverse the engine, and tell Dan to "break up," which he did at once.

Quickly the engine came to a stand-still, but before I could get started back the approaching locomotive had come within five hundred yards, and her engineer had discovered us. A loud shriek from the engine's brazen throat told me that he had seen us, and another in reply from *my* iron horse let him know that we defied him.

Away we went, over the rails, at the rate of fifty odd miles an hour, and on came the other engine dashing after us. Now the pursued would blow his whistle, and again I would reply, making the hills and valleys echo with the sound. Had it not been for the fact that I did not certainly know my ability to escape them with the poor engine I was running, that race would have been full of fun to me, for it

made my blood fairly burn, and my heart swell, as we went whirling around curves, over bridges, into tunnels, over high embankments, and trestled works, and again into some deep and long "cuts." The engine rocked and swayed to and fro, the steam hissed in its rapid passage out of the cylinders, the trees and shrubs seemed to fly by us like "greased lightning," and the wheels clicked and rumbled as they passed from one loose rail to another. We appeared to fairly leap over the cross-ties, so rapidly were we traversing the distance between our starting point and the place to which we were bound.

Just at this section of our road there were a great many very sharp curves, and as my engine was a light one and the track in bad fix it was exceedingly dangerous to run at the rate we were going. On this account the enemy had the advantage of me, for their locomotive was a great, heavy one, and would be less likely to "jump the track" than the one I was on.

They had crowded on every pound of steam they could, and were coming on "like thunder," gaining on me pretty fast, while I dared not open the valve another bit, though I might easily have carried fifteen pounds more of steam if the track would have permitted it.

In this manner we dashed on over the road intervening between Carlington and the river bridge. We had reached a point only half a mile from the bridge, when a sudden thought struck me, and I recollected a plan once laid by our superintendent.

In an instant my whistle pealed forth seven short blasts, and then one long one. I gave the lever one more pull, and we shot forward into the long cut which hides the bridge from view. On, on, around the long curve at a rate which I knew was leaving the other engine behind me. The wheels struck the bridge, the engine dashed on to it, and I shut off the steam. We did not stop, however, but rolled along until we were half way across and then we came to a dead halt.

The minute we stopped I turned my eyes back. My signal had been heard and understood, and everything was working right. Scarce half a minute more and the locomotive came tearing around the curve. A wild yell of despair arose from those on board as they saw their situation, and the next instant their engine, with all on board, jumped from the track into the open space where the draw had just been, and fell with a splash and the sound of an explosion, into the river, below.

Such are the chances of war. But a minute before, and those mangled bodies, were living, breathing human beings. Yet this was the only course which could have been pursued.

My signal had been heard by the guards at the bridge, and it read like this to them: "Open the draw as soon as I cross it; there is danger behind." They had done so, and as soon as my engine left it, they had rapidly swung it round.

Some of the bodies of the victims were recovered, but the engine was an utter loss.

PROFESSOR RUDOLPH in a lengthy paper on the sun, says: "A molten or white hot mass, 856,000 miles in diameter, equaling in bulk 1,260,000 worlds like our own, having a surrounding ocean of gas on fire 50,000 miles, volcanic fires that hurl into the solar atmosphere luminous matter to the height of 160,000 miles; drawing to itself all the worlds belonging to our family of planets and holding them all in their proper places; attracting with such superior forces the millions of solid and stray masses that are wandering in the fathomless abyss that they rush helplessly toward him and fall into his fiery embrace.

Written for the Locomotive Firemens Magazine.

LIFE OF THOMAS MOORE.

BY JOHN CURRAN KEEGAN, A. B.

No man who loves literature, or who in any way claims to be a scholar, but is glad to associate in some way with the author of *Lalla Rookh*. It has been my satisfaction, and I hope that the public may participate in the same, to trace the characters of personal worth and poetic excellence which the immortal Thomas Moore possessed, that in all the evidences of knowledge and skill, the domestic history of Ireland can not boast of a brighter page than that which the eighteenth century opens to our contemplation; and while we mark with delight the march of superiority, with which national talent outstrips the progress of foreign competition, Irishmen may enjoy the additional gratification of knowing that Ireland is universally acknowledged as displaying a standard of genius, by which every other part of the civilized world is anxious to regulate its efforts of improvement in all the various departments of science through which lies the path to individual fame and public honor. But in the enjoyment of this preeminence, and in the conviction of what we owe to those of our countrymen whom we see pursuing with indefatigable zeal and unwearied study every object that can advance the literary and scientific reputation of the era which they still adorn, we must not pass by in silence those who rank among the worthies of that which preceded it, and by the aid of whose labors of learning and ability their successors have reached those heights of renown on which they now stand, and hard have they studied to attain that distinction for which they are now so famous. They have won the poetic laurels which caps the lofty summits of Mount Parnassus, and no poet on record has attained the summit of that famous Mount, with greater honors than the gifted and talented Thomas Moore. No poet can compare with him in style, pathos, and sublimity of thought, he was ennobled by his own genius. He could not boast of talented ancestors, nor could he thank them for wealth, station or reputation, but all the more he could thank himself, for he earned all these by his own perseverance, study, and application to his honorable calling. But a genuine poet has no need to claim ancestors, he is all his ancestors and their possessions in himself. He might feel himself indebted to no one but his Creator, for it was he who supplied him with all that is required in the battles of this life. He is his own shield bearer, and the builder of his own fame and fortune.

Thomas Moore was born on the 28th of May, 1779, in an humble house, situated at the corner of Aungier and Little Longfords streets. He was first instructed in the rudiments of learning by his dear and affectionate mother. He was sent at a very early age to a school kept by a Mr. Malone, near to where his father resided. He (Malone) was a very good teacher, but a man of dissolute habits, who spent the greater part of his time in drinking saloons and gambling houses, and was hardly ever able to attend to the instruction of his pupils before noon. This line of conduct on the part of Malone, did not please Moore's parents, who took him from that school and sent him to a private tutor named O'Neill, who fitted him to enter the famous school kept by the then well-known Samuel Whyte. It was in this school that Moore, though in his early age, gay, brilliant and impassioned, an enthusiastic lover of his native land, was an intimate friend of some of those who were going to play an active part in the history of their country, who after-

wards perished in her cause. Moore associated with them, and yet no malicious arrows can be flung at him; no maligner had the courage; his name stays unstained on the page of history. When only fourteen years of age, he addressed a sonnet to his school-master, Samuel Whyte, which appeared at the time in the Dublin Magazine, called the Anthologia. The first, and I fear, almost only creditable attempt in periodical literature of which Ireland has to boast. In this periodical he also printed his first amatory effusions, addressed by him under the non-de-plume of Romeo, to a Miss Hannah Byrne, who bore the name of Zelia. Some time previously he sent two short pieces to the same magazine, but they found their way to the waste-basket, and never came before the public. His school-master, Mr. Whyte, was amusingly vain, good-natured, kind-hearted man, and as a teacher of public reading and elocution, had long enjoyed considerable reputation, and was held in high esteem. About thirty years before Moore became a pupil of Whyte's, Richard Brensly Sheridan, then about ten years of age, had been placed by his mother under his care, and strange to say, was pronounced a stupid dunce after a years trial.

At an early age Moore was remarked to possess a great amount of natural quickness, and had a taste for reciting, which was cultivated in him by his mother. When he was not quite four years old he could recite some verses, which had then just appeared against Graham, reflecting severely on his line of conduct on the question of repeal. At Whyte's school this taste was properly cultivated. Among others studying there were the Misses Montgomery, to whose rare beauty, the pencil of Sir Joshua Reynolds has made famous, and of whom the vain teacher used to boast for having them as his pupils, and Moore felt honored by being their schoolmate, and in his youthful imagination considered them not earthly women, but some spiritual "creatures of the element." About the time I am speaking there was a great taste among the higher ranks of society for private theatrical performances. Many of them were under the management of Mr. Whyte, who always used to bring young Moore to take a part. Many parents were afraid to send their children to Whyte's school, for the only reason that they considered it a danger of instilling the love for the *drama* into his scholars. Moore displayed a great taste for such, and was Whyte's *show* scholar; he was his favorite. In 1790 there was a play got up by Whyte's scholars at Lady Brown's private residence in Dublin, when among the items of the evenings entertainment was: An Epilogue, "A Squeeze to St. Paul's," by Master Moore. By this time young Moore was beginning to make himself known by his talents and ability, which his master recognized, and often singled him out on days of public examination, as one of the successful and talented students, to no small jealousy of the many mothers present. When only twelve years of age he was deputed to write a prologue for a play in Blackrock, near Dublin, which was much admired, and was afterwards delivered by the talented Hassey Burgh.

In the year 1796, he entered Trinity College, Dublin, and distinguished himself in every branch of knowledge; was required to qualify him for his A. B., which he took in 1798, the year so memorable in Irish history. While at Trinity College he made the acquaintance of Thomas Aadis Emmett, and many other prominent leaders in the Irish rebellion.

In the year 1799 he went up to London, very scantily supplied with money, for the purpose of studying law, and entered himself for such at the Middle Temple, but the law was not to hold him when he was free from paternal control, poetry

had the attractions he could not resist. It was while he was at the Temple, he finished the translation of the "Odes of Anacreon," which was very well received. It was while he was in London he made the acquaintance of Lord Moira, who introduced him to Lady Donegal and others, and then he at once began to move in fashionable society. His next publication was a volume of poems, which he afterwards regretted, under the non-de-plume of Thomas Little, which were of a coarse and sensuous nature, though not destitute of poetical ability.

In 1802 he got an appointment in Bermuda, as registrar of the admiralty, through the influence of his friend Lord Moira. The situation did not suit him, and he left Bermuda after a short stay, and traveled a great part of the States, visiting Boston, Washington, Philadelphia, and other large cities. On his return to England he wrote some poems, reflecting on the American people.

In 1805 he published a volume of poems, entitled "Odes and Epistles," which was severely censured by Lord Jeffrey, and led to a bloodless duel between the author and the reviewer.

In 1811 he married a very accomplished lady, named Miss Berry Dyks, to whom he was very tenderly attached, and was the source of all his real happiness. Immediately after his marriage he made up his mind to live entirely by his pen. Quitting London he went to reside with his family at Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, England, where in 1813, he wrote the "Two penny Post boy," which was well received, and made the author very popular.

In 1817 appeared that famous poem, "Lalla Rookh," which has made his name forever famous. The following year he made a tour through France, Italy and Corsica. The tour led to a book, "The Rhymes of the Road," which met with good success. About this time he went with his family to reside in Paris, and stayed there one year. While there he wrote his "Loves of the Angels." He then returned to London, and settled at Sloperston Cottage, near the residence of the Marquis of Sansdown. The first book he wrote in that historic cottage was the *Memoirs of Captain Rock*. He afterwards entered into an agreement to a work entitled the *Irish melodies*, for which Sir John Stephenson supplied the music. His affection for his parents was constant and indelible. As a friend, he was faithful, kind and generous, and the only thing that can be said against him is that he was vain, but that vanity was perfectly harmless and never *obstructive*. The last years of his life he was afflicted with a softening of the brain, which reduced his mental capacity.

He died on the 25th of February 1852, and was buried in the church-yard of Bromham, near Devizes. He retained to his last moments a pious submission to his God, and a grateful sense of the kindness of her whose tender office it was to watch over his declining health. His last words of trust to her were: "Lean upon God, Bessy; lean upon God."

Such was the life and end of Ireland's greatest poet of whom any nation might be proud to own. His style and pathos surpasses all the poets that were before him, and I think, it is doubtful if any follower ever will be able to exceed him.

The following unique epistle was picked up in the street at Sharpville, Mich.: "Dear Bill: The reason I didn't laff when you laft at me in the Post ofis yisterday was becaws I hav a bile on my fase, and kant laff. If i laff she'll bust. But I luv you Bill, bile or no bile, laff or no laff. Yure luvin Kate, till deth."

THE LONGEST TUNNEL IN THE WORLD.

THE opening of the first railway is spoken of as a memorable event, but every one seems to forget that centuries before this occurred loads were transported on rails to mines, and the fact is equally overlooked in regarding the piercing of whole mountains, such as Mont Cenis and Saint Gothard, that similar works had been effected ages ago in mines on a far larger scale. The longest subterranean construction of this kind is to be found in the mines of Freyburg, in the Kingdom of Saxony. Already, at the end of the year 1835, the galleries had attained a length of 102 miles, or 163 kilometers. At the same time the works, commenced at the end of the twelfth century, had reached such a depth that any further descent was found to be impracticable. From 1524 to 1834 they had produced 7,504,581 marcs, (1 franc 25 centimes each), in silver alone, of a value of 200,000,000 thalers nearly. Consequently a new gallery had to be opened. This was to lead from the village of Rothschenberg to a distance of 12,882 meters; its cost was estimated at 1,300,000 thalers, (3 francs and 75 centimes each), and twenty-two years were calculated as the time necessary to carry out the undertaking. The work was completed a year ago, and its execution had occupied thirty-three years and necessitated an expenditure of 7,186,697 marcs. That considerable increase on the original estimates was caused by the rock to be pierced turning out much harder than had been expected, and the fact that the quantity of water yielded by the mountain was far larger than had been calculated upon. Other circumstances help to swell the costs—the rise in wages, and the prices of materials greatly augmented the expenditure, and the delay in the execution increased the general costs and those of superintendence and administration. Moreover, the gallery had become longer than was originally intended. It rises, generally speaking, at a gradient of 3 in 1,000. Including the secondary galleries, the shaft of Rothschenberg has now an extent of tunneling of 29,900 meters, which will soon reach 50,900 meters, or nearly 32 miles. This length far surpasses any railroad tunnel in the world.—[*From Galignani's Messenger.*]

Written for the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

THE LOST RAILROAD BOY.

BY N. W., SPRINGFIELD DIVISION, No. 46.

OH! this world is a wide one, for sorrow or joy,
 And where in the world is my railroad boy?
 With his loud ringing laugh, and his light sunny hair,
 Do they play on the breeze yet, and float through the air?

Oh! the day when he left me, my eyes have grown dim,
 And see little that is bright since they looked upon him;
 And my heart, in its dullness hath learned to forget,
 But the light of that day shines clear to it yet;
 No record is lost of that clear summer day,
 When passed my dear boy with the rose-buds away.

I waited how long, but I waited in vain,
 And looked for his coming, to be disappointed again;
 Trains loaded, how many, came home in their glee,

That brought comfort to others, but sorrow to me;
In all those gay trains, oh! there answer was none
To the mother who asks if she yet has a son!

Shall he come to his home, perhaps sickly and poor,
And meet with no smile at his own cottage door?
Shall he seek his forsaken home from the ends of the earth,
And find the fire quenched on his once happy hearth?
None to love him in sorrow who loved him in joy—
Oh! I can not depart till I once more see my boy!

I have promised to wait, I have promised to say
What grief was his sister's, at his going away.
Will he come? Will he come? Oh! my heart is growing old,
And the blood in my veins is languid and cold;
And my spirit is faint, and my vision is dim,
But there is that in mine eye that will light yet for him!

They tell me of countries that are far, far away,
Where stars look on others that look not on me,
Where the flowers are more sweet, and the waters more bright,
And they hint he may dwell in those valleys of light,
That he rests in some home, with his fair southern bride;
Oh! this world is a wide one—why is it so wide?

But they surely forget, which my dear boy does not,
That I am waiting whole months in my lone little cot;
He knows, oh! he knows, if I may, I shall wait,
Till I hear his clear voice as he comes through the gate:
Oh! weary of life, but unwilling to die
Till the latch has been raised by my lost railroad boy.

I believe that he lives; were he low in the mould,
There is a pulse in my heart should be silent and cold,
That awoke long ago, and through good or through ill,
Has played in its depths, and is playing there still;
When its star shall have set, and its tide shall be dry,
Then I will be sure where to look for my boy!

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

Extract from a speech, delivered by H. N. Spaan, at Terre Haute, September, 1877.

BE not mistaken, my friends, by supposing that this great conflict is between capital and labor. Such a charge, it is true, is made by paid orators and a subsidized press, but only to cover the unscrupulous designs of their employer, the money power. There is no conflict between labor and legitimately employed capital. Together they form a grand brotherhood capable of subduing the world; together they have redeemed the nations from barbarism and have placed them in the light of the grandest civilization the world ever saw. Separate them, and a gloom will settle over our fair land blacker than Egypt's curse. True, capital is the amount of valuable products saved after the cost of production has been paid.

This capital forms the basis of future production; without it no labor can be carried on because there would be nothing to exercise labor on. Illegitimately employed capital, or rather unproductive capital, is that portion of true capital taken by the money power out of the hands of its true owners, and used by it to oppress both labor and true capital. Legitimate capital suffers just as much in proportion at the hands of the money power as does the laborer. Let true capital once be freed from the terrible incubus of interest now levied upon it, and it will go forth rejoicing in its strength, inviting its twin brother labor to share in its justly-earned wealth. Then again will we hear the busy hum of commerce, the noisy whirr of the factory wheel, the joyous shout of the laborer as he goes forth to his toil; then again will the angel of prosperity smile with a heavenly smile upon the people, making glad the millions of now saddened hearts.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

PHOTO-TELEGRAPHY.—By a very ingenious and curious application of selenium, its peculiar property of changing its electrical conductivity when exposed to light varying in intensity, is utilized. This device is the invention of Mr. George R. Carey, of Boston, Mass. The selenium camera obscura is capable of transmitting telegraphically an image of any object and making a permanent impression of it at a distant point. In this case a person may sit before the camera in New York while his photograph is made in Boston.

A NEW ESTIMATE OF THE WORLD'S AGE.

Geologists, astronomers, and physicists alike have hitherto been baffled in their attempts to set up any satisfactory kind of chronometers which will approximately measure geological time, and thus afford us some clew to the antiquity of our globe. Mr. Millard Reade, of Liverpool, has recently contributed to the Royal Society a very suggestive paper, in which he endeavors to grapple with the question by employing the limestone rocks of the earth's crust as an index of geological time. Limestones have been in course of formation from the earliest known geological periods, but it would appear that the later formed strata are more calcareous than the earlier, and that there has, in fact, been a gradually progressive increase of calcareous matter. The very extensive deposition of carbonate of lime over wide areas of the ocean bottom at the present day is sufficiently attested by the recent soundings of the Challenger. According to Mr. Reade's estimate, the sedimentary crust of the earth is at least one mile in average actual thickness, of which probably one tenth consists of calcareous matter. In seeking the origin of this calcareous matter, it is assumed that the primitive rocks of the original crust were of the nature of granitic or basaltic rocks. By the disintegration of such rocks, calcareous and other sedimentary deposits have been formed. The amount of lime salts in water which drain districts made of granites and basalts is found, by a comparison of analyses, to be on an average about 3.73 parts in 100,000 parts of water. It is further assumed that the exposed areas of igneous rocks, taking an average throughout all geological time, will bear to the exposures of sedimentary rocks a ratio of about one to nine. From these and other data Mr. Reade concludes that the elimination of the calcareous matter now found in all the sedimentary strata must have occu-

pied at least 600 millions of years. This, therefore, represents the minimum age of the world. The author infers that the formation of the Laurentian, Cambrian, and Silurian strata must have occupied about 200 millions of years; the old red sandstone, the carboniferous, and the poikilitic systems, another 200 millions; and all the other strata, the remaining 200 millions. Mr. Reade is, therefore, led to believe that geological time has been enormously in excess of the limits urged by certain physicists; and that it has been ample to allow for all the changes which, on the hypothesis of evolution, have occurred in the organic world.—[*Scientific American*.]

HINTS FOR SUDDEN EMERGENCIES.

Professor Wilder, of Cornell University, gives the following short rules for action in case of accidents: For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing—dash water in them; remove cinders, &c., with the round point of a lead-pencil. Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument in the ear. If an artery is cut, compress *above* the wound; if a vein is cut, *below*. If choked, get upon all fours and cough. For light burns dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed, cover with varnish. Smother a fire with carpets, &c.; water will often spread burning oil and increase the danger. Before passing through smoke, take a full breath, and then stoop low, but if carbon is suspected walk erect. Suck poison wounds unless your mouth is sore; enlarge the wound or cut out the part without delay; hold the wounded part to a hot coal or end of lighted cigar. In cases of poisoning excite vomiting by tickling the throat, or by water or mustard; for acid poisons give acids; for opium give strong coffee and keep moving. If in the water float on the back with the nose and mouth projected. For apoplexy raise the head and body. For fainting lay the person flat.

THE FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

There is a practical as well as a scientific basis for the position taken by the Rev. Phillips Brooks in a recent discourse in New York, namely, that the law of evolution rules in the moral as well as in the physical world. Nature does not create, but is always developing. In last summer's roots nature finds the germ for next summer's verdure.

"If somebody should give me a diamond to carry to Europe, I can know exactly how much would be lost to the world were I to drop it into the sea; but if a seed should be given me, I can only regard it with awe as containing concealed within it the food of untold generations. That is the difference between looking at truth as a diamond or as a seed—as final or germinal.

"In all training of character, continuity and economy must be supreme. The notion that character is spontaneous is held by most people in the earlier portion of their lives, and is wrong. When they discover this, nine tenths change to the other extreme. This is wrong too. Hosts of young men think that their character will form of itself, and that they will necessarily become better as they grow older. Hosts of old men believe that their character is fixed and that it is impossible for them to become better. Such beliefs are foolish. People are also wrong in thinking that they can put off their bad traits and put on good traits. The old failures can not be thus transformed, but out of the old habits new can be formed. This is what many a poor creature needs to know. We must make what we are to be out of what we are already."

WIT AND HUMOR.

"Six into four, you can't," as the shoemaker mildly suggested to a lady customer.

Mother Eve was always a good little girl at school. She never went out without leaf.—*Puck*. "What? never?" That is, not before the "fall."

In some places a broken-down front gate produced in court is all the evidence a girl needs to ensure a favorable verdict in a breach of promise case.

"I'm a ruta-baga, and here's where I plant myself," said a fellow as he entered a farm-house near Freeport, Ill., and seated himself at the table. "We allers bile ours," said the farmer's wife, "and soused him with a dishpanful of boiling water.

The average boy is not afraid of work. He will labor six hours to make a peach-stone ring, the value of which is not over ten cents a bushel, and will carry trunks ten hours a day for a minstrel troupe for an admission ticket worth twenty-five cents. If the same boy's mother asks him to perform an errand occupying about fifteen minutes' time, he growls and growls, and threatens to run away from home and become a pirate.

LOVE'S INGENUITY.—A couple, not one hundred miles from Manchester, carried on their courtship in rather a novel manner. A young man had fallen in love with the daughter of his employer; but from certain ideas of wealth, a match was opposed by the father. The consequence was, that the young man was forbidden to visit his employer's house. The old gentleman was in the habit of wearing a cloak, and the young couple made him the innocent bearer of their correspondence. The lady pinned a letter inside the lining of the old man's cloak every day, and when the father went into his counting-house and threw off his cloak, the lover took out the lady's epistle, read it, and sent the reply back in the same manner. Love and ingenuity were finally successful.

SMALL CHANGE.—Mr. Peter Poolamey was out walking on Broadway with his darling one night recently when she suddenly expressed a desire to become the possessor of a boutonniere. Mr. Poolamey had quite frequently purchased whole bouquets for five cents at the ferry, and he kindly consented to buy his "Sadie" one little rose. He entered an uptown florist's establishment and purchased two pretty flowers, fastened them in her button-hole and then asked the price. When the man said forty-five cents it almost knocked Mr. Poolamey off his feet. He told "Sadie" that he preferred walking to the ferry, and when he encountered his friend, the gate-keeper, he gave him two winks for ferriage.

WHERE HE PUT THE TORPEDO.—Recently an engineer on the First Division of the Atlantic road, while running his engine along at a tremendous rate was suddenly startled to hear the report of a torpedo, which, to an engineer, is warning of danger ahead. He immediately stopped to ascertain the cause of the signal, and looked ahead espied the track-master, whom he asked if he had placed the torpedo on the track, and his reasons for doing it, to which he replied that he had, that there was a broken rail, and upon the engineer asking him where, he replied: "Be jabers, and no lie in it, I placed the torpedo on the top of it." And upon investigation it was found that the torpedo had been placed upon the broken rail, sure enough.—*Meadville (Pa.) Reporter*.

Editorial.

WM. N. SAYRE, *Editor.*

E. V. DEBS, *Associate Editor.*

THE LABOR PROBLEM.

The American people have, within the last two decades, been brought face to face with the greatest of social, political and economic problems—the problem of the rights of labor. In the presence of this question all others pale into insignificance. Our statesmen may howl about the negro in politics, the southern question, presidential frauds, soldiers at the polls, or finances, but they can not evade the conclusion that there is a deeper current stirring the hearts of the producing classes. It matters very little to the laborer whether he is paid in gold or in paper money, but it does matter much with him whether or not he gets *sufficient* pay for his work, and whether or not he is properly protected by our laws. If the labor problem is solved all other difficulties, so far as the laborer is concerned, will solve themselves. After all, the great underlying principle of all human justice is simply—give unto every man what is his due. The government that pays most attention to this principle, and that shapes its laws in accordance therewith, will come nearest to doing justice to all of its citizens.

Many great questions have been solved since the dawn of civilization; most of them in tears and bloodshed; nation has warred with nation, fratricidal strife has cursed the earth, all in the name of human progress, but so far human progress has meant only political, social and economic benefit to the comparatively few, while the many are bound to receive what they can get. A solution of the labor problem means the reverse of this—it means plenty for the many, rights to all. Our organization means to assist in the solution of this problem; not by the means heretofore used: war and rapine, but by a peaceful, honest adjustment of differences. Arbitration, not war; discussion, not the quick, sudden, awful argument of fire and sword. Benevolence, Sobriety, Industry, Organization, these must and will be the great factors in the problem—they are ours and we will use them.

A SPECK OF RAILROAD WAR.

*The Reading Railroad Company Paying its Bound Brook Employees in Promises—
Violation of the Laws of New Jersey.*

"The trainmen and other operators employed upon the Bound Brook division of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad have received their first installment of wages under the new management. Payment has been made in the "certificates" of the Reading Company, and there is much trouble in consequence. Some of the New Jersey storekeepers and other business people refuse the scrip, while others have consented to accept it at a discount. The issue of these certificates for wages in New Jersey is a direct violation of law of that State, and it is understood that some of the railroad men are about to commence proceedings against the Reading Company, to compel it to pay them in the lawful money of the United States. A determination upon the fact of the Philadelphia and Reading Company, to request the engineers and firemen to renounce their allegiance to the Brotherhood of Loco-

motive Engineers and Firemen, is also exciting the old engine drivers and their assistants, and it is apprehended that such a proceeding upon the part of the corporation will be followed by an organized and powerful aggressive movement upon the side of the railroaders. The action of the company is awaited with deep interest by "throttle-handlers," firemen, tradesmen, conductors and other trainmen, who are banded together for protection."—[*Philadelphia Sunday Times*.

As regards the above article it is only another one of the many acts of the Reading railway officials which tend to no good. Scarcely two years ago statesmen and leading merchants proclaimed from house tops and from street corners, that there was *law* and *courts* for aggrieved employes of railroad companies, and that such differences could be settled without trouble and through arbitration. These points were listened to by the employes of many lines, and to-day we find it a fact in many of our western cities; yet where so much trouble has existed, we now find a repetition of the same. This time like the first, the officers begin by violating one of the State laws of New Jersey. Paying the men in scrip, which must be sold at a discount, in order that the employe may secure the bread and butter necessary to keep body and soul together. In this keeping we do not find that he makes any provision for himself or his family's future, and we now desire that the public understand fully, (as they have often requested of us the facts), that we consider this act on the part of the officials of the Reading Road an outrage upon the people at large. Reader, listen, a fireman *can not provide for his family properly* on thirty to forty dollars per month, and live one-half of the time at the opposite end of the line. Nor can he accept of scrip at that pay, then discount it, when, as it is stated above, the merchants will not take it *only* at a discount. If this is unlawful on the part of the company, why do not the interested business men who proclaim that there is law, take such steps to see that those who are trampled on have justice? What man of sense can give us an idea of how we can procure that which is merely necessary? Let some one speak. Why is it that the Reading Company desires Locomotive Firemen to withdraw from their Order, *when they never had a member of that Order in their employ during their so-called strike*? If so, there would have been less trouble. Why, it is proposterous! What would the citizens along the line of that road say, if the employes should demand that the officers should withdraw from the secret benevolent institutions to which they belong, or from the superintendent's conventions, etc. It would be hooted down as an act worthy only of a passing thought, originating from some lunatic asylum. In proof of our assertions, we will give an instance of where we with our little income have stayed the hand of want from the wife and fatherless little ones, when the company's compensation did not reach fifty dollars; yet we are classed among that element called mobs. We are desirous of establishing ourselves in the estimation of our officers, giving to them more trusty and worthy men to fill the positions, which we as firemen daily toil for; a fact, which a general public recognizes—and we desire it to be universally understood, and at any time would only be too happy to prove it, to either a committee of railway officers or citizens of this country, at any time and place. We are anxious to be credited for what we do, and in a spirit tending to 'nought but good do we make this comment, for the benefit of those who have so often said, why not appeal to the courts for justice? We would ask, what court, and when and where?

OUR ANNUAL CONVENTION.

The sixth annual Convention of this Order meets in September next, and it is the desire of your Grand Officers that each lodge will be represented. We are aware of the fact that many lines are busy during the month of September, yet there is sufficient time to prepare for this important event. Smaller lodges complain of the expense attached to sending a delegate. Brothers, there is not a man in this organization but who is patriotic enough to devote ten days out of three hundred and sixty-five to the advancement of his own and fellow-workmens' interests. We would dislike very much to know of a lodge refusing to pay the expenses of a delegate, provided he volunteered his time, and with our Grand Officers wish that each and every lodge be represented.

We desire to call the attention of the members of the Order and their friends, to a carefully written letter from the pen of a correspondent of one of our eastern journals, describing the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen's chart, originated by our Grand Organizer, Samuel M. Stevens. This chart is truly a fine piece of workmanship, and no member of the Order should be without one. They will be ready for delivery by the 25th of July of this year.

PAUSE AND REFLECT.

Before you laugh at that drunken man, reeling through the street, however ludicrous the sight may be, stop and think. He perhaps is going home to some tender heart that will throb with intense agony; some doting mother it may be who will grieve over the downfall of her once sinless boy; or it may be a fond wife whose heart will almost burst with grief, as she views the destruction of her idol; or perhaps a loving sister, who will shed bitter tears over the degradation of her brother, shorn of his manliness and self-respect. Rather drop a tear in silent sympathy with those hearts so keenly sensible and tender, yet so proud and loyal that they can not accept sympathy tendered them, either in word, look or act, although it might fall upon their crushed and wounded hearts as refreshingly as the summer dew upon the withering plants.

MAGAZINE.

Agents receiving their books by express should report the loss of any by the fourth of each month, if not at their respective offices. They leave here the twenty-seventh.

EDITOR.

The following lodges have taken action on the place for holding the next Convention, with the following result for Chicago: Nos. 75, 96, 36, 34, 20, 84, 46, 63, 95, 50, 47, 17, 22, 30, 27. There are many more, but not reported up to time of going to press.

REPORT of Lodges taking action on the question of securing subscribers during the second week in July, as requested by the grand agents up to going to press with this number:

Lodge No. 90, 45 subscribers,

" " 50, 5 "

Lodge No. 43, 3 subscribers,

" " 57, 20 "

Four lodges out of seventy.

Correspondence.

OUR INDIA LETTER.

BY T. S. ABBOTT.

VISIT TO THE CAVES OF ELEPHANTA—Continued.

I was awestruck at the thought of the horrid sacrifices that had been enacted before these great senseless figures and images. Many people come to worship these gods to this day. The figures in these dark caves are badly broken and mutilated, and the smaller caves are strewn with fragments of stone limbs, fingers, etc., and most of these figures have people's names cut in them. Years ago the Portuguese had war with the East Indies, and during that war they tried to blow them up with gunpowder, and to this day one can see the blackened places made by the powder. Of late years, salt has formed in many places on these rock walls, and some of the figures look as if they had been whitewashed.

These caves were the haunt of pirates some years ago, and they were a terror to the whole country around them, and they abused them a great deal. It is not known how old the caves are, but they are supposed to have been cut out about the year 1100. They are certainly very curious, and well worth a visit. The guide said they often found snakes in them, and at one time tigers abounded there. So it is not safe for people to wander about in them alone, and this is the reason why so many of the caves are unexplored, as it is hard to find a native hindoo who dares to try it.

After we had looked through all, we had our breakfast, which our servants had prepared for us in the caves. We had three half starved dogs for company, and we threw them a bite occasionally, which was eagerly snapped up, with much growling. We also were annoyed by lots of crows, and they were as saucy as they usually are, and they nearly hopped onto our cloth and into our food. There are hosts of them here in India, and they are regarded by the hindoos as sacred birds, and many worship them here in India. Hindoos worship anything: sticks, stones, flowers, trees, sun, moon and stars. They also believe in the transmigration of souls, and when they die, choose what animal they shall inhabit during a future state of probation, and as many of them choose to be crows, these birds become gods. They are almost human and stand and look at you, as if they read ones thoughts; they are also great thieves, and will steal anything they can carry off in their bills. In this country, if anything is missing, your servants will say, "Oh, Sahib, the crows have got it," just as servants in America say, "the cat's got it."

These crows are black, with purplish wings, long bill and bold black eyes. They are everywhere in India, especially in the trees around the city, and also in the country about one's house. They will sit on the blinds, look into your room, and if they see a piece of cake, an orange, or anything eatable, will make a sudden dart into the wide window, seize it, and be off in an instant. They are also public scavengers, hence there is a heavy fine for shooting them. The first thing a stranger notices in India are the crows; the endless numbers of them, their boldness, saucy ways and endless cawing, from early morning till dusk at night, and wonder people put up with them. One soon gets used to them, as they do to many other things in this strange country.

Well, to return to our breakfast, we enjoyed it very much. Our bearer went to

the spring in the cave, and brought us some of the water to drink. It was clear as crystal and of almost icy coldness. I drank some, and it had a strange, salt, bitter taste, like epsom salts, only not quite as bad; still I thought, I should not care to use it as a constant beverage. After we finished breakfast, we amused ourselves by feeding the dogs, and for once these poor creatures had a good "square meal" as we say at home. An expression, which afforded my friend, George Purvis, considerable amusement. He is always laughing at my Americanisms, as he calls them, and often wants me to tell him something else funny.

We then bade the officer and his guides farewell, after presenting each a present, and soon arrived at the stone stairway. Here we were met by a lot of native boys who had canes for sale. These had been cut from wild orange, lemon and tea trees, and also raisin trees. Mr. Purvis being used to dealing with natives, bought four of these sticks for me. Meantime our bearer had packed his trunks, and he also took the canes. He got a coolie or low-caste native, to carry his trunks for him to the boat, as it was beneath his caste to carry a bundle. We found it much easier going down these long flights of steps, and after stopping to rest once or twice, we at last reached the bund or landing. We stepped off the stones onto the smooth sandy beach, and there we strolled along, picking up shells, and listening to the roar of the surf, as it dashed in from the broad ocean on the beach. This island is in the Sea of Arabia. I picked up several odd looking shells; one of a peculiar oyster, which fastens himself to a small stone. These shells were of a beautiful, pearly substance. I also picked up several lovely quartz crystals, and various odd nuts, etc. The sun was awful hot, and the glare from it on the smooth sand almost blinding our eyes, and as our boat was ready, we went back to the bund, embarked, and then set sail for Bombay. We had a fair wind and tide, and soon left the Isle of Elephanta far behind. We had a delightful sail. Our bearer had unfolded our rugs and pillows, placed them on the seats in the cabin, and arranged the blinds, so as to keep the sun out, and so we could see the scenery as we were sailing by. He also brought us our cheroots, etc., then seeing we were comfortable, covered himself up with his cloth, laid down on deck and went to sleep. On our way we passed the Island of Garapuri. It is quite a large isle. At one end of it, near the water, stood a Hindoo temple on a hill-side in a grove of palm trees. It was built in the oriental style, and had a large dome in the centre on top of it. The whole temple was painted white and gilt, and looked so pretty and quaint, its white walls peeping out from the trees. It is only used on great occasions—the native holidays. We also passed various other islands, one in particular, called the Chimneys, as the rocks on it look like three tall factory chimneys.

After sailing about two hours, we reached Apolo bund, and our trip was over. Here we took our buggies and drove back to the hotel, well pleased with our days journey. We had dinner at seven o'clock, and passed our evening on the wide veranda smoking. It was a fine, moonlight night, and the surf looked finely on the beach. We are right near the shore here at our hotel, and from the veranda can see the waves roll in on shore. We often pass our evenings here. This veranda has a cool mosaic marble pavement, and has plenty of easy reclining chairs, made of cane, and marble top tables of convenient height to rest ones legs on. It is quite an agreeable spot for one to rest in, and talk over the various events of the past day. I hope this letter will be of interest to my friends, and I remain,

Truly yours,

T. S. ABBOTT.

ESPLANADE HOTEL.

ATLANTIC CITY, July 4, 1879.

The "glorious fourth" is upon us. Mercantile business of all description has ceased for the day, and everybody who can spare the nominal sum of fifty cents is bound to Atlantic City to avoid, for a day at least, the sweltering and stifling atmosphere of Philadelphia. "What a God send to the poor." Only half a dollar to the Atlantic and return, a distance of 150 miles. So much for competition.

Arriving at the city by the sea, everybody being anxious to secure the best located bathing-houses, a mass of men, women and children can be seen hanging to the beach, and presently their boisterous and merry laughter will be mingling with the monotonous roar of the surf. One, however, among that crowd dare not enjoy the dashing spray; the doctor forbids, as "bronchitis" will not tolerate bathing. The disappointment is not severe, considering the happy consciousness of returning speech, which has been lost for nearly three months. The sand is hot, and soon he reclines under the cover of an apple venders tent, and will endeavor to write up a few articles relative to the coming B. of L. F. Convention.

The time is rapidly approaching when will be assembled the representatives of the different sub-lodges, distributed throughout the United States and Canadas, to convene the sixth annual Convention.

It frequently occurs that lodges do not realize the great importance attached to our annual conventions, and little care or forethought is exercised in the selection of a proper delegate. It should be thoroughly understood, and must be fully and fairly recognized that the time has come when delegates will be held to a strict account for the proper and faithful discharge of the duties devolving upon them, by an anxious and earnest body of brothers at home. Do not select your representative on account of popularity; it may be lost at the convention; this is a glaring and often-made mistake, and only discovered when too late to be remedied. Select your most able and well informed brother, one in whom you can place implicit confidence, and who on his return will be able to give a full and accurate account of all the important transactions of the Grand Lodge; he will be an honor to your Lodge, and do credit to the Order and himself. Discard those who through temporary notoriety seek to thrust themselves forward as the proper persons to represent your lodge. They come as shadows and so depart. We know little of them after they have returned. To be a delegate is no light undertaking, and requires above all, the accompaniment of high character that has stood the test for years. Those whom we can trust as guides, as it were, are not the men who are every now and then thrown to the surface by the force of circumstances, and who hasten to turn their brief popularity to account. Our delegates should be brothers whose rise and progress we have seen, whose characters we can vouch for. These qualifications should as much as possible be sought for by a lodge in choosing a representative.

We are pleased to state that already some of our prominent delegates are filling positions of trust and responsibility in municipal affairs, which I am sure argues well for the Order, and gives conclusive evidence of intelligence and executive ability contained within our ranks. Quite an accession of delegates will be present at Chicago or Indianapolis, (as the case may be), to swell the number of previous years, and as our annual meeting increases in numbers, so must the interest in its transactions increase in like proportion. Let your doings not sink into mere opportunities for frivolous amusement; make them not occasions for discussions and debates, which have no definite object, and degenerate into the gratification of

vanity and of the thirst for ostentatious grandeur. Sacrifice not its solid advantages to a great annual display. There has been enough of such; we must have good, wholesome and consistent arguments from honest and persevering brothers, whose well developed faculties will give a new impetus to the Order, which will before long place it above, or at least on an equality with all benevolent institutions.

✓ Only a little over two years has elapsed since the dark and forboding cloud of June 1877 hung over us, threatening to destroy at one swoop our beloved Order. It was a critical moment in our fortunes, our numbers had greatly decreased and succor seemed afar off. Considerable debt had been incurred, and in appealing to the sympathies of the community, we were unfortunately appealing to those who through fear and distrust failed to recognize us as an organization, founded on honor, principle and justice. Time has elapsed, and the efforts made to extricate ourselves from these difficulties may be fairly examined. Our debt has been liquidated, the number of our members doubled, the old order known as the International Union of Locomotive Firemen, consolidated with us, and we are happy to state our fortunes have rallied, while our once disheartened lodges again meet together in prosperity and success. Danger was imminent, circumstances which were almost desperate filled us with the darkest gloom, yet we resolved like men to exert our utmost energies; we applied ourselves with manly energy, with manly discretion, and through these influences mainly has the result been successful.

The Order now stands upon its own merits, recognized by the people as an association, able to benefit and assist its brother laborers whenever necessity demands, and it remains with the delegates, and the delegates only, to fulfill the requirements which will make the Order beloved by the brethren, recognized by the press, and respected by the people.

Ours is the part of persistent endeavor, not only to seek opportunity, but to take advantage of opportunity; to despise no entering wedge, however small, and to be baffled in no rightful undertaking, however formidable; to retire quietly when defeated, simply to gather our forces for renewed effort, assuming towards those who impede our progress, not the offensive attitude of hostility of manner, but let our outward semblance be an expression of amiability as well as of courage. Do as adversaries in law, strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends. In conclusion allow me to state that each delegate will be held strictly responsible for the aggregate welfare of the Order. Each one owes the highest measure of fidelity to his lodge, and I sincerely hope will not prove recreant to his trust. You have but a few short weeks to prepare; make good use of the time, and when we meet in Grand Assembly let it never be said that the fortunes of our beloved Brotherhood were in danger. Let us take advantage of this hour of prosperity, calmly to examine the institution in which our best interests are involved, and I am sure, if an honest consideration be given, we can show to the world a glorious example of intellectual loyalty, courage and progress.

W. T. GOUNDIE, G. M.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., 1879.

Brother Partington as he came to the lodge room Sunday, wore a very broad grin on his always pleasant face. Of course all were anxious to know the cause, and when asked the reason he clasped his hands and said: "Brothers, congratulate me, 'tis a boy, and weighs twelve pounds," and of course we did. No. 46 is in a flourishing condition and *increasing*.

TALLOW POT.

CHICAGO, July 6, 1879.

To the Editors of Locomotive Firemen's Magazine:

It will probably seem strange to you to receive an article over my signature, as it has been so long a time since I have written anything for the Magazine; but the readers of our excellent book have not missed anything, as its columns have been filled with contributions from so many more competent writers who have written such good articles that all ought to be satisfied. Some of the articles in the July number prove conclusively that there exists a great deal of talent among the members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, which is a credit to the organization. Now if this talent exists to so great an extent in the brotherhood generally, there certainly must be some of it in Chicago where there exists three lodges of a large membership and in a flourishing condition. But we never see an article written by one of them, perhaps they feel content to do the reading, and let others do the writing. I can truthfully say that they do the former very well, and are always anxious for the book to come.

We can boast of one hundred and seventy-five subscribers in this city, and I can assure you all that the B. of L. F. Magazine is always heartily welcomed by its readers in Chicago, and we are proud of our book and recommend it to all. We have ministers, lawyers, barbers, grocers and tailors, for subscribers, and all praise it and derive benefit from its pages. The members of the Order are especially benefitted. They are posted on the every day life of the Order, and get a great deal of valuable information which could be obtained in no other way. The editors of our neat little book deserve credit for the able manner in which the book is gotten up, and they also deserve the assistance of all members in its circulation.

Now let each and every one do all in his power to procure subscribers. It is a positive shame that lodges of fifteen, twenty or thirty members should have only ten, fifteen or twenty subscribers; yet, such is the case, and I could say even worse for some. I don't wish to brag, but I must say to the credit of No. 47 that they have a subscription list more than double the number of members and all paid for. Of course some lodges have done better, but I know that many have not done so well, that I can not help but mention it. But as I have already drawn this out longer than was my intention, I will not say any more; trusting that some one better able will present the subject to the members of the B. of L. F.

I am, fraternally yours,

R. V. D.

Some of the would-be-lords and masters in this country say that times are not hard, and poverty does not stalk broad-cast through the land. Will such as they leave their homes of comfort and plenty, and with me visit the side streets and haunts of the starving poor? Those that can find work are eking out a miserable existence on a pittance of less than one dollar per day. We will step into this side street and inquire after the health and condition of the dwellers within yonder hovel, through which the cold December winds are blowing the chilling rain, adding fresh misery to the poverty-stricken beings within, whose burdens are already too great to bear. Knock at the door, enter at the call of that faint voice, which says, "come in." You are now within the home of the poor day laborer, and my God! what suffering and woe, what misery and want! There you see a hearth that has not felt the warmth of fire for days and days. Look at that squalid couch in that cold damp corner; gaze upon the pale faces of those children which you see wrapped in tattered rags. One of them is dead, the other is dying; inquire

the cause, and you will learn that hunger and starvation has done its work. Ask the haggard and worn-looking mother, who sits holding the form of her new born babe at her breast, trying to protect it from the cold, with the fragments of her worn and faded garments; yes, I say, ask her for the husband and father, and the answer will come back: He is looking for work, forced to leave his home, poor though it be, and is now wandering in search of employment, sleeping in barns and station-houses, begging his bread from door to door, despised by everybody, even the dogs bark at his coming, and the door that should always be open to the needy and poor is shut in his face, until at last he becomes what the "laws" of our land called him at the beginning,

A TRAMP.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 10, 1879.

THE BROTHERHOOD CHART.

As the representative of an eastern paper, we were, by an invitation politely extended to us by that prince of good fellows, W. N. Sayre, enabled to get a glimpse of the new Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen's chart in course of completion at the hands of those justly eminent lithographers, Hamerstien Brothers. The outline of the work we saw upon a large lithograph stone, and the appearance it presents is truly artistic. The size of the chart is 19 by 24 inches, and is to be printed on the finest of paper; in fact, the whole thing is gotten up regardless of expense, the only object in view being the creation of a work of art that any Order may well be proud of.

The scenes represented are emblematical of a fireman's life, and they represent beautifully the objects of the Brotherhood. The top piece, or representation, consists of a locomotive headlight and smoke stack appearing in the distance, and a guardian angel, most beautifully delineated, flying before the engine, with a protecting gesture; this angel personifies the beneficence and protection of the Brotherhood to its members. The scene immediately below this is emblematical of one of the great objects of the Order, namely—arbitration, when honest differences arise between firemen and their employers. To the left of the chart are three very finely executed conceptions representing: first, the fireman about to set out on his trip, he is taking a kindly leave of the loved ones—wife and children. One can almost see the lingering kiss imprinted by the brawny man on the little innocent, crowing its happiness in its mother's arms. The second scene is where the gallant train is thundering its way along the track, just outside of a tunnel, representing the fireman on duty. The third scene is a terrible one; winds and flood have arisen, and swept away one of the trestles of the bridge just in front of the engine. The fireman sees the danger; he sends up one agonizing prayer for wife, children and safety, and leaps out into the storm and darkness. He is swept to death in an instant. The next scene is to the right—the news of the gallant fireman's death is brought home to wife and child. Oh! the agony of that moment—husband and father dead. Sorrowfully we turn from this scene to the next below—the funeral. The man of God is lifting up his voice in prayer to the great father of all. The comrades of the dead man are about his clay to pay the last tribute to their brother. The wife and children are bowed down by grief and suffering, but about the mouth of the mother a hopeful smile lingers, when she remembers that her little ones will be cared for by the noble Brotherhood to which her husband belonged. The next scene is where the agent of the brotherhood pays over to the widow the death claim due from it to

her. This is a noble scene, and awakens in one all the feelings of sympathy and tenderness that can be stirred at the sight of human suffering and human charity. The bottom scene of the chart is the lodge room of the Order where the members go from time to time to discuss their individual and collective needs. In the center of the chart is left a vacant scroll, with a pair of clasped hands above it, to denote brotherly love. The vacant scroll is for the purpose of placing on it the name of the member and lodge to which he belongs. A little above the center are the coats of arms of the United States and Canada, the two countries represented in the Order. Taken as a whole it is one of the finest charts, both as an emblem and as a work of art that it has ever been our pleasure to see. The scenes explain themselves, and they will speak to railroad men with a voice of their own.

We had almost forgotten to state that at the upper part of the chart appear the faces of the four principle officers of the Order, namely, Grand Master, Vice Grand Master, Grand Secretary and Treasurer and Grand Instructor. We understand that Samuel M. Stevens, the Grand Organizer, is the originator of the chart, and that W. N. Sayre is superintending its completion. It will be ready for delivery July 25, 1879.

QUILL.

GHOST OF KILDARE.

On or about the middle of February, 1879, as train No. 7 was doing switching at Glen. Hoffers' mill, conductor Starling ordered his brakeman, Joe Trailer by name, to Kildare to flag No. 8, and to throw switch for No. 7. But when nearing a deep cut, close to the switch, Trailer was startled on looking ahead by the appearance of a supernatural being, in the form of a man, coming down the side of the cut towards him. Joe being so startled that he dropped his lamp and its light was extinguished by the fall, and standing there as one in a dream, when the light of the head lamp of No. 7 appeared around the curve, he then found out after his scare that he was still on *terra firma*, and on his way to throw Kildare switch. There being a very steep grade after passing Kildare, north bound train No. 8, was just in the act of pulling out, when No. 7 whistled for the station, and Joe running at lightning speed to throw the switch forgetting all about the ghost. But from that memorable day the boys have been on the look-out for the Ghost of Kildare, but have not as yet been fortunate enough to see it. But when you get hold of a timid crew like some conductors have, the speed indicators in the big red caboose generally show more than twelve miles per hour, while passing round the haunted curve of Kildare and you will generally find one brakeman on the engine and the other in the caboose.

Yours respectfully. TED. C.

BISMARCK, D. T., 1879.

DEAR SIR—Never having seen any correspondence in our Magazine from No. 85, I thought I would let you know that we are alive and well. It may be interesting for you to know how we are getting along, I would say, pretty well; but owing to a rush on the Union Pacific Railroad at present, caused by the extension of the road, our meetings are somewhat irregular, but always as often as possible, or necessary, with a membership of some eighteen or twenty, and three or four applicants awaiting initiation, with brothers George Eastwood, J. E. Burke, (our worthy master), Christ. Childs and L. Welsh on the right side, and a fair prospect for more of the brothers. We have a pretty respectable little lodge.

Respectfully,

J. BURNS.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

I left Indianapolis, June 16, for a tour of inspection among the lodges located in the states of Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Iowa. I arrived at East St. Louis, on the morning of June 17, where I met brother Frank Lane, and others of Lodge No. 13, with whom I held a consultation in relation to the welfare of the Order.

In the afternoon I crossed over to South St. Louis, Mo. Here I met brother John A. Hayes of No. 21. Tuesday evening being their regular meeting night, I visited them in their lodge room, and was pleased to find a lodge of faithful and energetic workers. During my visit to No. 13, I was entertained by brothers Hayes and Sweeney, and between them I was well cared for. Brother Stevenson was acting as Master, and the manner in which he conducts his duties speaks well for him.

On June 19, I left St. Louis for Moberly, Mo., over the St. L. K. C. & N. R. R. I found brother Murphy, Master of No. 54, on the train, who done everything he could to make my journey pleasant, and arrived in Moberly at 4 p. m. I met with several brothers of No. 54, and gave them such advice as the occasion required. I was later introduced to Mr. Braddock, formerly Master of the old Sub Union, once located at Moberly, but which had failed to embrace the opportunity to come into the B. of L. F. I was favorably suppressed with Mr. Braddock, and hope that ere long he and his co-workers in the International Union will join the ranks of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. I hope the members of No. 54 will do all in their power to bring about such a result. It would be a credit to them, and the whole Order would be benefitted by such a movement, and above all, many helpless ones would be placed within the bounds of the charities of our organization.

On June 20, I left Moberly *via* Macon Junction, for Brookfield, Mo., where I arrived at 7 p. m. I met several firemen and interviewed them on the subject of organization. They all seemed to be anxious to embrace the Order, but were *afraid* that their officers would not like it. So I left them to ponder over the possible condition of the workingman one hundred years hence.

June 21st found me on my way towards Kansas City, where I was pleased to find firemen who were famishing for companionship, and with the help of brothers Geo. McGarrahan, Charles Stone of No. 40, and Thomas Glenney of No. 56, I had no trouble in planting the standard of the organization upon a solid basis. Kansas City Lodge starts off with a charter membership of twenty-seven, which I feel sure will be increased to fifty before the convention meets in September.

From Kansas City, I go north to St. Joseph, Mo., then to Omaha, Neb., then east through Iowa. I am pleased to say that I have thus far found the Order in a prosperous condition, and will give you further information in my next.

Yours fraternally,

S. M. STEVENS, G. I.

URBANA, ILL., July 14, 1879.

The Committee of Arrangement for the Fourth of July celebration desire to return their thanks to the members of Central Lodge, No. 22, B. of L. F., for the part they took in the procession. They deserve great credit for their fine appearance, as well as for the pluck they displayed in coming out, being the only society that joined in the procession.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

SUBORDINATE LODGE ITEMS.

F. SMITH of No. 63, has deposited his card in No. 89.

WE are pleased to learn that our esteemed brother M. G. M., is about to be united in the bonds of wedlock.

WE find Brother Oscar Smith of the Eastern Railroad pulling the plug, and his many friends are glad to know it.

BROTHER Will Coaxley of No. 14, can boast of another addition to the Order—a young son.

BROTHER Casey of No. 36 has taken unto himself for better or worse, one of LaFayette's fairest, and we trust their future will be as bright as this world affords.

No. 88 reports brothers Hutchens and Lethbridge over on the right side. Also desires that absent brothers will not forget to write brother Becker.

BROTHER W. B. Horm of No. 13, and brother Walter Pelham of No. 77, will learn something of importance by corresponding with their lodge.

J. C. HETZNER, Geo. Jackson, Wm. Davis, B. Engel, B. Kenworthy and Andy Regal withdrawn from No. 14 to join No. 99.

BROTHER Keith says: "I will see to this thing being done properly; at any rate I must be there." Big story. Keith, believe you are jesting.

BROTHER Roberts of No. 60 has been promoted, and can be found on his engine in the Philadelphia yards.

TO ALL LODGES.—The Credentials are now ready for delivery. Send in your delegates names. Annual reports furnished to lodges on the 25th of July.

BROTHER A. L. Branson of No. 93, gives us most encouraging news of having a list started for the Magazine in addition to brother Clark's list.

FOR SALE—Fifteen bound copies of volume two, at \$1.50 each, gold plate of engine on cover. Apply to Editor.

BROTHER Dodge, V. G. M., last heard from was on the Iron Mountain Railway, running an I. C. engine and "listening to the mocking bird."

WITHDRAWN from No. 79 to join No. 14: C. Reeder, J. T. Coakley and Wm. Coakley.

WE announce the marriage of Brother Abe Schemerhorn to Miss Cora Mingle, of Amboy, Ill. Brother Abe is one of our sober, industrious and worthy members, and we wish him well and much joy.

BROTHER S. M. Stevens desires to return his thanks to brothers Geo. McGarrahan, Chas. Stowe of No. 40, T. Glenney of No. 56, and C. O. Meara of No. 84, for favors shown.

SINCE writing report of the number of subscribers secured during second week in July, published on editorial page, we have received one from No. 75, and eleven from No. 21.

No. 40 is not behind in her reports of promotions. We find brothers Taylor, Holmes, Cullen, Rofferty, Gleason, McGarrahan, Laingor, Kilmer, Howard and Cutter, all on right side. May they do well.

BROTHERHOOD CHART now ready for delivery. Price, \$2.00. Address this office.

In addition to those mentioned on editorial page, Lodges Nos. 87, 28, 69, 54, 27 and 74, are also in favor of holding the Convention in Chicago.

BROTHER J. W. Eagan extends his thanks to members of Blooming Lodge, No. 40, for the courteous manner, and many favors shown him, and hopes the day is not far distant when No. 51 will be able to reciprocate.

BROTHER Wilson of No. 73 has been discharged from the scoop, and now the Boston and Albany has a new runner. The N. & W. have added brother Winchester to the roll of engineers.

MRS. BREWER, wife of our esteemed brother John Brewer of No. 36, gave John a present of a beautiful young daughter—an eleven pounder—on the first of July. Last seen of John he was out purchasing fireworks to celebrate the fourth (child.)

It is with pleasure that we announce the marriage of Theodore J. Reinert to Miss Lizzie Smith, of Danville, Ill. They take a trip to Aurora, Ill., to visit his parents, and have the kindest wishes from all the brothers of No. 63. May they be always happy, and travel through the rough road of life in safety and peace is the wish of all brothers of No. 63.

CHAS. J. MCGEE.

BROTHER J. Balse, of No. 95, like brother White has taken unto himself a fair lady, Miss Emma Applehaus. They were united May 4th. Now we eagerly watch the brother who eagerly visits a little town just out of Chicago on Sundays.

Now comes the news from Chicago of another addition to No. 50. On the fourth of July the Declaration of Independence was read by brother W. S. Barrows; fireworks and flags, appropriate patriotic speeches, etc. Mrs. Barrows doing well; also, son; and an order from W. S. for Magazines on the strength of it.

BROTHER O. B. Hanes, of No. 55, and Mrs. Steed, widow of the late W. H. Steed, formerly railroad agent at Paris, Tenn., were married at her residence in West Paris, June 11. It was a very brilliant affair, as both parties have many friends. After the ceremony the happy couple speed away on the 9:18 train for Pen Point, where they are to spend their honeymoon. We wish them well. Brother Hanes is a native of Steubenville, Ohio, and formerly connected with the Ohio River Packet Line.

THE marriage of W. H. Bennett, of Creston, and Miss Ida Forman, of this city, took place last evening, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Forman on First street between Timea and Des Moines. Rev. D. E. Shaw performed the ceremony. A small company of intimate friends were present to witness the nuptials. The couple leave for St. Louis, this morning, where they will visit friends before proceeding to Creston.

FROM HAWKEYE.—Brother Sayre here is the news from old No. 27. Brother W. S. Davis has turned pedestrian, and gave an exhibition of his abilities in Green, Ia., July 4, by taking first prize, and now challenges the champion of the state. Brother F. A. Davis has been promoted to the throttle, and sent to the front on the Iowa City extension. Brother Eckman will act as Recording Secretary during his absence. Address, box 399. The thirty-six has just come out of the shop, and Brother Will Byers is her boss. Will says the pins don't worry him any more. Brother Munn fires for Will, and both are happy. Brother C. K. Deily might learn something by writing to the Recording Secretary of No. 27.

WHITE—DIXON. There was a merry gathering at the residence of Edward Dixon, Esq., in Ringwood, on the 11th of June, celebrating the matrimonial alliance of the latter's accomplished second daughter. Miss Addie F., and Mr. Daniel F. White, of Chicago, the genial and industrious young employ of the Chicago and Northwestern railway. The wedding occurred at eight p. m., in a quiet manner, Rev. James Trimble officiating, a few of the relatives and most intimate friends of the parties being present. After the ceremony refreshments were served with lavish hand by Mrs. Dixon, and the usual interchange of good wishes followed, together with a general inspection of the wedding gifts, which were both fine and numerous, and included an elegant silver tea set and many other useful and ornamental articles. Music was also an enjoyable feature of the evening. The happy couple have taken up their abode in their own residence on Fifth avenue, which was recently purchased and nicely furnished for their occupancy.

BROTHERHOOD CHART now ready for delivery. Price \$2.00. Apply at this office.

GRAND LODGE ORDERS.

CONVENTION.—Sub-Lodges throughout the United States and Canadas are particularly requested to have a delegate at the coming Convention, (September second, Monday), as there are many important changes to be made in the constitution and works generally. You will send in the name of your delegate by August 15th *at the latest* in order to secure transportation. Let each lodge act at once, and forward the name of their representative to the Grand Secretary and Treasurer.

W. T. GOUNDIE.

ALL agents are requested to balance their accounts with W. N. Sayre on or before August 25. THIS IS IMPERATIVE.

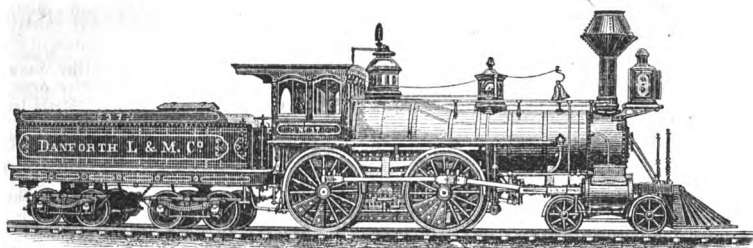
BLACK LIST.

- No. 57. W. T. White, expelled for non-payment of dues.
 - No. 47. Expelled, W. Woodin, want of manhood. D. Thompson and J. McCann, expelled.
 - No. 4. Expelled, Phillip Carr, for non-payment of dues.
 - No. 43. Giles Cook, expelled for non-payment of dues.
 - No. 73. Chas. O. Mansur, expelled for non-payment of dues.
 - No. 54. Jas. W. Barrett, S. C. Lever, Jas. Shaffer, J. W. Richey and Jno. F. Ryan, expelled for non-payment of dues.
 - No. 28. A. Carr, expelled for non-payment of dues.
 - No. 34. T. McGlohn, expelled for defrauding lodge of monies.
 - No. 88. Chas Bogart, violation of obligation. John W. Allen, rejected.
 - No. 70. Rejected, W. L. Davis, no character. Expelled, B. Carroll, non-payment of dues.
 - No. 27. J. M. Hickox, rejected.
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QUERIES.

On a north and south road why does the east rail creep more than the west?

P. D. H.



DANFORTH LOCOMOTIVE AND MACHINE COMPANY, PATTERSON, N. J.

This Company is the successor of Danforth, Cook & Co., who commenced the building of locomotive engines in the year 1852.

Mr. John Cook who for several years had been employed by Rogers, Ketchum & Grosvenor as superintendent of their locomotive shop, joining the firm at this time.

Since its organization this firm and Company have constructed over one thousand locomotives, made up of all classes and sizes, and every variety of style. They were the first in New Jersey to construct coal burners, and among the first in this country to adopt the present long fire box and grate. While many of the railroad men of that day were doubting the propriety of abandoning the independent cut-off, and using the link motion instead, this Company never hesitated, but at once adopted the form of link and proportion of valve, that has met the general approval of the railroad community as is shown by its universal use.

The first dummies, (now in use in the city of New York, for the Hudson River R. R.), saddle tank switching engines, switching engines with tank on each side over the drivers, tank engines having tank on same frame as engine and truck under tank and front of engine, were among the earliest products of this Company, all of these having been constructed as early as 1857.

Among its standard engines are the 8 wheel (4 drivers and 4 wheeled truck) Passenger, 10 wheel (6 drivers and 4 wheeled truck), mogul and consolidation freight. The Baltimore & Ohio R. R., have a large number of the last named class.

The Danforth Locomotive Co. are now engaged upon a number of engines for the Metropolitan Elevated R. R. in New York city, which for superior workmanship, speed and power are highly praised by the officers of that company.

The business is still conducted by members of the old firm, Mr John Cook being president and his brother Mr. James Cook, (who was brought up in the works), occupying the position of superintendent.

These gentlemen claim that they keep up the well earned reputation of the old firm, and to-day make locomotives excelled by none in this or any other country.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

W. T. GOUNDIR	3405 Elm street, West Philadelphia, Pa.	Grand Master,
J. M. DODGE	No. 12 16th st., Chicago, Ill.	Vice Grand Master,
W. N. SAYRE	Indianapolis, Ind.	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
S. M. STEVENS	Lowell, Mass.	Grand Instructor,
J. O'KEEFE	North Platte, Neb.	Grand Warden,
CHAS. POPE	Toronto, Ont.	Grand Conductor,
W. HUGO	Indianapolis, Ind.	Grand Inner Guard,
T. DOYLE	St. Louis.	Grand Outer Guard,
M. COOPER	St. Paul, Minn.	Grand Marshal,

GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

M. E. COBB	Worcester, Mass.	A. M. CRONIN	Memphis, Tenn.
J. S. COOL	Logansport, Ind.	D. T. HENDERSON	Cleveland, O.
JOHN MCCLURE	Columbus, O.	JOS. BRINTALL	Fort Gratiot, Mich.
JOHN L. BODEY	Philadelphia, Pa.	L. H. INGERSOLL	St. Joseph, Mo.
W. R. WHITCOMB	Springfield, Ill.	W. F. HYNES	Denver, Col.
P. J. ROBINSON	Little Rock, Ark.	J. POPE MYERS	Louisville, Ky.

LODGE ADDRESSES.

Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.

4. GREAT WESTERN, at Mendville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.
C. F. Terry, (Valonia, Pa.).....Master
J. F. Hoffman (Box 501).....Rec. Sec'y
S.H. Quackenbush, W.E. Nichols, Mag. Agts at 7:30 p. m.
5. UNION, at Gallion, Ohio. Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30.
A. Jenkinson.....Master
T. Wooley.....Rec. Sec'y
Jas. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
8. JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. E. Hall, at 7:30 P. m.
A. J. Gabard.....Master
L. M. Phipps.....Rec. Sec'y
A. J. Gabard.....Magazine Agent
9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.
John McClure.....Master
F. W. Arnold.....Rec. Sec'y
(Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block.)
E. Ginbey (123 Spruce st.).....Magazine Agent
10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets every other Sunday, commencing April 6th, Haller's Hall, Ontario St. s. s. at 2 P. m.
S. S. Card, 283 Starkweather ave.....Master
T. H. Sheppard, No. 6 Fruit st. Rec. Sec'y
T. H. Sheppard do Magazine Agent
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 P. m., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
J. S. Gorgas.....Master
P. C. Everitt.....Rec. Sec'y
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.
James Shuffelt.....Master.
E. S. Draper.....Rec. Sec'y
N. Y. L. E. & W. Machine shops, Exchange street.
C. G. Swan.....Magazine Agent
(438 South Division street.)
13. MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, at East St. Louis, Ill. Meets every other Sunday in Temperance Hall, commencing April 20, at 2 P. m.
John McGarrahan.....Master
Jerry Benedict.....Rec. Sec'y
Fred. Lane (Box 191).....Magazine Agent
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. m., at No. 62½ East Washington street.
Wm. Hugo (79 N. Noble street).....Master
Chas. Kline (530 E. Georgia st.).....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. Hugo.....Magazine Agent
15. PACIFIC, at St. Louis, Mo. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays. Hall, Chateau ave. near Summit avenue.
J. J. Smith.....Master
J. F. Clough (3012 Sarah st.).....Rec. Sec'y
J. F. Clough.....Magazine Agent
16. VIGO, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock, P. m. at A. O. U. W. Hall, N. E. Cor. Main and Eighth Sts.
James Smith (Box 1074).....Master
E. V. Debs (Box 522).....Rec. Sec'y
James Smith (Box 1074).....Magazine Agent
17. OLD POST, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets in No. 2 Engine House every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.
F. B. Wheeler.....Master
C. A. Cripps.....Rec. Sec'y
C. A. Cripps.....Magazine Agent
20. STUART, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.
Wm. McBride.....Master
D. Hartigan (Box 418).....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. McBride.....Magazine Agent
21. INDUSTRIAL, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in Engineers' Hall.
James Bucke.....Master
H. Miller (c. Ellwood & 2d sts.) Rec. Sec'y
John Hayes.....Magazine Agent
22. CENTRAL, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. m., in B. of L. E. Hall.
Wm. Trenary (Box 598).....Master
Geo. Bond.....Rec. Sec'y
L. E. Beckley (Box 578).....Magazine Agent
23. LOUISVILLE, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. m., in Israel's Hall, 69 3d avenue.
J. A. McHugh.....Master
(422 11th street, corner Broadway.)
J. W. Richardson (286 Wenzel st) Rec. Sec'y
J. H. Smith (252 Zane st.) Magazine Agent
27. HAWKEYE, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets alternate Sundays, at 2 P. m., at engineers' hall.
W. C. Byers.....Master
F. B. Davis, Box 192.....Rec. Sec'y
W. S. Davis, Box 1146.....Magazine Agent
28. ELKHORN, at North Platte, Neb. Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month.
W. T. Chadwick.....Master
Joe Tooley (Box 166).....Rec. Sec'y
W. J. Stuart.....Magazine Agent
30. CEDAR VALLEY, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets every 1st and 3d Saturday each month, in Good Templars' Hall.
J. M. Dubois.....Master
L. C. Chase.....Rec. Sec'y
W. R. Saunders (Box 799).....Magazine Agent
34. CLINTON, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
B. S. Keith.....Master
Geo. E. Howell.....Rec. Sec'y
B. S. Keith.....Magazine Agent
35. At AMBOY, ILL. Meets in Engineers' Hall 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
T. Hinchcliff.....Master
Wm. H. Dean.....Rec. Sec'y
Titus Hinchcliff.....Magazine Agent
36. TIPPECANOE, at LaFayette, Indiana. Meets every Sunday, at 2 P. m., at B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Fourth and Terry street, Wallace Block.
J. L. Birmingham, 193 Union st.....Master
J. H. Brewer.....Rec. Sec'y
J. H. Brewer, 94 13th st.).....Magazine Agent
39. NORTH STAR, at Austin, Minn. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, at 2:30 P. m.
Geo. R. Talbott.....Master
J. Brown.....Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Scagel.....Magazine Agent
40. BLOOMING, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday night
James Crotty, 603 Allin street.....Master
Thomas O'Neil.....Rec. Sec'y
(905 West Locust street)
Wm. O. Webster.....Magazine Agent

41. At ROCKLIN, CAL. Organizing.
43. ST. JOSEPH, at St. Joseph, Mo. Meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every second and fourth Sundays in each month.
L. H. Ingersoll Master
O. W. Richardson Rec. Sec'y
L. H. Ingersoll Magazine Agent
45. ROSE CITY, at Little Rock, Ark. Meets every Monday at 7:50 p.m., corner Main and Markham streets.
J. A. Bloudsoe Master
P. J. Robison Rec. Sec'y
E. W. Mills Magazine Agent
46. CAPITAL, at Springfield, Ill. Meets every alternate Sunday, at Eng. Hall.
W. R. Whitcomb (c. 9th & Market sts.) Master
G. D. Partington (Lock box 1126) Rec. Sec'y
Joseph Paulis (Wabash Shops) Mag. Agent
47. TRIUMPHANT, at Chicago, Ill. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Railroad Chapel.
M. Gepper, 770 Wabash ave Master
J. M. Dodge, No. 12 16th st. Rec. Sec'y
R. V. Dodge Magazine Agent
No. 12 16th street.
50. GARDEN CITY, at Chicago. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Engineers Hall, on State street, between 48th and 49th.
W. S. Barrows, 4532 Dearborn st. Master
W. Field Rec. Sec'y
Cor. State and 47th st.
W. S. Barrows Magazine Agent
4532 Dearborn street.
51. FRONTIER CITY, at Oswego, N. Y. Meets every Thursday at 2:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall.
Jas. McCarthy (49 West Erie st) Master
L. J. Boynton, 112 W. Ulica st., Rec. Sec'y
J. McCarthy 49 W. Erie st., Magazine Ag't
52. GOOD WILL, at Logansport, Indiana. Meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at B. of L. F. Hall, corner Market and Fifth Sts.
A. Ross Master
R. Warner Rec. Sec'y
Ambrose Ross (Box 626) Magazine Agent
54. ANCHOR, at Moberly, Mo. Meets every Monday night at 43 Reed street.
J. J. Murphy Master
Geo. R. Stacey, box 820 Rec. Sec'y
J. Bresson Magazine Agent
55. BLUFF CITY, at Memphis Tenn. Meets 2d and last Saturday evenings of each month, at Knights of Honor hall, 298 2d street.
John Clark, L. & N. engine house... Master
Alex. M. Cronin Rec. Sec'y
Alex. M. Cronin Magazine Agent
56. TOPEKA, at Topeka, Kan. Meets every alternate Sunday at A. O. U. W. Hall.
S. McGaffey Master
Wm. Tangman, Topeka, Kan. Rec. Sec'y
J. R. Goheen Magazine Agent
57. BOSTON, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. and 3d Sunday of each month, at 10:30 A. m., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.
C. H. Moulton (Box 93, Lynn, Mass.) Master
L. L. Parker, Jr. Rec. Sec'y
L. L. Parker, Jr. Magazine Agent
72 Cambridge street, E. Cambridge.
60. UNITED, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets 1st Thursday evening and 3d Sunday morning of each month, cor. Lawrence street and Susquehanna avenue.
J. L. Bodey, (2013 N. 3d st.) Master
A. B. Collom, 2206 Lawrence st. Rec. Sec'y
J. A. Falls, 2224 North 2d st. Magazine Ag't
61. MINNEHAHA, at St. Paul, Minn. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 p. m., cor 7th and Jackson sts., Engineer's Hall.
S. J. Murphy, 46 McBoal st. Master
C. Sinks, 58 Goodrich ave. Rec. Sec'y
R. Peel, 183 Exchange st. Magazine Agent
62. VANBERGEN, at Carbondale, Pa. Meets every 2d and 4th Thursday of each month, in Engineers' Hall.
O. E. Histed Master
Jno. Bryden Rec. Sec'y
A. Hoyle Magazine Agent
63. HERCULES, at Danville, Ill. Meets every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.
J. A. Bain Master
Chas. J. McGee, box 772 Rec. Sec'y
Chas. J. McGee, box 772., Magazine Agent
64. LOYAL, at Brookville, Kan. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, every Sunday.
W. H. Hamilton Master
Matthew Richards Rec. Sec'y
W. H. Hamilton Magazine Agent
Box 16, Brockville, Kan.
66. CHALLENGE, at Bellville, Ont., (Canada.) Meets 2d and 4th Sundays in B. of L. E. Hall,
J. McKnight Master
D. Sutherland Rec. Sec'y
J. McKnight Magazine Agent
67. DOMINION, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Occident Hall, Queen street.
P. Kennedy (Box 697) Master
C. Pope (Box 697) Rec. Sec'y
P. Kennedy (Box 697) Magazine Agent
69. HURON, at Fort Gratiot, Mich. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, over Post Office.
Thomas Bruce, box 13 Master
Charles Macklaw, box 13. Rec. Sec'y
Charles Raymond, box 13. Magazine Agent
70. LONE STAR, at Marshall, Texas. Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays in each month.
C. Greenwood Master
Geo. W. Ralston, lock box 8 Rec. Sec'y
C. T. Smith Magazine Agent
71. CAPITAL CITY, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays, and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 281 Green st.
D. O. Shank, 281 Green st. Master
L. O'Brien, 7 Union St. Rec. Sec'y
D. O. Shank Magazine Agent
281 Green st., Albany, N. Y.
72. WELCOME, at Camden, N. J. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.
L. Elbertson Master
Abner Huston, Jr. Rec. Sec'y
(322 Bridge Avenue) Magazine Ag't
Abner Huston, Jr. Magazine Ag't
73. BAY STATE, at Worcester, Mass. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.
Geo. A. Hewitt, Union Depot. Master
Marshall E. Cobb, 86 Park st. Rec. Sec'y
W. E. Cobleigh Magazine Agent
(48 Salem street, Worcester, Mass.)

74. KANSAS CITY, at Kansas City, Mo.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic
Hall, West Kansas City.
E. Y. Freeman Master
Archie Clark Rec. Sec'y
E. Y. Freeman Magazine Ag't
75. ENTERPRISE, at West Philadelphia,
Pa. Meets every other Sunday after-
noon, at Hancock's Hall, 40th street
and Lancaster avenue.
C. W. Barber Master
R. E. Dupell, 3723 Story St. Rec. Sec'y
W. T. Goudie Magazine Agent
3405 Elm st., West Philadelphia, Pa.
77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN, at Denver, Col.
Meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30
p. m., at Engineers' Hall.
George Klock Master
John Young, Rec. Sec'y
John Daily, Magazine Ag't
82. NORTHWESTERN, Minneapolis, Minn.
Meets in Druids' Hall, Masonic Block,
Nicolet avenue, between 1st and second
sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday
evenings of each month.
J. W. Cole Master
S. T. Brown, 1807 6th st. south Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Cole, 1223 S. 7th st. Magazine Ag't
84. MISSOURI RIVER, at Omaha, Neb.
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays of each
month, M. & B. Hall, 12th street, be-
tween Douglas and Farnham.
J. M. Byers, 590 10th street Master
Chas. R. Campbell Rec. Sec'y
Cor. 17th and Dodge street.
P. H. Swift Magazine Agent
N. E. Cor. 15th and Chicago Sts.
85. FARGO LODGE, at Fargo, D. T. Meets
in I. O. O. F. Hall, every other Sunday.
Jas. Burke Master
Arthur Bassett, Box 104 Rec. Sec'y
Fred. G. Clayton, Box 54 Magazine Agent
86. BLACK HILLS, at Laramie, W. T.
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d
Mondays of each month.
A. E. Ralston Master
J. E. Carroll Rec. Sec'y
T. J. Killet Magazine Agent
87. SUMMIT, at Rawlins, W. T. Meets
every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at
7:30 p. m.
Dennis P. Murphy Master
John F. Hittle (Box 5) Rec. Sec'y
James Noonan Magazine Agent
88. MORNING STAR, at Evanston, W. T.
Meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every
Thursday evening.
Frank A. Hutchens Master
J. Becker Rec. Sec'y
David Hamilton Magazine Agent
89. SILVER STATE, at Carlin, Nev. Meets
in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at
5:20 p. m.
J. A. Ressegnie Master
Frank A. Ressegnie Rec. Sec'y
Selby Jones Magazine Agent
90. PAY AS YOU GO, at West Oakland, Cal.
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, cor. 7th and
Pine streets, every alternate Wednesday
and Thursday evenings.
Ed. F. Ingles Master
C. C. Walker Rec. Sec'y
C. L. Bradley Magazine Agent
91. GOLDEN GATE, at San Francisco, Cal.
Meets every 1st Sunday, 2d Monday, 3d
Tuesday, and 4th Wednesday of each
month.
G. A. Aldrich, 226 16th street Master
E. F. Smith (8 Adair street.) Rec. Sec'y
C. Detrich (223 15th st.) Magazine Agent
92. MARSHALL, at Marshalltown, Iowa.
D. Garrett Master
N. J. Tallmadge Rec. Sec'y
James Crawley Magazine Agent
93. GATE CITY, at Keokuk, Iowa. Meets
in Engineers' Hall, on Jounson, bet.
2d and 3d sts., every 2d and 4th Sunday
of each month, at 2 p. m.
W. H. Bennett Master
Zeb. Moore (Lock Box 7) Rec. Sec'y
Milt E. Clark (Box 550) Magazine Agent
95. CHICAGO, at Chicago, Ill. Meets in
Engineers' Hall, 229 Milwaukee ave-
nue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30
p. m., and last Sunday at 2 p. m.
Wm. Maroney Master
Wm. T. Ross, 14 N. Sangamon st. Rec. Sec'y
Wm. Maroney Magazine Agent
21 W. Kinzie street.
96. BALTIMORE CITY, at Baltimore, Md.
Meets 2d & 4th Sundays of each month.
Hall on Preston street, between Linden
ave. and Butaw street.
L. V. Tipton, 272 Park ave Master
John O'Neil (146 Cathedral st.) Rec. Sec'y
L. V. Tipton (272 Park ave) Magazine Ag't
97. ORANGE GROVE, at Los Angeles, Cal.
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th
Fridays of each month.
C. A. Enz Master
H. F. Haman (Box 1011) Rec. Sec'y
C. A. Enz Magazine Agent
98. PERSEVERANCE, at Terrace, Utah
Territory, meets every Tuesday at 5 p. m.
at City Hall.
Robert Shins Master
M. Myers Rec. Sec'y
E. Prudence Magazine Agent
99. WABASH LODGE, at Peru, Ind.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays each month,
at 2 p. m., I. O. O. F. Hall.
Chas. A. Wilson, (box 316) Master
M. E. Daly Rec. Sec'y
C. A. Wilson Magazine Ag't

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THE OBSTRUCTED TRACK.

On a crisp night in October, the wind rustled the leaves that surrounded Viola Vatek's house. Above the fair girl who looked out of a small dormitory window shone countless stars; she might have seen Boots and Orion had she looked up, but that night the worlds of heaven had no attraction for her.

She was listening to a strange sound borne from the west by the nocturnal wind that chilled her cheek. I might have said with propriety, a succession of sounds, for it seemed as if a number of persons were cording wood or moving heavy timber not far away. Save this noise the night was quiet, and she heard without interruption from the window of her boudoir.

"I believe it is 'Gwyne's Cut,'" she said at last to herself. "Perhaps some villain is obstructing the track for devilish purposes. The Red Bird will soon be due, and this is Ed's trip down."

Her face grew a trifle paler as she spoke, and a moment later she stood before the ancient wall-sweeper in one of the rooms.

The moon-beams stealing in at the window fell on the face of the dial and told Viola that it was 12 o'clock.

"Twelve," she murmured. What! 12 o'clock and he whistles to me at half-past. My heavens, what if the track is obstructed in the cut."

With the last words on her lips she turned and left the house.

At the gate she paused a moment and listened. The sounds were still to be heard, and she believed they emanated from a spot in the cut near the cattle guard. Then she started forward again and crossed the meadows that lay between her home and her destination.

The stars looked down upon a little object that glittered like silver in Viola's hand. It was a revolver and her fingers held it firmly. Once or twice she glanced at it as if to satisfy herself that it was there. Then she looked up again with an air of determination.

She was the belle of the county she inhabited. Her father was dead, and with her widowed mother and a little brother of twelve, she dwelt in the humble house won by the sweat of her father's brow.

A railroad station called Beamont was all the station that was near, and it was six miles from her home. She seldom went thither, for there was no society there, and she could enjoy herself better at home.

The track of iron was the making of Beamont, for the road was new, and towns were springing up all along the road. Viola could see the cars from her window,

and often had she sat there until the flaming headlight of the midnight express had appeared and disappeared. An opening in the woods enabled her to see the headlight for a moment and then the lighted windows of the cars.

Did the engineer know that she was watching?—that his engine gave two shrill shrieks that seemed to say "Viola, Viola!" She always smiled when she heard the sounds and with a smile lingering on her face, or a flush, she would listen to the rumbling of the train as it died away beyond the uncommercial Beamont.

A brace of shrieks, loud and shrill, told her who drove that engine toward the great city on the banks of the Mississippi. They recall the day one year ago, when the first engine she had ever seen stopped at Beamont, scarcely a station then.

The engineer was young and handsome; as he saw her examine the great driving wheels, and looking with wonderment on the mighty beauties of his iron pet, he leaped to the ground.

"A pretty piece of machinery," said he to her, "and she goes like a bird."

She blushed when she caught his eye, and his voice thrilled her.

Overcoming her timidity he helped her into his cosy apartment on the engine, and explained to her the wonderful mechanism of his beautiful monster. Then he said good-bye, and she saw the train move off, and his hat waiving from the engine was the last thing she saw as the train darted around the curve.

A week later she found herself at the station talking to him again. Their meetings seemed to be purely accidental, and no doubt they were; but I am sure that the meetings that followed were not.

By and by, Ed. Gorman, the engineer, carried a picture over his heart, and on Viola's bureau lay a photographic semblance of his face.

Thus, the acquaintance at the station during the trial of the Red Bird over the new road, had ripened into love, and two midnight shrieks told her he was safe and driving his engine towards the great metropolis.

She sat at her window often times, with the lamp on the sill, and often fancied she could see him leaning from his engine, with his eyes fixed, to catch the glimpse of her, but the train would be swallowed up in the woods again.

This life was excitement and joy to Viola; but it was passing away. The time was coming when Ed. Gorman would leave the road and accept the superintendency of the company's shop.

But let me return to the October night when Viola left her home to investigate the sounds that seemed to come from Gwyne's Cut.

She felt that obstructions were being placed upon the track in that dismal place.

Of late the company had incurred the hatred of several persons residing in the vicinity of the station, and once or twice the track had been tampered with, but fortunately, to no serious extent.

The night express generally went through the cut at undiminished speed, for no obstruction had been encountered, though the cattle guard in the center would assist the evil disposed.

Viola at last reached the cut, into which the mellow moon-beams fell, and paused. Something high and dark obstructed the track before her, at the very spot where the cattle guard seemed to be, and she held her breath. It was 12 o'clock when she left the house, and her walk had occupied a number of precious minutes. The shrieks of the Red Bird would soon be heard; and a moment thereafter its headlight would flash into the cut or gorge. She saw more than a pile of strong ties on

the track. She saw the dark figure of a man moving about the pyramids, as if contemplating his night's work and speculating upon the death and ruin it would cause. She watched until she believed the man had accomplished his diabolical deed, then she crept forward through the shadow of the bushes that lined the cut until she stood within ten feet of where he stood.

"I'll go down to the station now," she heard him say to himself. "I can get there before the accident, and when it occurs, why I can run up here and see him under the ruins of his engine so crushed that his doll-faced girl will not recognize him."

A cruel laugh rippled over his lips as he stepped back from the heap of ties, several of which he had forced into the guard, where they were wedged like posts of iron. He enjoyed his own words and viewed the work of his mad hands.

"I'll crush the Red Bird," he said turning away, "and put him out of my path forever."

The last words, full of devil's triumph, still quivered on his lips, when Viola stepped from the shadows and thrust the muzzle of the revolver into his face.

He started back with a cry of horror, and uttered her name.

"This is your revenge, Morgan Duke," she said looking sternly into his eyes. "Now obey my command, or there will be a lifeless body on this track, to be mingled with the ruins of the night express. To work at once; off with your coat, and every obstruction your wicked hand placed here."

"The train can't be saved now," he said, and there was joy in his tones. "It took me one long hour to obstruct the guard. In twenty minutes, or less perhaps, you will see the Red Bird's headlight up the cut."

"Villain," she cried, if this track is not clear when I see her headlight, I'll drive a bullet through your brain. You know what to do: I'll talk no longer."

Covered as he was by the revolver, Morgan Duke, the station master, doffed his coat and went to work.

Viola never took her eyes from him, and the silver moon that rested over the cut showed his every movement.

He was on the pile of ties hurling them one by one, with the strength of a modern Sampson, upon the not over wide grade. He worked for dear life, for he knew when the thundering train was due, and a glance at the girl standing on the track told him that she would surely kill him if he did not do her bidding.

Once she said to him as he paused for breath before attacking the ties which he had driven into the cattle guard:

"I never thought this of you, Morgan Duke; when I rejected you, I thought you would bear it like a man."

He replied not, but glanced at his watch.

"Half past twelve," he said.

"To work," was the stern command, and Viola stepped forward and brought the revolver near his head.

"I can't get them out," he said.

"You must," was the reply.

"I drove them in with a sledge."

"I did not hear the sound."

"It was deadened with my coat."

The girl's cheeks grew paler, and she glanced fearfully up the cut.

"Take them out," she said suddenly, "the train is coming, I hear it."

The villainous station master heard the rumbling and again turned to the ties. "You have your choice," said Viola, "a bullet or an unobstructed track."

She watched him as never woman watched man before. She knew that he was doing all that could be done to undo his wicked work, and while she watched, her heart grew still beneath the rumble of the night express.

"He'll soon call me," she said to herself. "There! There!"

The familiar shrieks cleft the cool October air, but they brought no joy to her heart. She was not at the old window besides the light he loved to hail from his engine. Perhaps she would be the first to kiss the cold brow beneath the stars at Gwyne's Cut. She almost shouted for joy as she saw the first tie drawn from the guard by the desperate man.

"Quick! The sledge! break the guard."

"Heavens, I never thought of that," he said, and the next moment he was shattering the long guard with his heavy sledge. At that the tie was broken and he thrust the other ties down into the long opening he had made. At that moment the train rounded the curve, dashed into the cut, and the flashing headlight not twenty feet away, almost blinded the eyes of the twain.

Morgan Duke stepped from the track and threw himself on the ties utterly exhausted. He saw triumph in the girl's eyes and watched her as the train came on.

Oh! for the strength to hurl her on the track and beneath the wheels of the thundering train.

Her revolver had ceased to cover him, but he could not have lifted even a child. The train dashed by. Viola saw her lover's face for a moment and an exclamation of thankfulness welled from her heart. He was safe, and the precious lives he carried westward had escaped Morgan Duke's machinations.

"You're a worker, Morgan Duke," she said to him smiling. "We will part here."

He looked at her a moment in silence.

"Are you going to tell?" he asked.

"Such men as you are dangerous," she replied.

"Then you are going to expose me?"

"I am,"

He did not reply.

They parted forever there. Morgan Duke was never caught by the officers of the law, but justice afterwards overtook him. The iron wheels of a railroad train caught him on the track. The company presented Viola with a beautiful house, when her husband took charge of the car shops. I know she will never regret her night in Gwyne's Cut with her rejected lover—[*Texas Vedette*].

A NOVEL EVENT.—The other evening a young lady abruptly turned the corner and very rudely ran against a boy who was small, ragged and freckled. Stopping as soon as she could, she turned to him and said, "I beg your pardon; indeed I am very sorry." The small, ragged and freckled boy looked up in amazement for an instant; then, taking off about three fourths of a cap, he bowed very low, smiled until his face became lost in the smile, and answered, "You can have my parding, and welcome, miss; an' you may run agin me and knock me clean down, an' I won't say a word." After the young lady had passed on, he turned to a comrade and said, half apologetically, "I never had any one to ask my parding, and it kind o' took me off my feet."—[*Indianapolis Herald*].

Written for the Locomotive Firemens Magazine.

THE IRON HORSE.

No song is mine of Arab steed :
My courser is of nobler blood,
With cleaner limb, and fleeter speed,
And greater strength and hardihood
Than ever cantered wild and free
Across the plains of Araby!

Go! search the level desert land
From Sana on to Samarcand;
Wherever Persian prince has been,
Or Dervise, Sheik or Bedouin,
And I defy you there to point
Me out a steed one half so fine—
From tip of ear to pastern-joint—
As this old iron horse of mine!

You do not know what beauty is—
You do not know what gentleness
His answer is to my caress :—
Why, look upon this gate of his,—
A touch upon his iron vein,
He moves with such a stately grace
The sunlight on his burnished mane
Is barely shaken in its place,
And at a touch he changes pace,
And, backward gliding, stops again.

And talk of mettle; Ah! my friend,
Such passion smoulders in his breast
That, when awakened, it will send
A thrill of rapture wilder than
E're palpitated heart of man
When flaming at its mightiest;
And there's a fierceness in his ire—
A maddened majesty that leaps
Along his veins in blood of fire,
Until the path his vision sweeps
Spins out behind him like a thread
Unraveled from the reel of Time,
As, wheeling on his course sublime,
The world revolves beneath his tread.

Then stretch away, my gallant steed!
Thy mission is a noble one;
You bear the father to the son,
And sweet relief to bitter need;

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You bear the stranger to his friends;
 You bear the pilgrim to the shrine,
 And back again the prayer he sends
 That God will prosper me and mine;
 The star that on thy forehead gleams
 Has blossomed in our fairest dreams.

Then speed thee on thy glorious race!
 The mother waits thy ringing pace;
 The father leans an anxious ear
 The thunder of thy hoofs to hear;
 The lover listens far away
 To catch thy keen exultant neigh;
 And where thy breathings roll and rise
 The husband strains his eager eyes,

And laugh of wife and baby glee
 Ring out to greet and welcome thee.
 Then stretch away! And when at last
 The master's hand shall gently check
 Thy mighty speed, and hold thee fast,
 The world will pat thee on the neck.

J. W. RILEY.

AN INFIDEL FUNERAL.

The Oration of Colonel R. G. Ingersoll over the body of his dead Brother.

HON. EBON C. INGERSOLL, brother of Robert G. Ingersoll, died at Washington, D. C., on the 1st of June, and was buried the following day. The funeral ceremonies were very impressive, notably the oration of Robert G. Ingersoll over the body of his dead brother. This oration was so impressive and pathetic, and so eloquently delivered that all who heard it were visibly affected, many even to tears. Col. Ingersoll cherished a tender love for his departed brother, and at his death paid him a truly affectionate tribute.

Following is the oration, which was received with feelings of deep and sincere sympathy:

MY FRIENDS—I am going to do that which the dead oft promised he would do for me. The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling towards the west. He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point, but being weary for a moment he laid down by the wayside, and using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust. Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken ship. For whether in mid sea or among the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck must mark at last the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will at its close

become a tragedy as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death.

This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock, but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of a grander day.

He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, and with a willing hand gave alms; with a loyal heart and with the purest hand he faithfully discharged all public trusts. He was a worshiper of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote the words, "for justice, all place a temple, and all season summer." He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worshiper, humanity the only religion, and love the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy, and were every one for whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers. Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word, but in the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing. He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, and tears and fears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.

And now, to you who have been chosen from among the many men he loved, to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust. Speech can not contain our love. There was, there is no gentler, stronger, manlier man.

INDEPENDENCE.

WHAT nobler thing is there in the world than a bold, self-reliant, upright independent man. One who can truthfully say—no man is my master; one who under all circumstances of life trusts more to his honor, his dignity of purpose, than to influential friends or money. The true reason why one class of men are enabled to rule over and dictate to another class is because the latter do not, dare not, assert their manhood. One who does not let any matter of petty profit sway him from the path of duty can not be lorded over by those who have nothing to give in exchange for manhood but money or position. The poorest man that ever lived, if he is a man of calm integrity, is greater than a king. He rules himself; he respects himself, and is respected by others. Men who crawl into position by practicing all the arts of sycophancy and parasitism never meet with real success. They may become rich, but they lose their manhood.

We believe there is one little territory over which God designed that man should sway an exclusive scepter. That sacred province is his own soul. On this no tyrant dare rattle his chains; into this no monarch can thrust his sword; it is a holy inheritance. Poor, unhappy mortal is he that does not rule in the councils of his own mind; he becomes a crawling slave where he should be the lordly master. Pitiable wretch is he who is always finding fault with his condition, and depends upon others to legislate for him. What do they know or care about his

wants? How often will they listen to his tale of misery and woe? *If they do give him an ear, it is a deaf one.* The sluggard who don't want to do, always sees a lion in his path; the coward sees an enemy a thousand strong, when it is only the shadow of an ass. He only who says, "I can, and I will," measures obstacles in their true dimensions. How the trees of the forest fall before the hardy woodman! How I like to hear those words, "I can, and I will!" They are words of magic; they put to flight the hosts of phantoms and hobgoblins which fear conjures up around us in moments of hesitation; they level the mountains, fill the valleys, and bridge the streams. Would you be victorious? Write them upon your banners, and carry them to the hill-tops of your hopes and anticipations.

There is scarce any difficulty that can not be overcome by perseverance. If you would be successful, plunge into the boundless ocean of humanity. Strike deep, and be one among the many struggling for the top. Neither the earthquake, nor the yawning gulf can terrify the man of nerve. If the heavens should fall, the shattered ruins would strike him on his way to accomplish his object.

Show me the man who has this spirit, and I care not to measure his blood, nor his brains. I care not whether he comes from the South Sea Islands, or the Gulf of Finland. I question not his nation, I ask not his name, I only know that his hand will be felt upon his generation, and that future history will tell of his works.

Think what has been done by other men in other times! Think of that master mind that carried Napoleon, with the armies of France to the very tops of the Alpine Crags, to drop down upon his enemies like a thunderbolt from the skies. Think of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, trembling with emotion; on one side liberty, on the other treason and death; they cast the die and won. Had it gone the other way, their fortunes would have been lost, and their heads would have paid the penalty.

When will the masses that toil declare their independence and freedom? When will they throw off the chains that bind them? We have beings in our calling who are willing to call man master, and be called slave in turn, and give up everything that should be held dear, even their birthright, because their officials would frown on them. Should they claim the dignity of men? They ever crouch under the gaze of an official like the hound under the lash of the huntsman.

I would say to such as they, do your duty like men, look upon no man as better than yourselves. Battle for your rights as you would for your lives, when not interfering with the rights of others. Remember that no laurels can be gathered from the field of sham-battle. The greater the foe the more noble the victory. England awards the Iron Duke her highest praise because he was the victor on the plains of Waterloo, and crushed Britons mightiest foe. Our country honors Washington because he drove from our shores the hirelings of King George III, and planted the proud stars and stripes as an emblem of freedom.

BUSINESS.

KNOWLEDGE.—Valuable knowledge can be obtained only by personal effort. Every one must traverse the hills and valleys for himself, and it is only by unremitting application and perseverance that the attempt will be crowned with success. Whatever may be his present deficiencies and disadvantages, the person—especially the young person—who is so sensible of the value of knowledge as to apply his heart to understanding—to seek for it as for silver, and to search for it as for hidden treasures—assuredly shall not seek in vain. Knowledge is the prize of application.

HAPPINESS.

BY LATAKIA.

By a brooklet sweetly flowing,
Sat a maiden amber tressed,
Love within her blue eyes glistened,
Rosy tints her cheeks caressed.
All around her was an Eden,
Teeming full of flowers bright,
While the south-wind, perfume ladened,
Kissed her form in soft delight.
From her ruby lips came music,
Bubbling like the leaping rills,
Low and sweet, then loud and rising,
Echoing softly from the hills.

Hushed were breezes, birds and brooklet,
At this wond'rous burst of song,
Pouring from her lips of coral,
Trilling sweetly, loud and long,
Flowers fragrant bowed in honor,
And all nature gave applause,
To this pure ethereal music,
And its even purer cause.
Still she sang, while gleaming round her
Fell the sunbeam's bright caress;
And the flowers, birds and breezes,
Softly named her "Happiness."

"COME AND BE SHONE."

THE Detroit brigade of bootblacks was increased by one yesterday. A passenger train from the East carried one more passenger than the conductor knew of, because the said passenger was concealed on the trucks, and looked more like a hunk of mud than a live boy fourteen years old. He came across the river with the others, and after a brief look around the depot he walked up to a hackman and said:

"Old boy, I'm right from Jersey City, with nothing to eat for two hull days and not a red in my pocket. I'm game, I am. Lend me a quarter and I'll make it a dollar before noon."

"I don't know you," replied the hackman.

"Nor I you, but that's all right. A man who won't lend a live boy a quarter to get a start in life is no man at all. Come, what d'ye say?"

He got the money, and walking up to a bootblack who stood shivering in the cool air, he said:

"Boy, you'll never make a shiner in the world. Your forte is landscape painting or counting bank notes. I'll gin ye a quarter for yer kit, and if yer ever want money for a pint of peanuts, call on me."

It was a trade. There was a new box of blacking and a pretty fair brush, and

the new boy no sooner had the box under his arm than he cried out in a wonderfully shrill voice:

"Come and see me! Come and be shone by a chap who can make yer butes look nicer in two minutes than a slouch could in four days. Hold out yer feet an' gin me a chance to lay the corner stone of a fortune—and don't you forget it!"

He secured five "blacks" as fast as he could work, and in twenty minutes he had paid back the quarter. In half an hour he was fifteen cents ahead, and then he rubbed his aching arms, and said:

"I've got to drop suthin' down for my stomach to lay hold on, and then I'll come out and make the fur fly. It'll take me two hours yet to get limbered up and feel like a buzz saw run by chain lightning, but when I do git to work in earnest I shall use up a brush every nine minits all day long."

After he had procured a cheap breakfast at a restaurant, he found himself confronted by four or five bootblacks, who looked as if they had planned to give him the bounce.

"Morning, gents," said the new boy, as he looked from one to the other. "No use giving me any copperas, my beauties, for I've struck this town to stay. I'm right on the black. I'd rather black butes, but I kin black eyes if I'm forced to. I'm a Keely motor—only more so. I strike, kick, bite and pull hair all at one motion, and it takes three policemen to pull me away from the mangled remains of my victims."

The boys consulted together and concluded not to tackle him, and in five minutes more they were giving him their friendship. He led them back to the depot, stood them in line, and said:

"Now, slouches, you stick by me and I'll stick by you. This town hain't never been half worked, and I know it. Down East we all thought you used digh-water and stove blacking instead of shoe polish. Repress yer emotion a few minutes and see me tear myself all to flinters."

The new boy moved around like a top, worked like a pony-engine, talked like a candidate, and made twenty cents in about ten minutes. Putting the "chink" down into his old vest-pocket, he swung his box over his shoulder and remarked:

"Sixty cents afore ten o'clock of the first day is good 'nuff. Now I want to go up town, see the streets, study architecture, steal me a dog, and this afternoon I'll feel as if I was born here and had been in jail half a dozen times. Tata, children; don't spend your money for taffy while I'm gone!"—[*Detroit Free Press*.]

A SOUTHERN FAST FREIGHT TRAIN.—Lynchburg tobacco dealers desiring to be the first to reach the New Orleans market after the reduction in tax on May 1 secured a special fast train to run between the two cities, the time of which is reported as follows:

	Miles.	Average per hour.
Left Lynchburg 9 a. m., arrived Bristol 10 p. m., At., Miss. & Ohio.....	204	15.69
Bristol 12 mid., Chattanooga 3:15 p. m., East Tennessee, Va & Ga.....	242	15.87
Chattanooga 4 p. m., Meridian 10:55 a. m., Alabama Great Southern.....	295	15.59
Meridian 10:30 a. m., Jackson 4:45 p. m., Vicksburg & Meridian.....	96	15.36
Jackson 5:30 p. m., New Orleans 4:35 a. m., Chicago, St. Louis & N. O.....	183	16.51
Total actual running time, 64½ hours.....	1,020	15.71

The stops were for inspection, etc., and change of engines. The tobacco reached New Orleans ahead of that by any other line.

Written for the Locomotive Firemens Magazine.

SUMMER.

BY ALICE.

THE glory of the summer has gone by,
 The beautiful flowers are withered and dead,
 But were this all!
 Were there no associations of moral desolations—of gladder hopes—of hearts
 withered in the blossoms of the living, connected with the decaying
 scenery around us,
 We could not indulge a moment's melancholy!

The season of flowers will come again,
 The streams flow gracefully and lightly as before,
 The trees will toss their loads of foliage to the sunlight,
 And by mossy stone and winding rivulet
 The young blossoms will start up at the bidding of their fairy guardians.

* * * * *

But the human heart has no second spring-time,
 No change like nature.
 Once blighted in its hour of freshness,
 It forever bears the mark of the spoiler.

The dews of affection may fall,
 The gentle rain of sympathy be lavished upon it,
 But the blighted feelings will never again awaken into life,
 Nor the crushed flowers of hope bloom with their wonted beauty.

Springfield, Ill., July 20, 1879.

A MINER'S SUPERSTITION.

Surer than a Revolver's Bullet.

A REPORTER was talking with an old miner a few days ago who implicitly believed that no death ever took place in the mines without a warning of some kind.

"You see," he said, "death never comes of a sudden upon the men in the mines. You reporters write up accidents and how something gave way and killed somebody. Now this ain't so. There's always some warning. When I see my lantern begin to burn low down and blue, I know that there is danger ahead. If it keeps on for a few days, and then begins to waver and flicker, I'll watch it close to see where it points. Now you may set me up for a fool, but what I'm tellin' you is the gospel truth.

"When the flame leans over (as if it was being worked by a blow-pipe), and points to a man death has marked him. Some years ago, when Bill Hendricks was killed in the Savage, the flame of my lantern pointed right to him for over an hour, and when he moved the flame would turn, just as if Bill was a loadstone and the flame was a mariner's needle. I knew he was gone, and told him to be careful of the blast. Well, he got through all right, and got on the cage. As we got up, the candle kept acting strangely, and at times the flame would stretch out long and

thin toward Bill. At length it gave a sudden flicker, and Bill reeled to one side and was caught in the timbers. I heard his dreadful cry as he disappeared down the shaft, and while he was bounding from side to side, dashing out his brains and scattering his flesh down to the bottom, my light went out.

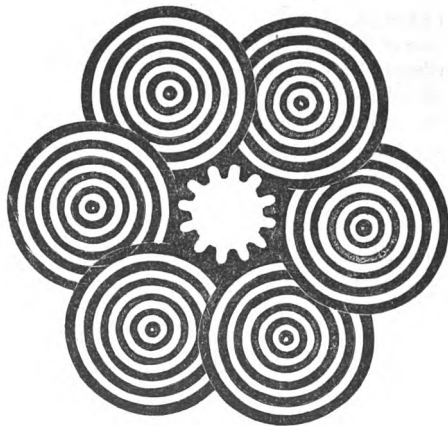
"I never lit that lantern again. It hangs up in my cabin, and it always will. There is more in a candle flame than people think. I'd rather see a cocked revolver pointed at me than a candle flame. A revolver sometimes misses, but a candle flame is sure to kill when it starts toward a man."—[*Virginia, (Nev.) Chronicle.*]

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

A NEW OPTICAL DELUSION.

Mr. Sylvanus P. Thompson, Professor of Physics at University College, Bristol, England, presented a very peculiar optical delusion at the last meeting of the Societe Francaise. Upon examining the discovery of Mr. Thompson it will be seen that it consists of two distinct phenomena.

In the annexed engraving the six stroboscopic circles consists of concentric rings about one twentieth of an inch in width and the same distance apart, although it is not necessary to adhere to these dimensions. In the center of the engraving is a black circle, the interior of which is provided with a certain number of equidistant teeth.



If the illustration is moved by the hand in a small circle without rotating it, or if it is given the same motion that is required to rinse out a pail, the circles will revolve around their center in the same direction that the drawing moves, and will complete a revolution as the drawing completes its circular motion, while the central toothed circle will also revolve, but in the contrary direction.

No explanation can as yet be given for these curious and interesting facts. Mr. Thompson does not believe the property of the retina to retain images for a certain time can account for this, and we are of the same opinion. Without intending to

produce a new theory, Mr. Thompson thinks it best to compare this with some other well known phenomena, from which a new property may be attributed to the eye.

Brewster and Adams have described phenomena which are equally curious and are analogous to those of Mr. Thompson. They say the eye has the property of "compensation;" that is, if an object or a movement acts upon the eye for a certain time, a sensation complimentary to the real action is produced. For instance, if we gaze at the rocks in a cascade and then at the cascade alternately, for a short time, the rocks will appear to move upward; or if we examine a stream below a cascade or waterfall, we will notice that the water flows much faster in the middle than at the sides of the stream. If we look at the middle and sides alternately the water will seem to flow backward.

These are a few of the phenomena that might be compared with those of Mr. Thompson, and which may arise from a common cause.—*Scientific American*.

A RESUSCITATING MACHINE.—An instrument has been invented in France for aiding in the resuscitation of persons apparently drowned, or who from any cause have been temporarily deprived of animation. It consists of a cylinder of sheet iron large enough to contain the body of an adult person. It is closed at one end, and the inanimate individual is inserted, feet foremost, in the receptacle, as far as the neck, round which there is placed a padded diaphragm, fastened to the cylinder so as to be air tight. An air pump, attached to an opening in the tube, creates a partial vacuum, and then the outer atmosphere, by its own pressure, forces its way into the lungs by the mouth and nostrils, which are left exposed. By a reversed action of the pump, the air is allowed to re-enter the cylinder, and respiration is thereby established. A glass plate inserted in the iron casing enables the operator to watch the movements of the chest, which rises and falls as in life, with the working of the pump. The action may be repeated eighteen times in a minute, an exact imitation of natural breathing being thus produced.

TO CLEAN A SPONGE.—There is nothing more pleasant for washing the skin than a fresh good sponge, or the reverse when not kept thoroughly clean. Without the greatest care, a sponge is apt to get slimy long before it is worn out. It may be made almost as good as—in fact often better than—new by the following process: Take about two or three ounces of carbonate of soda, or of potash; dissolve in two pints and a half of water; soak the sponge in it for twenty four hours; then wash and rinse it in pure water. Next put it for some hours in a mixture of one glass of muriatic acid to three pints of water; finally, rinse in cold water, and dry thoroughly. A sponge should always be dried if possible in the sun every time it has been used.

THE SAND BLAST.—Among the wonderful and useful inventions of the times is the common sand blast. Suppose you desire to letter a piece of marble for a grave-stone; you cover the stone with a sheet of wax, no thicker than a wafer, then cut in the wax the name, date, etc., leaving the marble exposed. Now pass it under the blast, and the wax will not be injured at all, but the sand will cut letters deep into the stone. Or, if you desire raised letters, a flower, or other emblem, cut the letters, flowers, etc., in wax, and stick them upon the stone; then pass the stone under the blast, and the sand will cut it away. Remove the wax, and you have the raised letters. Take a piece of French plate glass, say two feet by six, and

cover it with fine lace; pass it under the blast, and not a thread of lace will be injured, but the sand will cut deep into the glass wherever it is not covered by the lace. Now remove the lace, and you have every delicate and beautiful figure raised upon the glass. In this way beautiful figures of all kinds are cut in glass, and at a small expense. The workmen can hold their hands under the blast without harm, even when it is rapidly cutting away the hardest glass, iron, or stone, but they must look out for finger nails, for they will be whittled off right hastily. If they put on steel thimbles to protect the nails, it will do little good, for the sand will soon whittle them away; but if they wrap a piece of soft cotton around them they are safe. You will at once see the philosophy of it. The sand whittles away and destroys any hard substance, even glass, but does not affect substances that are soft and yielding, like wax, cotton, or fine lace, or even the human hand.

WIT AND HUMOR.

AN OPTICAL DELUSION.—Traveler: "Hey, Guard! Have you seen a man walking about with one eye of the name of Walker?" Guard, musingly: "H—m, sir; I dunno as I 'ave. What was the name of the other eye, sir?"

CIDER may be a good temperance drink, but i can manage to get so drunk on it, that i kant tell one ov the commandments from a bye-law ov a base ball klub.—[Josh Billings.

A NEW YORK woman says: "Were it not for the self-sacrificing women of the land, who marry and support so many men, the number of tramps would be largely increased."

THE next invention Edison is to attempt is a machine that will keep a woman's eyes closed during prayer time in church when a friend in the pew in front has on a new hat.

A Vassar College girl challenges any girl of any institution in the United States to chew gum with her. She offers to chew a hundred quarters worth of gum in one hundred consecutive quarter days. Gum to be clear of hair and not mixed with shoemaker's wax.

TRYING TO THE NERVES.—According to the "Green Bay Advocate" the editor of the Wantoma Argus lives in a house between the Methodist Church and Beer Hall. One night recently there was a prayer meeting in the church and a dance at the hall, and the editor sat on his veranda and took in the situation, and jotted down the following which he heard:

BACK DOOR.

Let us pray.

Oh, Lord—

We beseech Thee to

draw near and

listen to

us as we

kneel before Thee and

present our petition, etc.

For Christ's sake—

Amen.

FRONT DOOR.

Choose your partners.

All full?

Join hands and

circle to the left.

Swing partners.

First four forward and back.

All promenade.

Balance all.

Grand right and left.

Seat your partners.

Editorial.

WM. N. SAYRE, *Editor.*E. V. DEBS, *Associate Editor.*

INSTRUCTIONS TO DELEGATES. ✓

In a few days the Sixth Annual Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen will convene at Chicago, and as there will be business of the greatest importance to attend to, it is confidently hoped that delegates will be on hand promptly, and with a vigorous determination to do all in their power to perpetuate the interests of the organization. It is the duty of every lodge when selecting a delegate to consider well the qualifications of the various candidates. It should be remembered that none but men of good habits and sterling qualities should represent our lodges at our annual conventions, since it devolves upon them to establish such laws as will prove advantageous to the organization. It is plainly to be seen that men of honesty, integrity, and efficiency are required.

The first point that is strictly necessary is for all lodges to select one of their most efficient and exemplary men, and then carefully instruct him in the duties that are required of him, and that he is expected to fulfill.

From the opening until the close of the convention all delegates should promptly attend each session, and concentrate their thoughts on the interest of sound legislation. They should remember that they bear an important responsibility; that their mission is not trivial, and that their lodges anxiously look to them upon their return for a minute account of the proceedings of the convention. The task is not so pleasant as many imagine.

Each delegate should endeavor to have his name recorded in connection with some beneficial act of legislation, and the advocacy of sound principles generally.

They should discharge their duties in such a manner that when they return to their respective lodges they can open the book, containing the proceedings of the convention, and proudly say: "Here is what I have done for you; examine my record for yourselves."

This feeling should inspire every delegate who attends the coming convention. If certain representatives discover that there are abler men in attendance than they are, they should at least give their careful attention to every word that is uttered, and then they can cast an intelligent vote upon every question that arises.

Do not allow feelings of discord to mar your proceedings. There is enough important business that requires your attention without permitting yourselves to wrangle about a personal question of minor importance. Act brotherly toward each other, and keep the good of the Order ever in view. Finally, do not fail to abide with respectful submission to all the decisions of the convention, even though they are contrary to your wishes. Let the majority rule, and our Sixth Annual Convention will do an incalculable amount of good, and pass away in peace and perfect harmony.

WE publish this month a poem, entitled "The Iron Horse," from the pen of J. W. Riley, Esq., which is in our estimation deep with sentiment, and applicable to our Order and our labors as enginemen. This poem received from the poet Longfellow great praise, when among many others it was submitted to him for criticism. In fact, we are assured it was the only one which received particular mention.

WHAT LABOR IS.

Labor is the foundation stone upon which is reared the structure of human progress. When God said, "in the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat thy daily bread," he pronounced upon man a blessing not a curse. All that is noble and good in man is the result of intelligent labor. The government that we live under, the religion we love, the science we study, the comforts of food, clothing and shelter that we enjoy are all the fruit of labor. Labor is the fruitful mother of wealth. Money in itself is not wealth. If all the mountains of the earth were solid gold, and all her rivers molten silver, that fact alone would not put one crumb into the mouth of starving humanity. The magic touch of labor transforms them into wealth, and before it does so they are so much dross beneath man's feet. Labor is dignified. The laborer is a lord of the realm. Every true man will raise his hat in the presence of labor. Only fools and sycophants sneer at her. One who is content to live on others is a thief, or worse, he is a dead-beat. If the arm of labor is paralyzed, the nation perishes; if it is strengthened, prosperity comes and dwells on her hearthstone.

HUMAN FIENDS.

On the morning of July 25th, as freight train No. 19 was nearing Indianapolis on the Vandalia Line, a terrible disaster occurred which came near causing the death of Richard Farrell, the head brakeman. Some fiends had braced to the track a number of ties, and the train being under good headway, plunged into the mass, badly wrecking the locomotive and from ten to fifteen cars. Engineer 'Squire Sherburne stuck to the engine, and strange to say, escaped unharmed. Fireman Henry Sachs jumped, and also escaped without injury; but Richard Farrell, the forward brakeman, was seriously, though not fatally wounded. The accident occurred near Plainfield. It is not known what the intention of these villains may have been, but at any rate it is to be hoped that they will be caught, and punished to the full extent of the law.

SOME FACTS WORTH CONSIDERING.

The *Indianapolis Journal* of the 24th ult., contained the following:

"It is a little singular that in the multiplicity of charitable institutions in the United States supported by the general public, there are none which imitate the English movement for the relief of disabled railway employes. This class of needy ones is on the increase yearly, and the sooner friends of railway employes in this country take hold of the matter the better."

It is not the fault of the railway employes that such a movement as the *Journal* speaks of has not been carried to completion. The following prospectus has been published in our *Brotherhood Magazine*, and also in the *Conductor's Magazine*:

"PROSPECTUS.—A Home and Hospital for the Sick, Disabled and Superannuated Railway Employes of the United States has long been deemed a necessity.

"When we consider that more men are engaged in Railway construction and operation than in any other branch of industry in America; and that communities are burdened by the poor who are left destitute by accidents and natural causes, and are dependent on their friends or charity for support, it is time this subject was given our earnest attention. As a remedy, the time is at hand, when, by a monthly contribution of ten cents each, a Home and Hospital can be sustained where all the

sick, disabled and superannuated will receive the best medical and domestic care for any length of time without expense.

"The Railway employes in the United States, including all classes of office men, mechanics and warehousemen, who, by authorizing the paymaster of their respective lines to retain ten cents a month of each man, can place in a treasury to sustain such an institution \$40,000 monthly, or \$480,000 a year. The full expense of such a general institution will not exceed \$150,000 a year, leaving a balance of \$330,000 for the relief of widows, orphans or heirs of deceased employes.

"To give assurance to all classes, we propose to make the General Superintendent of each line a Director in the institution, as it will place him guardian of the interests of his employes, and of the Home and Hospital.

"The city of Chicago being the natural railroad center of our country, we deem it a most desirable location for such an institution. The natural and healthful advantages of this region offer special inducements, and the one hundred acres of land on Lake Front, selected, will be donated by the city for the purpose above named, without a doubt.

"The Railway corporations, by donating \$1,000 each, will build and furnish the Institution, while the employes, by the plan mentioned above, can be greatly benefited while living, and their heirs cared for in case of their death."

"We believe the above is the only effort in this direction that has been made in this country and Canada. Surely this is a noble scheme, and some of our philanthropic railroad managers ought to take the matter under serious consideration. From what we know of the feeling on the subject, we are justified in saying that the movement will meet with the hearty co-operation of all railroad employes."

Our Brotherhood, to a limited extent, affords the proper protection to disabled members of the Order, and to the wife and children of deceased members. We are doing among ourselves a noble work, and doing it on a plan that enables any fireman to meet his share of the dues. Our Order provides for the sick, crippled and totally disabled. The latter class receive the same amount that is paid for a death claim, namely, \$410. The sick or crippled receive, during the continuance of their disability, \$5.00 per week.

We are doing this noble work entirely among our own craft. We receive no help whatever from outside sources. It may be proper to say in this connection that if railroad presidents and capitalists generally would cease sneering at, and preventing our complete organization, that very soon indeed railroad men of all classes would be thoroughly organized into benevolent orders like our own, and such laments as we copy from the *Journal* would find no place.

Instead of nurturing our Order and those akin to it, railroad managers make it a point to discharge men simply because they belong to our Brotherhood. It seems to us that this is the very reverse of that philanthropic spirit that should govern great institutions.

DELEGATES to the Sixth Annual Convention will have their credentials honored as transportation over the following lines: Atlantic and Great Western; Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis; Jeffersonville, Madison and Indianapolis; Indianapolis, Bloomington and Western; Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific; Chicago & Northwestern; Indianapolis, Cincinnati & Lafayette.

BEECHER ON INGERSOLL.

The oration of Robert G. Ingersoll over the body of his dead brother, which we publish in this issue, was the subject of a sermon recently by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. In the course of his remarks Mr. Beecher said: "Mr. Ingersoll made one of the most exquisite, yet one of the most sad and mournful sermons I ever read. I am going to read it to you." Mr. Beecher here read in the most affective manner nearly the whole of Mr. Ingersoll's funeral oration, and commenting on it said: "Was ever anything uttered by the lips of man more pathetic? But we have not only the hope, we have the certainty—we know that if our earthly tabernacle is lost we have a building not made with hands, eternal in heavens." In conclusion, Mr. Beecher urged his hearers to hold fast to the faith of their fathers, and never to doubt the reality of divine love or of immortality.

THE office of the Grand Secretary and Treasurer will be found in rooms three and four, Wilson Block, corner Illinois and Market streets, Indianapolis, Ind.

A SAD DEATH.

Frederick Baiersdorf, the kind and genial young brakeman who was killed on the east division of the Vandalia Line in July last, has left a large circle of sincere friends at his home at Terre Haute, Indiana, to mourn his loss. His brief existence was indeed exemplary. Blessed with a gentle and forbearing disposition he was a friend to everybody. He willingly assisted those in distress, and gave alms freely to his needy fellow-men. The simple mention of his name to those who knew him brings back a sad and mournful reminiscence. Full of life and hope, with a tender and sincere love for his widowed mother, his sisters and brothers, he fell beneath the reapers scythe, just as the bud of youth had blossomed into manhood. He lived a life worthy of emulation, and died the death of a hero. Knowing that the cold wand of dissolution had touched his heart, he accepted his fate without a murmur of fear or disaffection, and endeavoring to constrain his family not to take his loss to heart he fell into his last long sleep.

The funeral cortege that bore him to his final home was shrouded in gloom and sadness. The mournful requiem of the Ringgold Band mingled with the sobs of relatives and friends alone broke the death-like stillness that seemed to reign. A goodly number of railroad men marched in the procession—a feature that seemed to add to the solemnity of the occasion. They were thinking of the one who had shared the dangers of a railroad life with them, but who now laid cold and inanimate as the earth upon which they were treading. The smoke-begrimed faces of these sturdy men wore a painful flush of sorrow, as they followed their late friend and associate to his final resting place. But, he has gone! Let us cherish his memory and endeavor to emulate his virtues. We know that we all must tread the same mysterious passage, so we will consider that our friend "is not dead, but only gone before."

E. V. D.

GRAND LODGE ORDERS.

Delegates to the convention will be promptly on hand. The opening addresses and responses will take place at 10 o'clock precisely, in the Applegate Court, within the hotel, after marching from R. R. chapel.

W. T. GOUNDIE, G. M.

Correspondence.

SHIP EL CAPITAN IN A GALE OF WIND OFF CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, ON HER HOMEWARD VOYAGE FROM CALCUTTA TO NEW YORK, February 3d, 1877.

BY T. S. ABBOTT.

About midnight it became very squally, and the wind changed, and all hands were called to shorten sail, and we are now under close reefed top sails, spanker and storm sails.

This morning we have a gale of wind; I have just been on deck, and it is the same old scene, dark heavy clouds, frequent squalls of rain, and great huge waves covered with foam. The captain says we are now in the dirty 35's, that is, in southern latitude, and the gale will increase as the day goes by. The clouds looked very breezy at sunrise this morning, as the old salts say. We have lost two of our head sails already. The foresail has just parted and split, and also the fore top-mast stay-sail. Wind and ocean make a terrible roaring, and whistles through the rigging just as it does around the corners of the house in winter nights at home. It is a horrible day. Things in the cabin are tumbling about in all directions, it is a wonder we have anything left. The steward's dishes are rattling about, and now and then one or more are dashed in pieces on deck, and it keeps him in constant fear all the time lest he should lose the whole of them. The gale is evidently increasing, and the wind is dead ahead, which makes it all the worse for us. The sun shone out awhile towards noon.

Now, two o'clock, P. M., are four bells by sea time. The gale still holds on and is furious, and the sea is white with foam far as the eye can reach, and the spray blows about in heavy clouds, and one can see beautiful rainbow colors as the sun shines through it. The mate saw a very bright rainbow this morning, and that is a sure sign of stormy weather at sea. A heavy sea swept the deck just now, and things are tumbling about in great confusion, and the men were up to their waists in water. Blow ye breezes, blow; the sailors are surging on the braces, and they do blow and no mistake, and every now and then the ship rolls terribly. The captain hopes it will moderate by sunset.

Towards night the gale increased in violence, and the ship rolled badly, and at tea we had to hold to the table with one hand and cling to the dishes with the other to keep them from being dashed into our faces, and also about the cabin. We had a fearful time. We had to grab what we could to eat, as everything seemed to be on the move. A sea has just come aboard, and wet my state-room all through, and nearly flooded the cabin. It keeps Bill, our cabin boy, busy mopping up the water. Just before night something gave way aloft, and there was a horrid crash, and we all rushed on deck to see what was to pay. I thought one of her masts must have gone. A heavy iron chain attached to the main-top-sail sheet had parted and come down on deck and the sail had burst in two, and this had caused the crash. Great heavy seas were continually sweeping the decks, and the second mate said the bulwarks on the weather side were also cracked by one of these heavy seas.

At six bells, seven o'clock at night, the captain treated all the sailors to a stiff glass of gin. Poor fellows, they needed it, as they have been at work in the cold and wet since daylight, and are about used up. The gale is so bad that all hands

have to be on deck all the time. One good thing for us is, we are having moonlight nights, and that is a great help in such a gale.

Sunday, February 4th. We had an awful night, and now are in the midst of a terrible gale this morning. The captain says its the worst one he ever saw, and that there is no prospect of its abating. The seas are frightful, and the ship shakes and rolls and quivers awfully.

At 8 o'clock, A. M., the gale increased to a perfect hurricane; wind, west, north-west; tremendous heavy seas running mountains high. Finding as the ship running on a south-western course, the storm increased, the captain concluded to keep the ship before the wind, and try to run out of, and across the track of the gale, and let it pass to the southward of us. This we were able to do, after keeping the ship before the wind and sea for twenty-four hours, with only the lower main top-sail set, and running off our course at the rate of ten miles an hour. If we survive this dreadful gale, it will take us days to make up what we are losing now.

I took my breakfast, sitting on the cabin lounge; the captain does not want me to move about much for fear I may get hurt. I was in constant fear all night. These seas strike us so heavily, I was afraid they might disable us in some way. I was glad enough when daylight came, as she rolls and bangs about awfully, and every now and then it seemed as if the ship had struck a rock, as she shook and quivered all over, and settled down with a heavy thump as she rode over these dreadful seas. The captain is all used up. The gale is increasing. He thinks it the worst he was ever out in; and the sea is frightful, with violent squalls of wind and rain, interspersed with thunder and lightning all night. Now the sun is shining for a few minutes. The wind blows in heavy gusts, and the ship trembles all over, and is tossed about like an egg shell on these tremendous seas. The captain has just come below for dry clothing, as he is drenched from head to foot by a heavy sea that has just swept the quarter deck; he was knocked down by it, and the mate saved him from being washed overboard. Our cabin is full of water which has poured down the after gang-way, and poor Bill has all he can do to mop it up; as quick as he gets one flood wiped up, another comes in upon him. The captain says he has seen it blow harder than this, but he never saw such seas before. He tells me not to worry as the ship is strong and good, and will carry us through this awful storm.

To be continued.

Bro. Sayre—In looking over the list of our lodges and summing up the notorious acts of some, I see none of them which I think is entitled to more praise than Eureka Lodge, No. 14. She has shown her love for our glorious Order by placing the good of the whole body above individual self; such generosity, such oneness of purpose, such harmony of action should not go unnoticed. At first one would think they were trying to shirk their duty, and did not want to assume the responsibilities of a third convention in Indianapolis, but on second thought I am satisfied that such is not the case. They see the great advantages and benefits that we shall derive from holding the convention in Chicago; they also consider the fact that since the time the delegates in convention at Buffalo adjourned to meet in Indianapolis, the International Union of Locomotive Firemen have joined our ranks, and their representatives would have thought it unfair had they been compelled to go to Indianapolis to the convention when all brothers know that Chicago is looked

upon as the center upon which the Order revolves. Let all members who believe in right and justice applaud the self-sacrificing act of No. 14, and should the opportunity be offered them "go and do likewise." The Order would be benefited thereby, is the belief of

Yours in B. S. and I.

A BROTHER.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

I closed my last at Kansas City, Mo., after having organized Kansas City Lodge No. 74. I left in company with Brother Charles Topham, of Topeka Lodge No. 56, and Brother Waldridge, of No. 43, for St. Joseph, where we met Brothers Luke Ingersoll, Master of No. 43, and O. W. Richardson, Recording Secretary. They are entitled to great praise for their hard work in behalf of their lodge. They have brought it up until now it takes its place among the first in our whole Order. All the members of No. 43 promise energetic work in behalf of the Magazine, and good results may be looked for. During my stay at St. Joseph I was entertained by Brother S. M. McGaffey, of Topeka Lodge No. 56, and I found him to be a whole-souled fellow, just such a man as one likes to meet when away from home. Brother McGaffey understands the true intent and meaning of the Order of which he is one of its pillars. From St. Joseph I made a flying visit to Topeka, Kansas.

At Atchison, I met several firemen to whom I explained the purposes of the Order, and feel hopeful that there will be a lodge established there in a short time.

June 30, I started for Council Bluffs, Iowa. On my arrival there, I found Brother Charles O'Meara of No. 84, awaiting me at the Union Depot. We crossed over to Omaha, where we spent the remainder of the forenoon, inspecting the extensive shops of the Union Pacific Railroad Company.

After dinner, which I took with Brother O'Meara and wife, we drove around the beautiful city of Omaha—a city that can boast of having the finest high school buildings in the United States. In our drive we visited the Omaha Barracks, noted for being a place of rendezvous for all troops on their way to fight the Indians on the frontier.

In the evening I met the brothers in their lodge room, and found them to be a fine body of men. They have the material for a good lodge; yet more stringent enforcement of the Constitution and By-Laws is just what is needed to make them one of the best. I wish to state right here that I find the non-enforcement of our laws to be one of the greatest drawbacks to our Order. Article six, section first, must be regarded. On it our whole foundation rests, disregard it, and we cease to exist.

July 2d, I left the hospitable home of Brother Lowery, and started on my journey east, over the C. R. I. & P. R. R. At Stuart, I found Brothers Morse, Underhill and Cahow, awaiting my arrival, and was shown through the companies shops located there. After dinner, which was taken with Brother Morse and family, I was introduced to several members of Stuart Lodge. I found them to be wide-awake to the interests of the Order. Later in the afternoon I visited the home of Brother Underhill, where we found supper awaiting us. In the evening I met the brothers in their lodge room, and instructed them in the work. Stuart Lodge is in a prosperous condition, and the boys all seem to be contented.

I left Stuart at 10 p. m., for Keokuk. At Des Moines, I met Brother Justice of No. 93. On our arrival at Keokuk, we were met by Brothers Moore, Bennett, West and Branson. We repaired to their lodge room, and spent a pleasant hour in

counsel. My time being limited, I left Keokuk at 7:50 P. M., feeling that our Order is well sustained there.

At Eldon, Ia., I found the firemen willing to talk on the subject of organization. The prospects look bright for a lodge at Eldon, and one at Trenton, Mo., the division town west of Eldon. My next stop was at Davenport, Ia. The firemen there did not seem willing to care for themselves, nor allow us as an Order to, and the same spirit exists at Rock Island. I have since learned the cause, which is not to the credit of many of them.

I left Rock Island for Peoria, where I found Brother Walters of No. 22, and with his assistance worked up a lodge which will soon be ready to organize.

Friday morning, July 11th, I arrived in Indianapolis, after an absence of twenty-six days. Organized one lodge, visited eight, and worked up seven points where we will be able to establish the Order at no distant day. Number of miles traveled twenty-three hundred and thirty-two.

Yours fraternally,

S. M. STEVENS, Grand Instructor.

CORK, IRELAND, July 15, 1879.

In New York, on the 14th of June, the decks and the cabins of the steamship "City of Chester," Inman Line, were crowded with passengers, and their numerous friends to see them off. A general hand shaking, "Good bye's," "Write from Queenstown," "Tell me about London," "Remember the Hotel Fenelon rue Ferou in Paris," "On your way to Killarney stop to kiss the Blarney Stone," "Back in September," and as I mingled with the many travelers these were the snatches of their conversations.

We are due to leave at 1 P. M., it is now 1:30, but the mails have not yet arrived; here they come on the run down the wharf, and now all those who are not passengers must go ashore. A short time previous to this some beautiful bouquets were presented to Maria Roze, one of the singers of the Opera Company, who was on her way to London. Among the many bouquets was one in the shape of a horse-shoe to insure *bon voyage*. When I saw this fragrant cluster of flowers, a slight shudder came over me; it brought to mind an incident of which I was a witness.

Not many years ago, in the latter part of May, an excursion was given over a portion of one of the western railroads. The morning was clear and lovely—it was the maiden smile of the coming summer. The excursionists had gathered, and, as they usually do, formed themselves into groups about the depot, discussing and congratulating each other on the beauties of the morning. The anticipations of the coming pleasure was fully enjoyed by all, but none saw the sting—the deep pain that should enter one of the tenderest of hearts and a most affectionate being. The place chosen by the pleasure-seekers was at the base of the mountains, with overhanging cliffs, covered with long grasses and wild dwarfed cherry and plum trees. The air was impregnated with the perfume of blossoms and wild flowers that grew about in abundance. One young girl had artistically formed some of the slight branches of a plum tree into the shape of a horseshoe. It was the fireman who had cut them for her; he was now assisting her in arranging the flowers to that form, as they sat in the shade of the cotton woods. She had, in his absence, beautifully worked the monogram "J. M." to fill the center of the horseshoe, and stood admiring the completion of her handiwork with infinite delight. This wreath of wild flowers, in a few minutes after, adorned the cab, and hung gracefully over the little mirror.

In another hour all would be safe at home, but "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." There grew close to the track a handsome scarlet flower; the fireman saw it, perhaps he thought of the contrast the color of the flower would make in her hair; their speed was rapid, with one hand he took a firm hold on the engine, and stretching far out, snatched the prize, but never returned. He had reached too far, and fell head foremost. The train was stopped, and the mangled corpse was tenderly carried on board. I can see those two white faces at any time—his and her's—nor can years erase them from my memory.

However, there was no such misfortune happened on board the "City of Chester." At 1:45 P. M., we gradually receded from the pier, and gently steamed down the North river. The day was beautiful, with a smooth and pleasant breeze from the sea. Coney Island, with its observatory and long line of beach, was prominent on the left, and away north ran Manhattan Beach. As we pass the narrows, the fortifications look grim and formidable; before us is the broad Atlantic. On leaving the harbor we passed the steamship "Queen," of the National Line, which left New York a short time previous. She was accompanied by a neat steam yacht, having on board its owner, one of the officials of the National Line. Approaching Sandy Hook, the yacht fired a salute and returned. At 4 P. M. we cleared Sandy Hook, dropped our pilot, and stood out to sea.

TIM FAGAN.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Editors of B. of L. F. Magazine:

The minds of the brethren should be trained to the habitual contemplation of the duties we owe each other. I therefore desire to write a subject under the head of "Advice to Members." I have already stated the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen regards no man on account of his wealth and honors; its doors are alike open to worthy firemen who have had at least one years experience. But, although the doors of the Brotherhood may be thus open, they should be strictly guarded that none may enter but those you have good reason to believe will conform to our rules, and properly appreciate the privileges of the Order. Be not deluded by the idea that a lodge is prosperous because it is numerous. The prosperity of a lodge, its usefulness in carrying out the principles of our Order, do not depend upon the number but the character of its members. Remember that carelessness in the admission of members has been the cause of much odium cast upon the institution, of its privileges being abused and employed for unworthy purposes. Admit none within your walls who you may believe are influenced by *mere curiosity*; their curiosity gratified, they become as drones in the hive; they swell the numerical, but add nothing to the moral force of the Order. To the world they may be known as members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, but they add no strength, give no dignity to the "household of the faithful."

Encourage by every means a spirit of union, and let brotherly love and friendship pervade each bosom and animate every heart. Benevolence is among the cardinal virtues of our Order, and its careful cultivation is essential to its preservation. So long as we cherish these virtues, so long as they warm our hearts and influence our conduct, others and kindred virtues will follow in their train. We should often ask ourselves, do we cherish as we ought these noble and generous virtues? Do we cast the mantle of charity over a brother's fault, and kindly admonish him to return to the path of virtue from which he may have strayed? Do we warn a brother of approaching danger, and protect his reputation when

unjustly assailed? Do we feel the influence of "heaven-born charity," and freely and cheerfully contribute to the relief of the distressed widow and helpless orphan? Do we cheer the desponding, encourage the industrious, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and bind up the wounds of the afflicted? These are by no means irrelevant questions, and if every "Brother" would answer them in the affirmative, our Order would shine forth in glorious beauty, and stand as pre-eminent in usefulness as it does in age.

Let no ungenerous rivalry exist among brethern or between different lodges. Cultivate peace and harmony and good will to men; and not only study, but practice the duties inculcated within and without the lodge room. Wear them about your hearts; breathe them into each others ears; encourage each other in every good work, in every good undertaking; and be courteous and respectful to each other in public as in private. This is our duty as members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen whose signs are recognized and answered in the remotest corners of the United States and part of Canada. Every lodge has the same great object in view: the improvement of the social and moral condition of mankind. Remember that in union there is strength; that in disunion are contained the elements of dissolution and decay. If we admire individual friendship where soul is united to soul, and heart to heart, associated friendships, founded for useful purposes, are not less worthy of admiration.

Suffer not the privileges of the fraternity to be abused with impunity by the profligate, or trampled upon by the intemperate. There is no vice more odious, none more degrading, none in whose train follows more numerous evils, none more productive of private calamity. An indulgence in this vice is without apology, without justification, while it is a direct and palpable violation of one of the principles of our Order. We have it in our power to wipe away from the institution this reproach by saying to the intemperate when they approach the threshold of the lodge room, "thus far mayest thou come, but no farther." Study the great principles of the Order that we be wise; practice them, and we will be benefited by their instructions.

I am, yours fraternally,

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

JOS. SCHELLHORN.

BLACKPOOL, CORK, IRELAND, July 12, 1879.

To *W. N. Sayre and S. M. Stevens*:

Gentlemen and Brothers—It does me a great pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of one of those beautiful pins, which is appropriately designated in July Magazine as "our pin." Its construction carries a significance which is pleasing and harmonious, both to the teaching of our Order, and also in appearance. To explain: The scoop is the principal tool employed by the locomotive firemen; in the cross scoops we see the emblem of christianity, which shows the faith and confidence the members place in the doctrines of the Brotherhood. The scoops are connected by two links, which signifies not alone the Order in the United States and Canada, but also the consolidation of the Union with the Brotherhood; and, lastly, the neat well-known "B" in the center, so well known that it needs no comment.

The originators of the design certainly deserve to be complimented, and I would strongly recommend its adoption to the consideration of the next convention as the badge of the Order.

Respectfully yours,

TIM FAGAN.

To the Brothers of the B. of L. F.:

I wish to say a few words to you, and I am going to be plain in what I say. There is no more certain sign of a bad heart than to hear its owner speak lightly of the virtue of a woman. There is a certain class of empty-headed young men who deem it is something smart to speak knowingly of the weakness or frailty of their female acquaintances. Did these "heathen" only know how contemptuously they were regarded by all sensible persons, their tale of shame would never be repeated. Nor is there anything in which these same young men are so thoroughly mistaken, as to the low estimate they form as to the integrity of women, not of their own mothers and sisters, but of others, who they forget, are somebody else's mothers and sisters. As a general rule, no person who surrenders to this debasing habit, is to be trusted with any enterprise or position, requiring integrity of character.

Plain words must be spoken on this subject for the evil is a general and deep-rooted one. If young men, and old ones too, are sometimes thrown into the society of depraved or thoughtless women, they have no more right to measure all other women by what they see of these, than they have to estimate the character of honest men, by the actions and words of thieves. Every man should feel that his chief happiness in life depends upon faith in women. No worldly wisdom, no misanthropic philosophy, no generalization can cover or weaken truth. It stands like the record of itself, for it is nothing less than this, and should put an everlasting seal upon lips that are wont to speak lightly of women.

Yours in B. S. and I,

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FOR MUTUAL PROTECTION.

Instructor Stevens of the Locomotive Firemen says that is the Object and not a Strike.

The Mail of yesterday published an article copied from the New York *Trade Journal*, giving the history of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

A reporter met S. M. Stevens, of Lowell, Mass., Grand Instructor of the Order, last night, and was accorded an interview which will put the Brotherhood before the public in a different light from that in which it is now considered.

Mr. Stevens says that the object of the Brotherhood is purely of a benevolent one, its object being to protect all disabled firemen and their families. That the impression gone abroad that the Brotherhood is organizing for another strike is a grand mistake. In fact, the Order is opposed to strikes and believes in arbitration as the best and only means of settling difficulties with their employers. The reporter was answered that the organization was being perfected simply for mutual protection, and that those who say the object of the Order is directed toward another strike misrepresent them, and further, that the strike of 1877 did not have its origin in the Brotherhood as asserted by some, but was bitterly opposed in their councils.—[*Indianapolis Evening Mail*, August 6.]

BROTHERHOOD CHART now ready for delivery. Price \$2.00.

As India ink is the only ink that will work on the charts, members wishing their names placed on the same when ordering a chart, can have it done in German text letters, by a competent and artistic penman for twenty-five cents. Address this office.

SUBORDINATE LODGE ITEMS.

JAS. LAMSDEY, of No. 52, withdrawn to join No. 63.

GEO. MCGARRAHAN left No. 13 to join No. 40.

WE note Brother Hollars safe return from an extended tour through the West.

BROTHER Will Goodrich, of No. 63, boasts of a fifteen pounder, and is sorry it is not a boy so he could attend the Sixth Annual Convention.

BROTHER Prescott and Yarns of Vanbergen, have gained the long sought for and hard-earned position of engineer. We wish them well.

BROTHER Robert Ebbage of No. 16, has been under the weather for a few days past, but is again doing well. Be careful this time, Brother Bob!

MEMPHIS.—We received with sorrow the death of Brother Geo. Zohn's wife, from yellow fever. They were married but three weeks. Not having the particulars we give merely the nature of the death.

ENGINES No. 122 and 137, of the Wabash, are now run by brothers A. A. Scott and G. W. Johnson. Both are members of No. 46, and worthy of the position. Live long and prosper is our motto.

BROTHER E. V. Debs, of Vigo Lodge No. 16, who was elected City Clerk of Terre Haute, Indiana, takes possession of his office September 1st, and holds his position for the ensuing two years. He has appointed Brother A. J. Mullen, of No. No. 16 also, as his deputy. Brother Mullen is an honest, industrious and sober young man, and will fill the position very efficiently.

BROTHER Jno. A. Hayes of No. 21, and Brother Chas. J. McGee of No. 63, paid us a visit during the latter part of August. Both report everything solid in their lodges.

PRESENTATION.—Lodge Lo. 62 was the recipient of a beautiful ballot box, with the letters B. of L. F. handsomely engraved in gold, and presented by Brother Wm. Kelly to whom the lodge tenders a sincere vote of thanks for the same, and trusts its use may ever be for the best.

PERSEVERANCE LODGE No. 98 had the photographs of its members taken and hung around their charter in the lodge room, twelve by fourteen inches in size and beautifully framed. No. 98 is full of the Brotherhood as her officers have proven since her admission to the Order, and as the members show by their actions.

BROTHERS Wallace and Bricker have earned the title of engineer, and their progress is thus far creditable to them. Brother Laing who has recovered so as to be able to come out on crutches, attended the last regular meeting of No. 52, and was warmly received and the brothers gave him a reception.

DEATH.—Again we are called on to record a death. Brother John Monahan who was killed by his engine No. 20, Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, July 19, by turning over and scalding him, from the effects of which he died in a short time. He was buried by Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77, and leaves a mother and brother.

BROTHER Charles Bennett, of Vigo Lodge No. 16, has been promoted from running a switch-engine to the position of freight engineer. Brother Bennett is a deserving young man, and we are pleased to hear of his progress. May it attend him through life.

BROTHER Wm. Hynes of No. 77 writes us from Dublin, Ireland, of his travels and visits to the grounds and shops of the various railway companies, and is loud in his praises of the same. In conclusion he sends us an order for twenty set of magazines, for the Engine Drivers and Firemen running out of Dublin. We will soon print a series of letters from his pen on his travels from Denver, Colorado, to Cork, Ireland.

RESOLUTIONS.

At a regular meeting of St. Joseph Lodge No. 43, B. of L. F., held in their hall July 15th, 1879, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we extend our sincere thanks to our worthy brother, Wm. N. Sayre, G. S. and T., for a fine photograph of himself, which now adorns the walls of our lodge room.

Resolved, That our thanks also be extended to our worthy G. I., S. M. Stevens, for brotherly advice, and words of encouragement, and also the visit he made us.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Wm. N. Sayre, our G. S and T., and to S. M. Stevens, our worthy G. I., and also be placed on the lodge records, and sent to the editor of the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine for publication.

L. H. INGERSOLL,
O. W. RICHARDSON, } Committee.
CHAS. MURRAY,

St. JOSEPH, Mo., July 15, 1879.

At the union meeting of lodges Nos. 95, 50 and 47, held at Railroad chapel, Chicago, August 10th, the following resolutions were adopted:

Be it *Resolved*, That the thanks of this body be tendered to Eureka, No. 14, of Indianapolis, for their kindness and unselfishness in voting for holding the sixth annual convention in Chicago; and be it

Resolved, That we trust that their loss will be our gain; and be it

Resolved, That we will endeavor to do our duty towards entertaining delegates in such a manner that the coming convention will be as successful as those which have been held in Indianapolis, and were a credit to No. 14.

LODGES No. 95, 50 AND 47.

At a regular meeting of Frontier City Lodge, No. 51, B. of L. F., the following resolutions of condolence were passed on the death of Mrs. Storms, wife of our esteemed brother, William Storms, whose sudden illness ending so sadly reminds us that "in the midst of life we are in death."

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, the ruler of the universe, in his infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst the wife of our worthy and respected brother, in so sudden a manner as to cause us to clearly see our total dependence upon his benevolence and mercy for daily life; therefore, be it,

Resolved, That we the members of Frontier City Lodge No. 51, do sincerely sympathize with our brother in his sad bereavement, and that the breach made in his family is mourned by the members of this Lodge.

Resolved, That a copy of the above proceedings be presented to brother Storms, and also be published in Firemen's Magazine.

L. J. BOYNTON,
JAMES McCARTY, } Committee.
JAMES GORMAN,

OSWEGO, N. Y., July 27, 1873.

At a special meeting of Boston Lodge, No. 57, B. of L. F., held July 14, 1879, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His great wisdom to remove from our midst our much beloved brother and worthy master, Charles H. Moulton—this burden coming as it does, so sudden; he being in the prime of life one day, and placed beneath the sod the next, shows us that we should be prepared at any time to be called away—therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend to his bereaved widow and family our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this, their hour of affliction, and we pray to God to enable them to bear the sad bereavement with christian strength and fortitude.

Resolved, That in him we found an esteemed brother, a faithful and efficient officer of that genial disposition which made him an excellent counselor, a kind and devoted husband, and a dutiful son and brother.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be given to the bereaved widow and the family of brother Moulton, also placed upon the lodge records, and published in the Magazine.

Resolved, That the lodge, charter, and master's chair be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

BOSTON, Mass., July 15, 1879.

L. J. PARKER, Jr.
J. C. ADAMS,
C. H. TRENHOLM. } Committee.

At a regular meeting of Blooming Lodge No. 40, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, We the members of Blooming Lodge No. 40, B. of L. F. of Bloomington, Ill., were pleasantly surprised on Tuesday evening, July 22d, at our regular meeting, by brother Charles Rafferty, presenting to us in behalf of his wife, Mrs. Mabel Rafferty, our altar cloth, so beautifully and elaborately executed by her artistic skill: therefore, be it

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered to Mrs. Mabel Rafferty for the beautiful and artistic piece of workmanship that adorns our altar so gracefully; and at our meetings, as we see before us the result of her labor, may she be kindly remembered.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mrs. Mabel Rafferty, and the seal of the lodge attached, and be published in the Magazine.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., July 23, 1879.

J. B. MILLER,
C. M. STONE,
C. C. HOTCHKISS, } Committee.

At a regular meeting of Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77, B. of L. F., held July 31, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Master to remove from our midst our most worthy brother John Monahan, while at his post on the morning of July 19, by engine No. 20 turning over and scalding him, causing his death almost instantly.

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to His divine will and guidance, by the power of love we sincerely sympathize with the bereaved family and relatives, and we hereby tender to them our heartfelt sympathy in their sorrow and a sincere regard for their future welfare.

Resolved, That in the death of Brother John Monahan the B. of L. F. has lost a true and worthy member.

Resolved, That the thanks of this lodge be tendered to Miss Lizzie Wilson in

presenting a beautiful bouquet of flowers and cross to friends of deceased; also to the Catholic Total Abstinence Society, and also to the Mitchell Guards for their kindness and assistance.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of our deceased brother, and that they be published in the Firemen's Magazine.

DENVER, COL., 1879.

E. W. WATT,
JAS. COLLINS,
WM. WACKNERBERGER. } Committee.

At a regular meeting of Eureka Lodge No. 14, B. of L. F., held in their hall August 6, 1879, the following resolutions were passed:

WHEREAS, The delegates representing the subordinate lodges of the B. of L. F. at their fifth annual convention adjourned to meet in the city of Indianapolis, and

WHEREAS, We were glad to learn that our lodge was to be honored by a visit of that body to our city for the third time, and

WHEREAS, Subsequent events have changed the condition of affairs, and the Order of Locomotive Firemen, known as the International Union having in the meantime consolidated with the B. of L. F., and

WHEREAS, The most of those lodges are located in the far west, and the holding of the convention in Indianapolis would cause their delegates to travel many miles beyond the geographical center of the Order. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That this lodge act with the majority of our sister lodges who have in almost every instance voted to hold the Sixth Annual Convention in Chicago. Be it

Resolved, That in voting for Chicago it is not for the purpose of ridding ourselves of any of the responsibilities, which would have devolved upon us had the delegates met here, as was first intended. Be it further

Resolved, That we as a body, believe one and all, that we can in no better way show our love and appreciation for the Order than by acting with the greater number in order to secure that harmony of action which is necessary and tends to enhance the interests of the whole.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., 1879.

C. W. HAWLEY,
JOS. SMITH, } Committee.
JACOB ENSEY,
AL. ENSEY.

IMPORTANT TO LODGES.

A vote having been taken in all lodges as to the place of holding Annual Convention, I find all lodges but two are in favor of Chicago. No. 14 of Indianapolis, gives way cheerfully to Chicago, feeling it to be to the best interests of the Order; consequently your delegate will report at the Grand Pacific Hotel, on the morning of September 8, 1879. Transportation has been furnished each delegate by our Grand Secretary and Treasurer. Let no lodge be absent.

W. T. GOUNDIE, G. M.

DEATH CLAIMS.

No. 9 for Misses Jennie and Lulu Schooley, paid to W. M. Van Dyke, guardian, four hundred and eight dollars.

No. 11 for J. T. Morgan, father of Wm. Morgan, formerly of Lodge No. 16, four hundred and sixteen dollars paid, and Lodges Nos. 11, 13, 29, 54, 56 and 66 to hear from.

No. 12 about half paid in.

W. N. SAYRE, Sec'y.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

W. T. GOUNDIE.....	Grand Master,
3405 Elm street, West Philadelphia, Pa.	
J. M. DODGE.....	Vice Grand Master,
No. 12 16th st., Chicago, Ill.	
W. N. SAYRE.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
S. M. STEVENS.....	Grand Instructor.
Lowell, Mass.	
J. O'KEEFE.....	Grand Warden,
North Platte, Neb.	
CHAS. POPE.....	Grand Conductor,
Toronto, Ont.	
W. HUGO.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
T. DOYLE.....	Grand Outer Guard.
St. Louis.	
M. COOPER.....	Grand Marshal,
St. Paul, Minn.	

GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

M. E. COBB.....	Worcester, Mass.
J. S. COOL.....	Logansport, Ind.
JOHN MCCLURE.....	Columbus, O.
JOHN L. BODEY.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. R. WHITCOMB.....	Springfield, Ill.
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L. H. INCERSOLL.....	St. Joseph, Mo.
W. F. HYNES.....	Denver, Col.
J. POPE MYERS.....	Louisville, Ky.

LODGE ADDRESSES.

Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.

4. GREAT WESTERN, at Mendville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.
C. F. Terry, (Valonia, Pa.).....Master
J. F. Hoffman (Box 501).....Rec. Sec'y
S. H. Quackenbush, W. E. Nichols, Mag. Agts
5. UNION, at Gallion, Ohio. Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30.
A. Jenkinson.....Master
T. Wooley.....Rec. Sec'y
Jas. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
8. JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. E. Hall, at 7:30 P. M.
A. J. Gabard.....Master
L. M. Phipps.....Rec. Sec'y
A. J. Gabard.....Magazine Agent
9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.
John McClure.....Master
F. W. Arnold.....Rec. Sec'y
(Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block.)
E. Ginbey (123 Spruce st.).....Magazine Agent
10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets every other Sunday, commencing April 6th, Haller's Hall, Ontario St. s. s. at 2 P. M.
S. S. Card, 283 Starkweather ave.....Master
T. H. Sheppard, No. 6 Fruit st. Rec. Sec'y
T. H. Sheppard do Magazine Agent
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 P. M., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
J. S. Gorgas.....Master
P. C. Everitt.....Rec. Sec'y
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent

12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.
James Shufelt.....Master
A. L. Jacobs.....Rec. Sec'y
413 Perry street, Buffalo, N. Y.
J. H. Crossman.....Magazine Agent
13. MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, at East St. Louis, Ill. Meets every other Sunday in Temperance Hall, commencing April 20, at 2 P. M.
John McGarahan.....Master
Jerry Benedict.....Rec. Sec'y
Fred. Lane (Box 191).....Magazine Agent
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M., at No. 62½ East Washington street.
Wm. Hugo (79 N. Noble street).....Master
Chas. Kline (530 E. Georgia st.).....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. Hugo.....Magazine Agent
16. VIGO, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock, P. M. at A. O. U. W. Hall, N. E. Cor. Main and Eighth Sts.
James Smith (Box 1074).....Master
E. V. Debs (Box 522).....Rec. Sec'y
James Smith (Box 1074).....Magazine Agent
17. OLD POST, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets in No. 2 Engine House every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.
F. B. Wheeler.....Master
C. A. Cripps.....Rec. Sec'y
C. A. Cripps.....Magazine Agent
20. STUART, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.
Wm. McBride.....Master
D. Hartigan (Box 418).....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. McBride.....Magazine Agent
21. INDUSTRIAL, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in Engineers' Hall.
James Bucke.....Master
H. Miller (c. Ellwood & 2d sts.) Rec. Sec'y
John Hayes.....Magazine Agent
22. CENTRAL, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., in B. of L. E. Hall.
Wm. Trenary (Box 598).....Master
Geo. Bond.....Rec. Sec'y
L. E. Beckley (Box 578).....Magazine Agent
23. LOUISVILLE, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., in Israel's Hall, 69 3d avenue.
J. A. McHugh.....Master
(422 11th street, corner Broadway.)
J. W. Richardson (286 Wenzel st) Rec. Sec'y
J. H. Smith (252 Zane st.) Magazine Agent
27. HAWKEYE, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets alternate Sundays, at 2 P. M., at engineers' hall.
W. C. Byers.....Master
E. B. Davis, Box 192.....Rec. Sec'y
W. S. Davis, Box 1146.....Magazine Agent
28. ELKHORN, at North Platte, Neb. Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month.
W. T. Chadwick.....Master
Joe Tooley (Box 166).....Rec. Sec'y
W. J. Stuart.....Magazine Agent
29. CHAMPION, at Detroit, Mich. Meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30, at their Hall, 65 Michigan avenue.
Frank Clark.....Master
Martin Cooper.....Rec. Sec'y
Jas. Thomas, John Shaw.....Mag. Agt.

30. CEDAR VALLEY, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets every 1st and 3d Saturday each month, in Good Templars' Hall.
J. M. Dubois Master
L. C. Chase Rec. Sec'y
W. R. Saunders (Box 799) Magazine Agent
34. CLINTON, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
B. S. Keith Master
Geo. E. Howell Rec. Sec'y
B. S. Keith Magazine Agent
35. At AMBOY, ILL. Meets in Engineers' Hall 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
T. Hincheliff Master
Wm. H. Dean Rec. Sec'y
Titus Hincheliff Magazine Agent
36. TIPPECANOE, at LaFayette, Indiana. Meets every Sunday, at 2 p. m., at B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Fourth and Terry street, Wallace Block.
J. L. Birmingham, 193 Union st. Master
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union Street, Rec. Sec'y
J. H. Brewer, 94 13th st. Magazine Agent
39. NORTH STAR, at Austin, Minn. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, at 2:30 p. m.
Geo. R. Talbott Master
J. Brown Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Seagel Magazine Agent
40. BLOOMING, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday night
James Crotty, 603 Allin street Master
Thomas O'Neil Rec. Sec'y
(905 West Locust street)
Wm. O. Webster Magazine Agent
41. At ROCKLIN, CAL. Organizing.
43. ST. JOSEPH, at St. Joseph, Mo. Meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every second and fourth Sundays in each month.
L. H. Ingersoll Master
O. W. Richardson Rec. Sec'y
L. H. Ingersoll Magazine Agent
45. ROSE CITY, at Little Rock, Ark. Meets every Monday at 7:50 p. m., corner Main and Markham streets.
J. A. Bloudsoe Master
P. J. Robison Rec. Sec'y
E. W. Mills Magazine Agent
46. CAPITAL, at Springfield, Ill. Meets every alternate Sunday, at Eng. Hall.
W. R. Whitcomb (c. 9th & Market sts) Master
G. D. Partington (Lock box 1126) Rec. Sec'y
Joseph Paulis (Wabash Shops) Mag. Agent
47. TRIUMPHANT, at Chicago, Ill. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Railroad Chapel.
M. Gepper, 770 Wabash ave Master
J. M. Dodge, No. 12 16th st. Rec. Sec'y
R. V. Dodge Magazine Agent
No. 12 16th street.
50. GARDEN CITY, at Chicago. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Engineers Hall, on State street, between 48th and 49th.
W. S. Barrows, 4532 Dearborn st. Master
W. Field Rec. Sec'y
Cor. State and 47th st.
W. S. Barrows Magazine Agent
4532 Dearborn street.
51. FRONTIER CITY, at Oswego, N. Y. Meets every Thursday at 2:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall.
Jas. McCarthy (49 West Erie st) Master
L. J. Boynton, 112 W. Utica st., Rec. Sec'y
J. McCarthy 49 W. Erie st., Magazine Ag't
52. GOOD WILL, at Logansport, Indiana. Meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at B. of L. F. Hall, corner Market and Fifth Sts.
A. Ross Master
R. Warner Rec. Sec'y
Ambrose Ross (Box 626) Magazine Agent
54. ANCHOR, at Moberly, Mo. Meets every Monday night at 43 Reed street.
J. J. Murphy Master
Geo. R. Stacey, box 820 Rec. Sec'y
J. Bresson Magazine Agent
55. BLUFF CITY, at Memphis Tenn. Meets 2d and last Saturday evenings of each month, at Knights of Honor hall, 298 2d street.
John Clark, L. & N. engine house Master
Alex. M. Cronin Rec. Sec'y
Alex. M. Cronin Magazine Agent
56. TOPEKA, at Topeka, Kan. Meets every alternate Sunday at A. O. U. W. Hall.
S. McGaffey Master
Wm. Tangman, Topeka, Kan. Rec. Sec'y
J. R. Goheen Magazine Agent
57. BOSTON, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. and 3d Sunday of each month, at 10:30 a. m., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.
C. H. Moulton (Box 93, Lynn, Mass.) Master
L. L. Parker, Jr. Rec. Sec'y
L. L. Parker, Jr. Magazine Agent
72 Cambridge street, E. Cambridge.
60. UNITED, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets 1st Thursday evening and 3d Sunday morning of each month, cor. Lawrence street and Susquehanna avenue.
J. L. Bodey, (2013 N. 3d st.) Master
A. B. Collom, 2206 Lawrence st. Rec. Sec'y
J. A. Falls, 2224 North 2d st. Magazine Ag't
61. MINNEHAHA, at St. Paul, Minn. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 p. m., cor. 7th and Jackson sts., Engineer's Hall.
S. J. Murphy, 46 McBoal st. Master
C. Sinks, 58 Goodrich ave. Rec. Sec'y
R. Peel, 183 Exchange st. Magazine Agent
62. VANBERGEN, at Carbondale, Pa. Meets every 2d and 4th Thursday of each month, in Engineers' Hall.
O. E. Histed Master
Jno. Bryden Rec. Sec'y
A. Hoyle Magazine Agent
63. HERCULES, at Danville, Ill. Meets every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.
J. A. Bain Master
Chas. J. McGee, box 772 Rec. Sec'y
Chas. J. McGee, box 772. Magazine Agent
66. CHALLENGE, at Belleville, Ont., (Canada.) Meets 2d and 4th Sundays in B. of L. E. Hall,
J. McKnight Master
D. Sutherland Rec. Sec'y
J. McKnight Magazine Agent
67. DOMINION, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Occident Hall, Queen street.
P. Kennedy (Box 697) Master
C. Pope (Box 697) Rec. Sec'y
P. Kennedy (Box 697) Magazine Agent
69. HURON, at Fort Gratiot, Mich. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, over Post Office.
Thomas Bruce, box 13 Master
Charles Macklaw, box 13. Rec. Sec'y
Charles Raymond, box 13. Magazine Agent

70. **LONESTAR**, at Marshall, Texas. Meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays in each month.
C. Greenwood.....Master
Geo. W. Rulston, lock box 8.....Rec. Sec'y
C. T. Smith.....Magazine Agent
71. **CAPITAL CITY**, at Albany, N. Y.
Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays, and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 281 Green st.
D. O. Shank, 281 Green st.....Master
L. O'Brien, 7 Union St.....Rec. Sec'y
D. O. Shank.....Magazine Agent
281 Green st., Albany, N. Y.
72. **WELCOME**, at Camden, N. J. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.
L. Elbertson.....Master
Abner Huston, Jr (322 Bridge ave) Rec. Sec'y
Abner Huston, Jr.....Magazine Ag't
73. **BAY STATE**, at Worcester, Mass.
Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.
Geo. A. Hewitt, Union Depot.....Master
Marshall E. Cobb, 86 Park st.....Rec. Sec'y
W. E. Cobleigh.....Magazine Agent
(48 Salem street, Worcester, Mass.)
74. **KANSAS CITY**, at Kansas City, Mo.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic Hall, West Kansas City.
E. Y. Freeman.....Master
Arcey Clark.....Rec. Sec'y
E. Y. Freeman.....Magazine Ag't
75. **ENTERPRISE**, at West Philadelphia, Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at Hancock's Hall, 40th street and Lancaster avenue.
C. W. Barber.....Master
R. E. Dupell, 3723 Story St.....Rec. Sec'y
W. T. Goundie.....Magazine Agent
3405 Elm st., West Philadelphia, Pa.
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN**, at Denver, Col. Meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall.
George Klock.....Master
John Young.....Rec. Sec'y
John Dally.....Magazine Ag't
82. **NORTHWESTERN**, Minneapolis, Minn. Meets in Druids' Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet avenue, between 1st and second sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday evenings of each month.
J. W. Cole.....Master
S. T. Brown, 1807 6th st. south.....Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Cole, 1223 S. 7th st.....Magazine Ag't
84. **MISSOURI RIVER**, at Omaha, Neb. Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays of each month, M. & B. Hall, 12th street, between Douglas and Farnham.
J. M. Byers, 550 10th street.....Master
Chas. R. Campbell.....Rec. Sec'y
Cor. 17th and Dodge street.
P. H. Swift.....Magazine Agent
N. E. Cor. 15th and Chicago Sts.
85. **FARGO LODGE**, at Fargo, D. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every other Sunday.
Jas. Burke.....Master
Arthur Bassett, Box 104.....Rec. Sec'y
Fred. G. Clayton, Box 54 Magazine Agent
86. **BLACK HILLS**, at Laramie, W. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays of each month.
A. E. Ralston.....Master
J. E. Carrol.....Rec. Sec'y
T. J. Killet.....Magazine Agent
87. **SUMMIT**, at Rawlins, W. T. Meets every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at 7:30 p. m.
Dennis P. Murphy.....Master
John F. Hittle (Box 5).....Rec. Sec'y
James Noonan.....Magazine Agent
88. **MORNING STAR**, at Evanston, W. T. Meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every Thursday evening.
Frank A. Hutchens.....Master
J. Becker.....Rec. Sec'y
David Hamilton.....Magazine Agent
89. **SILVER STATE**, at Carlin, Nev. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at 5:20 p. m.
J. A. Resseguie.....Master
Frank A. Resseguie.....Rec. Sec'y
Selby Jones.....Magazine Agent
90. **PAY AS YOU GO**, at West Oakland, Cal. Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, cor. 7th and Pine streets, every alternate Wednesday and Thursday evenings.
Ed. F. Ingles.....Master
C. C. Walker.....Rec. Sec'y
C. L. Bradley.....Magazine Agent
91. **GOLDEN GATE**, at San Francisco, Cal. Meets every 1st Sunday, 2d Monday, 3d Tuesday, and 4th Wednesday of each month.
G. A. Aldrich, 226 16th street.....Master
E. F. Smith (201 16th street).....Rec. Sec'y
C. Detrich (223 15th st.).....Magazine Agent
92. **MARSHALL**, at Marshalltown, Iowa.
D. Garrett.....Master
N. J. Tallmadge.....Rec. Sec'y
James Crawley.....Magazine Agent
93. **GATE CITY**, at Keokuk, Iowa. Meets in Engineers' Hall, on Jounson, bet. 2d and 3d sts., every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month, at 2 p. m.
W. H. Bennett.....Master
Zeb. Moore (Lock Box 7).....Rec. Sec'y
Milt E. Clark (Box 550).....Magazine Agent
95. **CHICAGO**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall, 229 Milwaukee avenue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 p. m., and last Sunday at 2 p. m.
Wm. Maroney.....Master
Wm. T. Ross, 14 N. Sangamon st. Rec. Sec'y
Wm. Maroney.....Magazine Agent
21 W. Kinzie street.
96. **BALTIMORE CITY**, at Baltimore, Md. Meets 2d & 4th Sundays of each month. Hall on Preston street, between Linden ave. and Eutaw street.
L. V. Tipton, 272 Park ave.....Master
John O'Neil (146 Cathedral st.).....Rec. Sec'y
L. V. Tipton (272 Park ave) Magazine Ag't
97. **ORANGE GROVE**, at Los Angeles, Cal. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th Fridays of each month.
C. A. Enz.....Master
H. F. Haman (Box 1011).....Rec. Sec'y
C. A. Enz.....Magazine Agent
98. **PERSEVERANCE**, at Terrace, Utah Territory, meets every Tuesday at 5 p. m. at City Hall.
Robert Sims.....Master
M. Myers.....Rec. Sec'y
E. Prudence.....Magazine Agent
99. **WABASH LODGE**, at Peru, Ind. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays each month, at 2 p. m., I. O. O. F. Hall.
Chas. A. Wilson, (box 316).....Master
M. E. Daly.....Rec. Sec'y
C. A. Wilson.....Magazine Ag't

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JACK'S GREAT PERIL.

NEVER saw such a change in a man in my life! When we last met, Jack—well, I must not tell his real name, considering what I am going to relate, so I'll call him Jack Pallant—was, as he had ever been since I knew him, one of the lightest-hearted, cheeriest fellows in the world; full of fun, and up to everything, and as gentle and tender as a woman, with the courage of a lion. And now, what did I find him? Even though but three months had elapsed, he had become a grave, dejected, saddened man—in a word, hardly recognizable, either mentally or physically. I was shocked, and of course he saw that I was. He came to see me, indeed, the moment he heard I was in town, that I might learn from his own mouth what had happened, instead of at second-hand.

Jack had always been more or less a spoiled boy,—only sons are always more or less spoiled,—and having lost his mother when quite a child, it was not wonderful that his poor old dad made much of him. But he had taken the spoiling kindly, and beyond making him perhaps a little idle and thoughtless, it had done him no harm. There was no harm in the fellow; he spent more money than he should, but many young soldiers do that without coming to much grief in the long run, and his father, a soldier before him, regarded the failing leniently, paid his bills, and looked pleasant. Beyond adding that he was a rather short, dapper little fellow, I need not say much more about him; I have only to try and put into coherent shape the strange and tragical business which had so fearfully altered him.

He was coming to town one autumn evening for a few days' leave from Gunnersholt, where he was quartered. I can see him as plainly as if I had been there, springing into the first carriage that offered room, without regard to who was in it; for he was the least fastidious of men, without the slightest particle of "haw-haw" pride and nonsense, or that stand-off-ishness of manner, too usual with men in his position; ready to make himself happy wherever he was, or in whatever company.

But it so happened, it appears, on this occasion that he got into an empty carriage; at least he thought so, for it was twilight, and he did not observe for the first moment the figure of a woman, seated in a further corner, dressed in dark clothes, and thickly veiled.

The sudden discovery that he was not alone rather startled him for a moment, and it may be, as he said, that the evening before having been a guest night at mess, his nerves were not quite up to their usual tone. He was not the lad, however, to be long in such a situation without making some remark to his fellow traveler, though in this case an unusual hesitation to do so came over him, owing to her mysterious appearance and extreme stillness. The between-lights of the

carriage lamp and the evening sky prevented him from discerning details; but there she sat, perfectly rigid, and with not a particle of her face visible, through the thick black veil.

"Ahem! ahem!" he said at last, shifting one seat nearer to her and nearly opposite; "I hope I have not intruded on you; I thought the carriage was empty. I may be disturbing you, I fear." He would say anything, in a random sort of way, to break the ice, as he called it.

No answer. A long pause. "Very singular," he thought; and he moved to a seat exactly opposite to the figure, making another commonplace observation. No response, or any movement.

"Asleep, I suppose," he said to himself; and he sat, quietly watching her, while the train rattled on for a mile or two. A station was reached, and a stoppage made, with the usual accompaniments of screech, and whistling, and slamming of doors, but without producing any change in the posture of the occupant of the opposite corner. The train again moved on. "Can't be asleep," he muttered. "What's the matter with her?"

The window was shut close; he let it down with a tremendous clatter and bang, remarking that "he hoped, as the evening was fine, the weather warm, and the carriage close, (for he declared to me there was a peculiar odor hanging about which struck him from the first), she would not object to a little air."

Still no reply. Then he said "he feared she was not well; would she like him to pull the bell for the guard and have the train stopped again?" But nothing he could say or do elicited any sign of life from her.

Jack now became seriously uncomfortable and alarmed on her account. He thought she could not be asleep, but had fainted. Suddenly it crossed his mind that she was dead. Night had now closed in, but as the last tinge of twilight faded from the sky the carriage lamp gained its full power, and revealed every object more plainly than hitherto.

Jack leaned toward the motionless form. A long black veil, falling from a close-fitting hat-like bonnet, enveloped nearly the whole upper part of her figure; indeed, on close inspection, it hardly looked like an ordinary veil, but more like a large thin black silk handkerchief. Her dress was of common black stuff, much worn and frayed, from amid the folds of which appeared the ends of a piece of rope that must have been fastened round her waist; and one hand, encased in an old ill-fitting black glove, lay placidly on her lap.

Full of uncomfortable sensations, Jack was about to lift the veil, when, for the first time, the figure moved; its other hand stole slowly from beneath the folds of the dress, and the veil was gradually lifted and thrown up over the head.

Involuntarily my friend shrank back into the corner of his seat, for a face was revealed to him which no one could have looked upon without a sense of awe. It was that of a woman somewhat past middle age; thin, haggard, and pale to a degree which only death could parallel. The features, finely chiseled and proportioned, showed that one time there must have been supreme beauty, while, though the iron-gray hair looked a little dishevelled and unkempt, the glance of the eye was steady, calm, and determined.

In this glance lay, chiefly, the awe-inspiring expression of the face, for in addition to the penetrating look, there was a persistency in it, and at the same time a fascination, quite terrible. It fixed itself upon Jack from the first moment that eye

met eye, and for several minutes not a word was spoken on either side. Presently, however, he tried to pull himself together, and to assume his usual light-hearted manner, which had thus for a minute been so strangely and unusually disturbed, and he said, briskly:

"I beg your pardon; I was afraid you were ill."

She slightly bent her head, but spoke not a word, nor withdrew her glance.

He felt more and more that it was costing him an effort to be himself. Her slow, stealthy, albeit lady-like demeanor added greatly to the effect already produced, and a curious sensation was gradually creeping over him, that—impossible as it might seem—that face was not strange to him. Little as he, with his temperament, was given to speculation or introspection, he found himself striving to look back for some event or circumstance in his life which might give him a clue. Had he ever dreamed of such a face, or had he seen it in childhood? He was puzzled, affected, quite put out. And still the deep penetrating eyes were fixed on his, piercing as it were into his very soul. And the hands! what were they doing? Taking off the gloves as with a set, deliberate purpose; and the long, white, thin, almost claw-like fingers worked strangely and nervously, slowly closing and opening upon the palm, as if preparing to grasp something.

Again he strove to throw off the unpleasant, unusual sensation which had crept over him.

"I can't stand this," he thought; "I was never so uncomfortable in my life! I must do something, or say something to put a stop to this, to make her take her eyes off me!"

He moved abruptly to the further corner of the carriage, and to the same side on which the woman sat.

"I'll try and dodge her in that way," he said to himself; "she shall not sit and glare at me in this fashion!"

But she too immediately shifted her place, and, rising to her full height, which was very great, went over to the seat exactly opposite to him, never for one single second dropping her eyes from his. He looked out of the window with a vague notion of getting out of the carriage; when suddenly, passing a little station which he recognized, but at which the train did not stop, an idea struck him—an idea after his own heart—a comic idea! He availed himself of it on the instant, and assuming an ease which doubtless sat ill upon him, and which he was far from feeling, he pointed with his thumb back toward the station they had just passed, as he said mysteriously in a hollow voice:

"Do you know that place!"

She seemed to answer in the affirmative by a slight inclination of the head as before.

"Ah! you do. Good! Longmoor," he went on; "then I don't mind telling you a secret." He paused. ("I'll frighten her," he thought.) "Criminal lunatics," he said aloud; "I am one of them. I have just escaped from there!"

He leaned forward, as if to impress her with his words; she also bent forward until her lips almost touched his ear, as she hissed into it:

"So have I!"

With what had already gone before, this put the finishing touch to Jack's uneasiness of mind. It was not, as he said, the mere presence of the woman, or the revelation which his joke had elicited, which scared him, though the circumstance in itself might be unpleasant enough.

"I should have faced it right away from the first, as any man would have done, had it not been for the remarkable influence her face and look had upon me; that unaccountable feeling that she was no stranger to me, it was, that unnerved, and even appalled me."

No sooner had she uttered the words, "So have I," than Jack sprang to the cord communicating with the guard's van, for he felt their truth, and saw in them a key to the whole mystery. But ere his hand had reached the cord, she had seized him round the waist with one arm as with the grip of a vise, and at the same instant he felt one of those terrible hands at his throat.

Every effort to release himself was fruitless; her strength seemed superhuman and was as far beyond his as was her stature. Her face glowered close down upon his, still with the same fell expression.

"The only thing I could have done," went on Jack, in describing the scene to me—and just here, he shall speak for himself,—“the only means by which I might perhaps have made her relax her hold would have been by aiming one or two tremendous blows with my right fist (which was at liberty) at her face. Had it been a man's, there would have been no hesitation; had it been indeed that of an ordinary woman, at such a pass I should not have hesitated to strike her, to stun her, if I could, by any means; but that face, that I seemed to know so well, yet so mysteriously, I could not raise my hand against it, and, as my arm swung up with the first impulse, to deal her a blow, it fell helpless by my side. Vain were my efforts to get her hand away from my throat; there was a terrible swaying to and fro for a minute or two, I felt the grip of the long fingers tightening, and myself choking. Suddenly we fell, the whole carriage seemed to be falling—there was a fearful jerk or two, a strange upheaving of the floor, a tremendous rattle and crash—I appeared to be thrown headlong to some great distance, and—all was darkness!”

The termination of that deadly struggle was brought about in a manner as marvelous and unlooked for as could well have been imagined.

Some fifty souls, say, were traveling in that train; all, save one, in apparent security. Jack's life alone was in danger, when, lo! by one of those marvelous coincidences which do happen at times in the supreme moments of existence, the rescue came, but at the cost of many a life, which, but just before, would have seemed worth treble the purchase of Jack's.

At the very instant that *his* might have depended upon another tightening grip or two from the hand of a maniac, a frightful catastrophe occurred to the train. The tire of an engine-wheel broke, and half a dozen carriages were hurled down a steep embankment. The scene that succeeded is, unhappily, of too common an occurrence to need more than a word of reference here. Seven passengers were killed outright; double that number slightly or badly hurt; the remainder escaping, as by a miracle, with nothing else than a severe shaking.

My friend was among the shaken. He had been thrown clear of the *debris*, onto a soft, grassy spot, half-bank, half-hedge; emphatically, *his* life was saved!

But what followed it was that which caused the suffering, that wrought the terrible change in Jack.

In the darkness of that soft autumn night, he strove, foremost among those who had been spared, to render such help as was possible to the less fortunate. When the official assistance came, and fires were set blazing to give light, almost his first care was to try and seek out his dangerous fellow-traveler. In the confusion,

nobody was prepared, of course, to listen to Jack's account of her, even had he been prepared then to give it. She was not, evidently, moving about among the crowd; he assured himself of that; but supposing her, like himself, to have escaped injury (and he concluded that this was likely) might she not, with the stealth and cunning incidental to her malady, be hiding, and by thus further eluding detection, become, with her homicidal mania, as dangerous to the community at large, as some fierce, wild animal would be? The thought made him shudder; he must lose no time in assuring himself of her fate.

As soon as an approach to order could be evolved out of that awful chaos, he had convinced himself that she was not among the injured. Then he turned to the dead. His eyes fell upon several mutilated and motionless forms, which had been laid in an ominous row at the foot of one part of the embankment. Hers was not among them; he could find no trace of her.

At length, as a sickly dawn was beginning to make the search easier, he endeavored to discover the spot where the carriage he had occupied had fallen, and to retrace his steps (quite to the rear of the train, by the way) to the place where he found himself lying after the catastrophe.

By this time he had made known briefly to some officials that a woman was missing who had been in the carriage with him, and one or two of them followed him in his quest. Presently he realized pretty well where he had been thrown; he all but identified the spot. Then he scrambled through the hedge, and there, on the opposite side, on the sloping bank of a ditch, he beheld, lying quite still, her dark, and unmistakable form.

He ran forward, and, bending over her and looking down upon the marble, upturned face, saw at a glance that there was nothing dangerous about her now—those terrible eyes were closed forever! Except for a slight wound on one temple, whence a little blood had trickled, and the distorted but now rigidly closed hand, which had been so lately at his throat, she looked as calm and uninjured as if she were merely sleeping, while death had restored for a brief period much of that beauty, the traces of which had struck him when her veil was first lifted.

One of the surgeons here came hurrying up, in answer to summons.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed; "here she is, then, at last! Why, she must have been in the train. How on earth did she manage it?"

"Who is she?" inquired Jack, earnestly, with a strange return of the old, inexplicable sensation. "Who is she? You appear to know her. Pray tell me."

"Oh, one of our inmates; she got away yesterday morning; no one knows how," was the answer.

"You are from Longmoor, then. How long has she been there? What is her name?"

"Oh, she has been there upward of twenty years, I believe; long before my time."

"And her name?"

"Upon my word, at this moment, I can hardly," went on the doctor, mechanically passing his fingers over one of the pulseless wrists before him, and with a calm hesitation which contrasted strongly with Jack's earnest, impetuous manner. "I can hardly remember. I think she was committed for the murder of her own little girl. It was a sad case, I know. Ah! her name; I have it," went on the doctor suddenly; "her name was Pallant—Rachel Pallant."

Jack sprang from the kneeling posture in which he was, as if he had been shot

Why, that was his own dead mother's name! But, pshaw! what of that? Well, it was rather a startling coincidence; that was all! Ay, but was it all? Indeed, no.

The inquest led to a revelation. That inquiry fully explained what had been the nature of the influence which the weird pale face and strange presence had upon my friend.

The strong but subtle link which no time or absence can quite sunder, existing between mother and son, had made itself felt the instant those two sat face to face, for the unhappy woman was indeed none other than Jack's own mother!

He had never been told—in fact, it had been carefully kept from him; why run the risk of clouding for life that bright and happy temperament? He was only four years old when the dreadful business happened. Hence he had scarcely known a mother's care; she was lost to him, to the world, as completely as if she had died. Nay, death would have been a mercy by comparison, and it was generally assumed that she was dead; only a few very intimate friends knew the truth.

The poor lady's mind had given way suddenly after the birth of a child, who did not live. Within a week, the homicidal mania possessed her; by the merest chance she had been prevented from committing some frightful outrage upon her little boy, my poor friend Jack; and restraint not having been put upon her in time—for her malady had hardly been suspected, so unlooked-for was its appearance—she consummated her deadly propensity upon her eldest child, a girl fifteen years of age—killed her, in a word, as she lay asleep.

And here, after a lapse of twenty years, was the climax and end of the tragedy, as dreadful as anything that had gone before. The order for release, when it came, brought with it as much suffering (to all but one) as had the order for captivity. No wonder that Jack was an altered man. I have never seen a smile on his face since—though I trust that time, with its healing influence, may at least soften the blow.—[*New York Despatch*.]

Written for the Locomotive Firemens Magazine.

A GIRL'S LETTER.

BY N. W.

My letter is late by one day.
 The truth is, Maggie, dear,
 William came on Sunday—
 It seems he is always here,
 He, and young McKensy—
 He staid three blessed hours.
 My ma was in a frenzy.
 I bought some lovely flowers.
 I mean to tell you, Maggie,
 The news and everything;
 But, I find there isn't any—
 Oh! next week William is to sing
 With the Young Men's Christian Association—
 I'll manage, dear, to go,
 The fates and weather serving—
 I don't want ma to know.

Maggie, lovers are a nuisance!
William bought the ring last night,
A plain, gold one, like Mary's,
It gave me such delight;
I said I would gladly wear it.
How underneath the sun
Do girls contrive to bear it!
This giving up all for one.
Poor William, the foolish fellow,
Began to storm and fling,
And turned quite green and yellow—
I hate that sort of thing!
Now, John, is always quiet,
I think his cool gray eye
Would still a railroad riot,
Or make a regiment fly.
But what's so very funny about him—John, I mean—
He hasn't any money;
I heard from Clarence Green,
Just how he is situated;
Fires on a freight—see there—
Ah! well—these things are fated.
William owns a million square.
Yes, dear, fate trims the corners,
Rough hew them as we may.
We can't go clad like mourners,
Or weep the livelong day;
But, oh! don't breathe it, Maggie,
I'd marry John you see
Without one single penny,
If only he loved me.
Ah! well, well, well, that's folly—
But sometimes, Maggie, I've thought,
He too seems melancholy.
Quick glances that I've caught,
Looked full of speechless sadness.
There goes a silly tear,
To blot the page—what madness—
Good-bye, dear, William is here.
We dine next Sunday at mothers.
P. S. I must decide,
He won't stand too much nonsense—
My veil will be a full yard wide;
I don't like buff satin, it fades so,
I will have train and split up sacque,
For bunting is played out—
My heart aches. Love to Jack.

TIM FAGAN ABROAD.

"Sweet is the vale where the Mohawk gently glides,
On its calm winding course to the sea."—OLD SONG.

The Hudson is the Rhine of America, and it justly earns the title. I very much doubt that the Rhine floats such steamers as the *Daniel Drew*, for beauty of finish, comfort and accomodation. Like the Rhine, the Hudson has a great many points of historic interest along its banks. The famous war-like tribe of Indians, the Mohegans, occupied the country about Albany. A place on the east bank of the river is pointed out as the spot of the once ever-burning fire of this tribe. Catskill was their boundary on the west bank. The "*Daniel Drew*" and "*Vibarh*," plying between New York and Albany, are the property of Mr. Van Sanvoord.

Mr. Frost is captain of the "*Daniel Drew*." Mr. Ensign, the pilot, has an experience at his business of forty years; he is a hale, hearty-looking old man, whose head is white with age. This steamer has a first and a second engineer, also baggage-master—crew in all of fifty-one, which is increased to sixty-three when the season opens up. The salary of first engineer is \$125 per month; second receives \$50 with board, and allowed \$5 additional when off the boat; firemen receive \$35 and board and lodging on the steamer, and deck hands receive \$25 per month. With very few exceptions this crew has been together for the past eight years; they mingle and associate together like brothers, and are courteous and gentlemanly to strangers. The *Daniel Drew* has a very nice beam engine, with the diameter of cylinder sixty-eight inches, and ten feet length of stroke, engine works twenty-five pounds with vacuum.

Along the river are a great number of very fine residences. Some are prominent, others just visible among the trees, while others show a neat, well kept lawn, sloping down near the river, which gives a pleasing effect and adds greatly to their picturesque appearance.

From the town of Catskill can be seen the Catskill Mountain House, beautifully situated on the mountains, twelve miles distant. At a place on the Hudson one hundred miles from New York was built the first steamboat by Robert Fulton. Poughkeepsie, the guide says, is known as the Queen City of the Hudson, and is the Indian name for safe harbor. About ten miles below Poughkeepsie a point stands boldly out in the river, known as the "Devil's Dancing Chamber." Now, why his Satanic Majesty should open a dancing school on the Hudson, I have no knowledge. Perhaps it arose from the inflamed imagination of our invaders a century ago, who about that time, and in that neighborhood, were kept busy to a remarkable degree, and in their eagerness to place behind them a certain tract of country, saw, like "Tam O'Shanter," strange objects floating in the air, making rapid strides, and reaching to grasp their scalps—circumstances like these work on the imagination.

And "with continual watching almost dead,"
See continental hats or "midnight fires to dread."

Poor Tam could, by crossing a running stream, place the power of his airy pursuers at defiance—

"Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross."

Not so with the gentlemen of the Hudson, who, by the way, are *now* our cousins—a continental hat would follow and cross the Hudson, or a frozen Delaware, nay, and in the ocean make a bon-fire of an enemies ship, or illuminate the St. Lawrence by a similar operation. Even a "Stony Point" must submit to this never-tiring indomitable hat and make our enemies cousins (?)

Newburg, a handsome town, and having on its southern border an old stone house, easily seen from the river. This house was once the headquarters of General George Washington. How eagerly it is looked for; with what pride it is pointed out; look well at it; stamp it deep in your memory, and feel the thrill that every liberty-loving bosom experiences, while standing over the grave of the founder of our Republic.

After passing Newburg, we see through the trees, trying to hide its beauty, "Idlewild," once the subject of N. P. Willis' pen. Then comes Breakneck Mountain on the east side, with "Old Beacon;" "New Beacon" and "Fishkill Mountains" to the north-east. "Storm King," on the west side, considered the highest peak of the Highlands—1,600 feet. Hendrick Hudson called this Klinkersberg. Under the shadow of Mount Taurus is a white house, on the east bank, of which I am told was once the home of the poet Morris. Truly a fit place for a poet's home, where undisturbed he may study *vidas art*, and

"Let others labor on a vast design
A less, but polish'd with due care, be thine.
To change its structure be your last delight;
Thus spend the day, and exercise the night,
Incessant in your toil. But if you choose
A larger field and subject for your muse,
If scanty limits should the theme confine,
Learn with just art to lengthen the design
Beyond its native bounds; the roving mind
A thousand methods to this end may find;
Unnumbered fictions may with truths be join'd
Nature supplies a fund of matter still;
Then cull the rich variety at will."

On the opposite side towers the Old Cro' Nest Mountain, upwards of 1,400 feet. A little further down the river, and on the east side, is Constitution Island, where, in revolutionary times, a chain was thrown across the river to West Point, the military academy.

It is a pleasing sight to see a fleet of twenty or more canal boats, made fast to each other and close together, towed by the little steamer ahead. The families of the different boats are out on deck enjoying the scene and company of each other. On one part of this flotilla is a group, males and females, and the music of their song comes clear and sweetly over the water:—

"As pleasure calls from verdant grove to grove,
Strech'd on the flowery meads, at ease we lie,
And hear the silvery rills run bubbling by."

Another group have in their midst a violinist—

"And some in play and games heroic, pass the hours away,
Those raise the song divine, and these advance
In measur'd steps to form the solemn dance."

These little floating villages bring a change of scene, and it is with regret we see them pass behind us.

A short distance below West Point, and on the same side is Buttermilk Falls. It is not the amount of water, but the manner in which it is distributed, and falls like a veil over the dark rocks that gives it its beauty and name. Sugar-loaf Mountain is on the east side and nearly opposite. A house at the base of the mountain was shown to me as once the headquarters of Arnold, the traitor; he was then holding a position of trust, and a commanding officer under Washington. About four miles down the river and on the same side is the mountain, Anthony's Nose, 1,228 feet. A few miles further on we enter Haverstraw Bay, the river here seemed to be about five miles wide.

On the east side, and forty miles from New York, is the place where Baron Steuben drilled his little army of true patriots in 1776. Treason Hill, on the west bank, marks the spot and house where Arnold met Andre to complete arrangements for the destruction of Washington's noble band, and crush the life of our young republic at its very birth.

We next come to Sing Sing, and the well known state prison of the same name at the waters edge. The country here on the east side was occupied by the Indians known as the Mannhattans, and the Tappans roamed on the west. How changed is the country and its inhabitants to-day!

TIM FAGAN.

JUNE 8, 1879.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF PAIN IN INFERIOR ANIMALS.—Professor T. Rymer Jones, in writing of crustaceans, takes occasion to make the following remarks in regard to the susceptibility to pain of these and other animals. Is it really true in philosophy, says he, as it has become a standing axiom in poetry, that—

"The poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies?"

This is a question upon which modern discoveries in science entitle us to offer an opinion, and the result of the investigation would seem to afford more enlarged views relative to the beneficence displayed in the construction of animals than the assertion of the poet would lead us to anticipate.

Pain, "Nature's kind harbinger of mischief," is only inflicted for wise and important purposes—either to give warning of the existence of disease, or as a powerful stimulus prompting to escape from danger. Acute perceptions of pain could scarcely, therefore, be supposed to exist in animals deprived of all power of remedying the one or of avoiding the other. In man the power of feeling pain is indubitably placed exclusively in the brain; and if communication be cut off between this organ and any part of the body, pain is no longer felt, whatever mutilations may be inflicted. The *medulla spinalis*, which corresponds to the ventral chain of ganglia in articulated animals, can perceive external impressions and originate motions, but not feel pain; hence we may justly conclude that in the articulates likewise, the supra-oesophageal ganglia, the representatives of the brain, and the sole correspondents with the instruments of the higher senses, are alone capable of appreciating sensations of a painful character. Thus, then, we arrive at a very important conclusion, namely, that the perception of pain depends upon the development of the encephalic masses; and, consequently, that as this part of

the nervous system becomes more perfect, the power of feeling painful impressions increases in the same ratio; or, in other words, that inasmuch as the strength, activity, and intelligence of an animal, by which it can escape from pain, depends upon the perfection of the brain, so does the perception of torture depend upon the condition of the same organ. How far the feeling of pain is acutely developed in the animals we are now considering (articulates) is deducible from everyday observation. The fly seized by the leg will leave its limb behind and alight with apparent unconcern to regale upon the nearest sweets within its reach; the caterpillar enjoys, to all appearance, a tranquil existence while the larvæ of the *ichneumon*, hatched in its body, devour its very viscera; and, in the crustacea, of so little importance is the loss of a leg, that the lobster will throw off its claws if alarmed by the report of a cannon; and, again, should the claw of a lobster be accidentally damaged by accidents, to which creatures incased in such brittle armor must be perpetually exposed, the animal at once breaks off the injured member at a particular part; namely, at a point in the second piece from the body; this operation seems to produce no pain.—[*Scientific American*.]

WASTE POWER OF NIAGARA.—Dr. Siemens, in an address to the London Iron and Steel Institute, referred to several instances of available power being lost, owing to the inadequacy of our present means of utilizing it. The Falls of Niagara are a familiar example of this. The amount of water passing over this fall has been estimated at 100,000,000 tons per hour, and its perpendicular descent may be taken at 150 feet. But the force represented by the principal fall alone amounts to 16,800,000 horse power. In other words, all the coal raised throughout the world would barely suffice to produce the amount of power that continually runs to waste at this one fall. Dr. Siemens then mentions plans for carrying and utilizing water at a distance. Suppose, he says, water power to be employed to give motion to a dynamo-electrical machine a very powerful electrical current is the result. This may be carried to a great distance, through a large metallic conductor, and there made to impart motion to electro-magnetic engines, to ignite the carbon points of electric lamps, or to effect the separation of metals from their combinations. A copper rod of three inches diameter would be capable of transmitting 1,000 horse power, say a distance of thirty miles, an amount sufficient to supply 225,000 candle power, which would suffice to illuminate a large town.

THE EYE A VERITABLE PHOTOGRAPHIC CAMERA.—At the London Society, on May 13, Mr. W. G. Bird read a paper on "Photographic Vision," showing from researches made by Kuhne and Ball, that a visual purple pigment exists in the eye, and that a theory is based upon this fact of a result similar to that which takes place in photography. A fixation takes place of an image in the eye by physical changes in certain minute rods and cones found in certain membranes of the retina. The experiments appear to confirm the old theory that the eye of a deceased person or animal retains the last visual impression made upon it.

IF Edison's theory in regard to furnishing light by electricity at a trifling cost is realized, he will probably become one of the richest men in the United States should he live a decade longer. His yearly income from present patents is said to be about \$60,000, and he has thus far realized from all of them over \$400,000.

ABOUT 1,200 varieties of grasses grow within the limits of the United States. So says Prof. Collyer of the Agricultural Department at Washington.

THE number of changes which may be rung on a peal of bells is very curious. The changes on seven bells are 5,040; on twelve 479,001,600, which, at two strokes a second, would require ninety-one (91) years to complete. The changes on fourteen bells could not be rung through, at the same rate, in less than 16,575 years, and on twenty-four they would require more than 117,000,000,000,000 years.—*[New York Graphic.]*

WIT AND HUMOR.

A FEMALE teacher threatened to keep an unruly boy fifteen minutes after school. "I wish you'd make it half an hour," said the appreciative youth; "for you're the prettiest teacher in this town!" He got off easy.

L'INVITATION A LA VALSE.—Sir Frederick—"May I—a—have the pleasure?" Fair American—"Wal, I don't mind if I do take the creases out of my knees a bit!"—*London Punch.*

HE was a senior, and as he fetched up at the bottom of those slippery steps, he ejaculated: "Hell—(just then a professor came gliding around the corner) is paved with good resolutions." The professor smiled blandly, went to his room and gave that senior ten.

A COUNTRYMAN, seating himself at a fashionable restaurant with the intention of taking a hearty dinner, summoned a waiter and made known his purpose. The latter skipped briskly away, and finally returned with a handsomely bound bill of fare, which he opened and placed before the guest, who pushing it away, scornfully observed: "Oh, come now, you can't cram no literature down me; vittals is what I want—vittals—and purty derved quick, too!"

THE BOY'S PRIDE IN HIS FATHER.—The *Rockland Courier* is responsible for the following: "There were two men got into a fight in front of the store to-day," said a north-end man at the supper-table, "and I tell you it looked pretty hard for one of them. The biggest one grabbed a cart-stake and drew it back. I thought sure he was going to knock the other's brains out, and I jumped in between them."

The family had listened with wrapt attention, and as the head paused in his narrative, the young heir, whose respect for his father's bravery was immeasurable, proudly remarked:

"He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he, father?"

The head of the family gazed long and earnestly at the heir, as if to detect evidence of a dawning humorist; but, as the youth continued with great innocence to munch his fourth tart, he gasped and resumed his supper.

"PATRICK," said the priest, "the widow Malony tells me you have stolen one of her finest pigs. Is that so?" "Yes, yer honor." "What have you done with it?" "Killed it and ate it yer honor." "Oh, Patrick, when you are brought face to face with the widow and her pig on Judgment Day, what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of the theft?" "Did you say the pig would be there, yer riverence?" "To be sure I did." "Well, then, your riverence, I'll say, 'Mrs. Malony, there's your pig!'"

Editorial.

WM. N. SAYRE, *Editor.*

E. V. DEBS, *Associate Editor.*

THE Sixth Annual Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has done its work, and started us in our seventh year of existence a more compact and much stronger Order than ever. Much has been done that can not now be written in detail for our Magazine. As the year advances we will endeavor to spread before our readers the proceedings of the convention.

As a body of men, for intelligence and decorum, it had no superior in former assemblies. It was remarked by those familiar with deliberative bodies, that few bodies, of the various minds that met there, ever transacted the variety of business and surmounted the intricate details of work with the zeal and good judgment as did the Brotherhood in our last convention. Much was found necessary to do that required examination, and patient effort; this work was referred to committees to meet at the headquarters. The Constitution is to be re-written, and an additional degree prepared, that will place our Order upon a higher plane and relieve it from all suspicion that we are not what we claim to be—a body of men having solely at interest our individual advancement as mechanics, and the protection of our families, for the risks and dangers we take in the capacity of locomotive engineers and fireman. No one can or will censure a Brotherhood for pursuing such aims in life. No official will refuse to recognize, before an intelligent people, the right of a fireman to prove himself by study and practical experience fitted to be entrusted with the lives of the traveling public, by mastering the laws of physics, especially the anatomy of a locomotive engine. Our Brotherhood is advancing to this higher plane, and will try to keep pace with the age in self-improvement, and the love of charity.

THE annual convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, now in session in this city, is a credit to the calling which is represented and to the railway interest. The nearly sixty delegates present are a fine looking body of men, and the spirit which animates them seems to be excellent. We are glad to be assured from officers and other members that the Order and its members do not countenance strikes, but look to arbitration as the means of redressing their wrongs and securing their rights where they think they do not receive them. We can assure the firemen that the officers of the roads will always meet them fairly and reasonably when they do not come as strikers proposing to coerce instead of reasoning, and we trust that during the present session the Brotherhood will again put on record its declaration that the Order is unalterably opposed to strikes. With the benevolent feature of the Order we have the fullest sympathy. To make provision for those we love, is indeed a noble work.—[*The Railway Age.*]

MAGAZINE.—Agents for Magazine will continue to receive this years subscription until No. 12 is out, when the newly elected agents will take hold. In order that we may be able to tell how many books to have printed, commencing with January 1880, agents will canvass their lines and old subscribers, and report to the editor by November 20th. This must not be neglected, as in the past, as it causes a useless expense of from \$800 to \$1,000 a year.

W. N. SAYRE.



OUR SIXTH ANNUAL CONVENTION.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canadas in annual session at the Grand Pacific Hotel. The convention was called to order at 11 o'clock, William T. Goundie, Grand Master, presided; J. M. Dodge, Vice Grand Master, occupying a seat upon the platform beside him. William N. Sayre, Grand Secretary and Treasurer, performed the clerical work of the convention, assisted by S. M. Stevens, Grand Instructor. The convention was opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. Ryder.

After which His Honor, the Mayor of Chicago, welcomed the delegates to the city in a brief but happily worded address, which was well received by the convention. Mayor Harrison remarked the youthful appearance of the delegates, and alluded to the fact that the Order has a membership of fifteen thousand, while the brother society of locomotive engineers numbers nearly as many more. He said that Chicago and the railroads came into existence at about the same time, and that the people of this city have a deep concern in the railway interests centering here. The railroads have helped Chicago, but Chicago, in turn, has helped to make the railroads, and the interests of the two are mutual. He spoke of the vast responsibility for the protection of human life which rests upon the fifteen thousand firemen in this country. If one could be perched somewhere in the air, he said, and could look down upon the vast network of railways, with the myriad trains of ten, thirty and forty cars, bearing freight of incalculable value and a million lives, the spectacle would be an impressive one to behold. The speaker dwelt upon the importance of sobriety among the men having the charge of trains. He deprecated, in strong language, the practice of striking, and complimented the Brotherhood upon its expressed determination to refer all questions and grievances to arbitration. That was the proper way to settle differences. In conclusion he again tendered the boys the hospitality of the most wonderful city of the globe.

J. M. Dodge next introduced Grand Master W. T. Goundie, who addressed the convention substantially as follows:

He began by referring to the general response to the summons to attend the sixth annual convention, and extended a very cordial welcome to the delegates. He spoke of the presence of strange faces who were, at heart, with the organization,

the municipal authorities of the city and delegates from the offices of the railroad companies. Said he, we are honored by representatives of the press, through the medium of which, of late, our Order has been placed before the public in its true and untainted light. We represent twenty-five thousand men in our profession, who must exercise a great influence upon the destiny and character of the country. The Order was born at Port Jervis, N. Y., six years ago. The first two years of its existence established its worth. No trouble was experienced until the summer of 1877, when, said the speaker, during those dark and turbulent times nothing was too vile to hurl upon us; the people, the press, in fact the whole community seeming to regard us with hatred and suspicion. Our fortunes were in danger, and circumstances which were almost desperate filled us with the darkest gloom. How to grow out of this state of chaos was the paramount question, and the endeavor of the Order was to once more merit public approval and support. From this time fortune has been ours; the organizer has been busy throughout this country and Canada, and to-day our members are numbered by thousands. There was a period when it was held as a sort of dogma that the necessities of social existence separated mankind into great classes—the many whose doom was physical toil and mental apathy, and the few, whose privilege was bodily repose and intellectual activity. That period has, however, slowly passed away, and to-day the ill-paid laborer is equal to the merchant prince.

There are many who do not affiliate with any order. Among them may probably be classed the locomotive fireman. To assist him, to educate him, to care for his widow and orphans is this organization established. We have placed as our motto, engraven with letters of gold upon the heart of each and every member, the trio, "Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry." The first should be the frontispiece of every secret organization, as it is of ours. We are a class of laborers toiling day after day for a small pittance, and it is of the utmost importance that we should unite for mutual assistance. To bring stern reality to your heart let me ask, how long can a fireman's family subsist without assistance from elsewhere, in case of sickness or accident to its head? But a few short weeks and trouble and despair will be visible in that humble household. For the prevention of evils of this description has this Order been founded. To counteract these baneful influences and to alleviate this terrible suffering is our aim. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen has promised to do so, has done so, and with the help of Divine Providence will do so again.

The speaker referred with pride to the insurance offered to members by the organization. The manifest dangers which constantly surround them are multiplied according to the hazardous duties which they performed. Particularly does this apply to the engineman. Day after day as he plies his vocation, speeding over hill and dale, through forest and glen, bent only upon performing the duties imposed on him, little dreaming perhaps that his risk of life is fifty per cent. greater than that of any other mechanic or laborer, and how often have our fears been verified; a misplaced switch, a wash-out, a careless flagman, or, perhaps, a treacherous boiler may be the means of snapping asunder the tender chords of life, and a maimed or crippled figure, or, perhaps, death may be the result. The wonderful effects of an insurance under these circumstances are often noted, and sunshine and happiness are thus brought into households rendered desolate by the death of some loved one. During the last two years we have had but thirteen deaths in the

Order, a rate of barely one in two months, or, in other words, only twelve and one-half cents per month from each member. Considering the vast amount of good which this slight taxation has accomplished, it is safe to say that our insurance system has no superior in any order of mechanics or laborers.

Intemperance is the most formidable enemy of our Order. The speaker referred to the evils of intemperance. Who can trust the man who is not master of himself? Wine, as it lessens our caution, so it prompts us to speak our thoughts without reserve. When it has sufficiently inflamed us, all the suggestions of prudence pass away, we are regardless of consequences, our foresight is gone, and our fear with it. It is a prayer in which all good men unite, that the condition of the working classes may be improved, that their outward circumstances may be made better, and their social lives more peaceful. This can only be accomplished by their own moral and physical elevation. When the laborer of this country shall feel, as many of them already feel, that "knowledge is power," they will next set about to see how that power shall be exercised. "Do not be satisfied with a mud hovel when, by saving, you can procure a snug cottage. Do not be satisfied with a ragged coat when you can get a decent one." Extend as much as you can your lawful desires and enjoyments. Cultivate your understandings, elevate your tastes. You will find, when you come rightly to know their value, that those things which afford you the purest and most enduring pleasures are infinitely less costly than those gratifications which are sensual and transitory.

A number of the more ignorant of our class seem to be imbued with the idea that labor is very inadequately rewarded, owing to combinations of the rich against the poor; that property or wealth ought not to be accumulated or transmitted; that to take interest on money lent, or profit on capital employed, is unjust. There are notions that tend strongly toward an equal division of property, and the right of the poor to plunder the rich. To such as entertain these views, the speaker said, they are much mistaken if they suppose the wealthy will not find the means as well as the inclination to defend their property against the attacks of injustice. All that a good government can do is to give every man an equal chance of acquiring useful knowledge, to lighten as much as possible the burdens of taxation in favor of the poor, to grant no artificial privileges to the rich, and to throw no impediment in the way of industry or talent.

The speaker referred at length to the direful effects of strikes, and pictured the distress which always follows to the families of men engaged in them. He closed with the following peroration: "Of course you can not expect that an Order of this kind should be equally flourishing at all periods of the fluctuating transaction of railroad business from year to year; still I will predict that an order under the management which I anticipate may continue, will hold its own among all difficulties, while on the other hand it will grow with your growth and prosper with your prosperity. Sow the good seed, and rely on it that your harvest, whether retarded by a passing cloud, or quickened by a genial sun; your harvest, whether early or late, will be plentiful, and your reward secure."

J. M. Dodge, Vice Grand Master, read a short address. He was rejoiced that, though here and there a link had been dropped, the chain of brotherhood had been lengthened since the last preceding convention. The Order presents to-day, he said, a solid and harmonious front. The principles of the brotherhood are commending themselves to the better class of people all over the world. The

watchwords of the Order were benevolence, sobriety and industry. With these principles as the foundation of the Order, the firemen could command the respect of mankind, and could, moreover, secure for themselves and their loved ones the highest happiness attainable in this life. He told his brother delegates that good impulses would start them in the correct paths, and good principles would enable them to remain in those paths. He said that times had been hard during the past year, business had been greatly depressed, and millions of money had lain in vaults, or had been exchanged for bonds at low rates of interest, showing a want of confidence; but this state of things he argued, had induced deeper thought upon current problems, and beneficial results must follow. The mutual dependence of capital and labor upon each other needs only to be understood and appreciated by all classes, as it is by the few, and business and enterprises will experience a new and healthy activity. The members of the Order gloried in the fact of their being workingmen, and their aim was to dignify labor as manly. To make a success of this they should seek to acquire that personal dignity which education and self-improvement alone can impart. He urged his brethren to improve their leisure time in reading and study, and especially in informing themselves regarding those sciences in which their hands act as mechanical agents. Each member might find odds and ends of time which could be employed to his great personal benefit and improvement. Mr. Dodge regretted that so many members were delinquent in their subscriptions to the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine, which was so deserving of support. His address was warmly applauded.

Mr. J. Ward Boyle, of the Conductors' Brotherhood, made some timely remarks regarding the principles of the Order, which were symbolical of the essential qualifications in every railroad man:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Members of the Brotherhood: It affords me much pleasure to welcome you to our city. Chicago may properly be called the "city of conventions," and I assure you no association of gentlemen were ever more welcome here than are the members of the Locomotive Firemen's Brotherhood. The mottoes you have set forth are precepts as holy as the teachings of the bible. They demand the respect and deserve the encouragement of the people of our entire land.

Benevolent associations exist all over the world, notable among them are the Masonic and Odd Fellows orders. To rehearse the benevolent actions and great good accomplished by these orders would require more time than can here be given, and a mind better informed than my own. Suffice it to say, that thousands and thousands of widows and orphans nightly kneel and thank God and these associations of men who gave them food and shelter when the mysterious hand of Providence had taken from them the husband and father.

In many cities throughout the United States we find temples erected in honor of the benevolent actions and good deeds of the Masonic Order. In Baltimore stands a stately monument to the founder of Odd Fellowship. As yours is compared with these, a young association, you may not feel able to erect a monument to its founder, yet you may by your benevolent care for the distressed and afflicted, perpetuate your name and the motives of your Order by good deeds that shall outlast both marble temple and stately monument.

Your second motto, sobriety, is symbolical of the essential qualification in every railway employe. How frequently in years gone by have we seen a passenger's report of a railway accident thus noted in our daily papers: "The accident occurred

because the trainmen were drunk." Fifteen years ago railway men were considered a very rough class. Every hen roost that was robbed, every midnight fight or disturbance that took place, were offenses that the railroad men were held responsible for. Look at the change to-day! Among the firemen, engineers and other employes on our railway lines, we find men of the highest moral attainments; men whose society is eagerly sought; men who are everywhere considered citizens of the highest type of honor and respectability. What has brought about this change of opinion? It is because men have improved through the influences of associations. There is a saying, "that evil communications corrupt good manners." More powerful we find the agency of good associations to remove the evil in men.

Railway officials are not slow to notice any improvement in the morals of their employes, and however little you may be aware of it, or however discouraged you may feel that your promotion is not soon coming, they will not neglect you; no more than you, in their places, would neglect a deserving employe. Make yourselves worthy of recognition by temperate habits and proficiency in your business, and your reward will surely come.

Industry, the third principle set before your Order, is equally important with the others, to establish a lasting covenant among yourselves, by which you shall perpetuate your names, and the motives of your organization. Be industrious in your business; be industrious in maintaining harmony in your lodge rooms; be industrious in the selection of new members, allowing no unworthy man to enter your Order. We are all aware that many men seek admission into an order from mercenary and basely selfish motives, and from a lack of industry and honor become a drag upon the association, and every active member thereof. If by any negligence on your part, a man lacking the essential qualifications is allowed full membership in your Order, you are doubly guilty of a wrong in permitting such a man to burden yourselves and the Order with his shortcomings.

Your Brotherhood has prospered in the past few years, and to-day is recognized by the railway officials of this country as one of the best associations of railway employes in existence. The marked favor shown you by granting free transportation to delegates and members, is an assurance to you that the stigma of past years upon organizations known as brotherhoods has been effaced. Yours is no longer considered a striking Order, and I have been this day informed by one of your Grand Officers, that your Association is unanimously opposed to strikes of railway employes. I sincerely congratulate you upon the wisdom you have shown by taking this stand on this much vexed question.

Now, a word for your very excellent Magazine. I derive much pleasure from its perusal. Great credit is due the gentleman you so wisely selected as its editor. Having edited a craft magazine for some years, I know full well the difficulties that attend the position, and the embarrassments caused by lack of confidence and appreciation on the part of thoughtless members. For this reason permit me to suggest that each of you contribute to your Magazine, monthly, at least a few lines to show your interest in its prosperity and that of the Order it represents.

In conclusion, thanking you for your kind attention to my somewhat discursive remarks, permit me to wish you a very pleasant and enjoyable time while in our city and during your proposed excursion, and a safe return to your homes, satisfied that the results of your convention here has been profitable to yourselves and beneficial to your Brotherhood.

INDIANAPOLIS, September 2, 1879.

Wm. N. Sayre, Esq.: Dear Sir—I had been informed that the Locomotive Firemen would hold their annual convention in Indianapolis this fall, and am disappointed they should have found it best to choose another city. I had the pleasure of welcoming the representatives twice, and would have been pleased to do so again. Since, however, they are not to be with us this fall permit me, through you, to send them my kind regards, and to wish them a pleasant and profitable meeting, and that their welcome at Chicago may be as warm as we would have tried to make it here. Allow me too, a word of suggestion. In times past there have been strikes and violence. I hope that day is past. Surely when differences arise between employer and employe there is some better and more rational mode of adjustment than violence. They can not do without each other, and employers can not long afford to disregard the rights and interests of their employes without the consequences returning to plague themselves. No labor is so unprofitable—in that which is true profit, true prosperity to a community—as that of underpaid, discontented laborers, lacking in the comforts and even the necessities of life.

We can not escape from labor—good, honest, brow-sweating work—this must be accepted as wise and good, for God has so ordained; but its hardship can be lessened and its good results largely enhanced by a rational, humane and sympathetic concert between labor and capital. The capitalist should make the cause and welfare of his employes his own, as men, not mere beasts of burden, and so too, the laborer should regard his employers interest as his own, which, in fact it is, for the employe can not be prosperous unless that source from which he draws his resources is prosperous also.

In 1877 when railroad property was being destroyed in other cities by the million, in this city railroad employes stood guard day and night over railroad property, and no one dared strike a match or lay a hand of harm upon it, and not a rusty spike was missing. There were many who did not comprehend this, and thought it a dangerous experiment to place these men on guard, but those who knew them, knew they could be trusted: knew that words of kindness, sympathy and good advice would accomplish far better results than muskets and regiments, and we have still the same confidence in them, as men and good citizens, and would place them on guard again; and I have thought it might only be an act of justice to place yourselves in a true position before the public, and those who have misunderstood you; to adopt at your convention a resolution against strikes looking to violence or the interference with the right of one man to labor for any other—they two being agreed. This is a right belonging to the laboring man; the right to judge for himself; for whom he will labor, and for what price; and this right must be maintained. For your own faithful and intelligent aid in preserving the peace in July 1877, and for your honest and wise counsels to your fellow railroad employes, I wish again to thank you.

Please say to the convention to consider themselves as having a standing invitation to meet here in this city; that the latch string is always out; and they will be welcome any time they choose to come.

Truly yours,

J. CAVEN.

CHICAGO, September 1st, 1879.

J. M. Dodge and John Walsh, Chicago, Ill.: Gentlemen—Your favor of August 25th inviting me to be present at the convention of Locomotive Firemen to be held in this city on the 8th of September has been received. It will give me much pleasure to comply with your request, and I will attend the meeting as suggested, unless some imperative professional engagement should intervene.

Yours truly,

LEONARD SWETT, President Law College.

CHICAGO, September 5th, 1879.

J. M. Dodge and R. V. Dodge, Chicago, Ill.: Gentlemen—Your favor of 26th ult. kindly extending me an invitation to be present at the Sixth Annual Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen to be held in this city has been received. In reply will say it would give me pleasure to accept the invitation, but the pressure of business which has accumulated during an absence of several days will not permit me to be present.

Very truly yours,

S. J. HAYES, Sup't Machinery, I. C. R. Co.

CHICAGO, September 8th, 1879.

To the Secretary of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen: Dear Sir—I have refrained from answering the very complimentary invitation to be present at the convention of your Brotherhood, communicated to me some days ago, in the hope that my engagements would allow me, at the last moment at least, to meet the gentlemen who had thus honored me. My official engagements are such, however, that greatly to my disappointment they can not be avoided, and I beg to express my sincere regrets that I can not meet your honorable body. With high appreciation of your distinguished fraternity and with great respect, I am

Your obedient servant,

LUTHER LAFLIN MILLS, State's Attorney.

CHICAGO, September 4, 1879.

J. M. Dodge, Esq.: Dear Sir—Your communication of August 25, I received some days ago. In answer, will say I laid the matter before our division, and they through me, send thanks for your kind invitation. Some of us will endeavor to be present at your opening exercises.

Yours truly,

JOHN L. BRADBURY, Cor. Sec'y, Div. No. 10, B. of L. E.

CONVENTIONALITIES.

We were pleased to see the smiling countenance of W. H. Maxwell, delegate from No. 4, and sorry that Mrs. Maxwell did not accompany him after having received transportation over the various lines.

LOST SOMEWHERE IN CHICAGO.—A pair of cuffs, for description of same apply to Brother Zepp of No. 14.

"A HARD LIFE"—for explanation, apply to J. E. Miles, of No. 5, a signer of bonds.

To P. H. Sul-livan, of No. 28, caricaturist of convention, we return sincere thanks for the able and witty remarks and faithful delineations of *noted lights*.

For explanation as to feeding fishes and grave-yard stories apply to Jno. Broderick of No. 12.

Correspondence.

SHIP EL CAPITAN IN A GALE OF WIND OFF CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, ON HER
HOMEWARD VOYAGE FROM CALCUTTA TO NEW YORK, February 3d, 1877.

BY T. S. ABBOTT.

It is thirty-six hours now since this gale commenced. I am in constant fear that these seas will carry away our house and smash our cabins. The cabins are again overflowed by a heavy sea that has just swept across the house. The barometer has been going up quite fast, and that denotes unsettled weather. The captain did not expect such a gale down here at this time of the year, as it is the summer season, and is supposed to be fine weather in these extreme southern latitudes.

It is now 5 o'clock, P. M., and the gale has increased. The decks are full of water, and it is up to the men's shoulders. These heavy seas come smashing and crashing aboard, and dash everything in pieces they strike. One has just struck us and come aboard; two heavy water casks were torn from their lashings, banged together, broken up, and carried away. The steps leading from the main to the quarter deck were torn from their fastenings and broken all up. Belaying pins washed out of the pin rail were swept away, and every movable thing on deck carried off. The men have to cling to the ropes and rigging to save their lives. The seas sweep the decks so that its not safe a moment.

I turned into my berth at six bells, 7 o'clock, P. M., and passed another frightful night. The roar of these heavy seas is deafening, and strike her so that her bulwarks may go at any moment. At midnight a terrible sea came aboard; instantly the cabins were flooded with water; everything was wet; trunks, clothes, beds and bedding, books, charts, etc. Things were thrown about, and instruments that we thought were safely stowed away in their racks, were thrown out of them, and chairs and furniture piled up in a heap in the corner of the saloon. The steward and cabin boy, being used up, had turned into their berths. They had to get up, and the captain sent one of the boys, John, in from the deck, and between them all, they got the water mopped up. Just then came the call of all hands on deck, and so they had to leave, and I was left alone in the cabin.

After a while I saw a flickering light, and then smelled smoke. I sprang out of my berth, and rushed into the forward cabin and found the stewards pantry all afire. A kerosene lamp had gone adrift and fallen down on deck and broken, and spread its liquid fire in all directions. I sang out, "fire! fire! we are all on fire!" The third mate, who was soundly sleeping in his berth, heard me, and then the captain happened to come below and they made out to extinguish the flames. It was a very narrow escape for us. If we had got well on fire in such a gale, it would have been the last of us; no one would have been left to tell the tale. I was so frightened when I first saw this fire, that I completely lost my senses, but soon recovered them. This pantry was finished in black walnut, and oak set on in strips, oiled and waxed, and so the fire took hold of it at once. It was frightful enough while it lasted. I passed the rest of that night in terror. The ship rolled fearfully, shook, creaked, and quivered from stem to stern, and glad we were all when daylight dawned upon us once more.

This brings us to Monday, February 5th. At 6 o'clock, four bells, A. M., sea

time, I got up. The captain came below to get dry clothes soon after. Poor fellow, he was completely used up and worn out, as he had been on deck since Friday night at midnight, and has not had one hours rest in all that time. He inquired in the kindest manner, as to how I was, etc. I told him I was nervous and tired. He said, "I don't wonder at it. You have been alone in this cabin through this awful night. Why, if you were to go to sea for ten years, you would probably never see such weather again." Then the captain said there are some poor fellows to windward of us, with only one mast standing, and I am going to get to them if I can. Then he said, "dress yourself, and come on deck with me." I made out to get dressed, after various lurches and tumblings against the bulkheads in my state room, and then I had a tremendous tug to get my wet sea boots on. We both managed to swallow a cup of hot coffee and then went on deck. The captain found me a seat, near the rail on the leeward-side of the after-house, lashed me to it, and said now look out for yourself. Well, I thought I had seen high seas, but such terrific ones as these I never did see before. I had to look up to see them, and stretch my neck as far back as I could, and then could hardly see the tops of them. They were at least one hundred feet high, and the spray and foam ran along the tops of them as snow does on the drifts in winter. When the ship rolled I looked down into a steep abyss of seething water, and then there would be these immense seas all around us looking as if they would crush us to atoms in an instant. Then the ship would rise away up on them, and I could see around me for miles. It seemed like being on a very high hill, with smaller hills all about me. The captain then said to me: "Mr. Abbott, I wish some of our landsmen could see these seas. I guess they would then believe sea captain's stories about the ocean in a storm." I said "yes, I wish they could see them. I have seen as much as I care to of them."

While on the top of one of these immense high seas, I descried the wreck. It was a barque, and she only had her mizzen mast standing and rolled fearfully. We could see her whole broadside, with the copper hanging off of her in shreds, as she was thrown down, and rolled about in the troughs of the sea. We only had a glimpse of her, before we went down, down, into the abyss again, and had these frightful walls of green water all around us, and it seemed as if immediate destruction was inevitable; it was like being at the bottom of a huge well. After a while the captain concluded to run down to the wreck, as she had signal flags of distress flying, so he put our ship about and started for her. Then our ship gave two fearful rolls, and plunged her leeward rail four feet under water. I feared then she would never right herself again, but she did, and took another heavy plunge and roll to windward, and righted again, but her decks and cabins were full of water. I gave myself up for lost and clung to the rail like grim death, and expected to go at any moment, and when it was over, was surprised to find myself alive and well. It was fearful! fearful!

To be continued.

ON TOP OF CAB-ENGINE No. 64.

Bro. Sayre—I hope you will not laugh at this letter; yet I have just awoke after a few hours rest up here, and having had a dream, I desire to relate it. The fact of having had the pleasure of looking over a chart sent here by Brother Stevens may have produced the effect.

I dreamed that the old 64, staunch and true, stood below the depot, awaiting

the arrival of the night line from the West, and her engineer and fireman. I was putting on my coat, when my little boy called out, "dood nite, pa; teep her hot," and my wife gave me a bucket of lunch, and with the usual, "Good bye, come back safe; 'tis an awful dark, cloudy night out." I said, "Never mind, we will be the more careful," and started for my engine where I found our hostler awaiting my arrival. When Ed. came around we got ready, and waited for the sound of the whistle from the West. Soon it came, and within ten minutes we had coupled on to eight cars of express and passengers and were flying along the rail. My thoughts were of home, and a desire to have it clear up; but to the contrary, the winds began to blow and following that came the rain, thunder and lightning, and as we turned a long bend, I could see the lights in the coaches, and but a half mile from there over big Canon Creek, was the long truss bridge; as we came onto it all was dark, but a second after the lightning lit up the heavens, the water beneath and the bridge. One look! and I could see that it was washed away in the middle. One thought of home and dear ones, and I plunged headlong into the wild waters below, striking a large stone on which the truss formerly stood, killing me instantly.

I was then washed by the angry waters down, down, many yards, until rescued by a party sent in search of me. I was picked up and taken to within a short distance of my home when they set down the bier, and consulted as to who should notify my wife of the accident. Our train master was selected to accompany a brother fireman. I see them approach my house. My wife starts from her seat as she hears the footsteps, and as if she already suspected the truth, cries out, as she admits the bearers of the dreadful news, "my husband is dead!" No words can express the feelings of that wife and mother, as my body is brought in and given to those who but a few hours ago I parted from in health. I hear the wail of woe from mother and wife.

Next I am taken to my last resting place, where the members of my lodge perform the rites of the Order, and the man of God offers up prayer for the salvation of my soul, and requesting the All-wise being to guard over and protect my family, who turn homeward with hearts filled with sorrow; fatherless and alone, but not alone! I next see the members of our beloved Order fulfilling the obligations to the living, contracted by the dead. I can hear my wife and aged mother as they thank the brother who has just brought the sum of money due from our insurance, which will enable them to battle against poverty, and as the door closes on him, I see the motto of the Order fulfilled, and I awake to find myself yet alive and with such a picture of truth engraven upon my memory as to never forget that which should have been uppermost in my mind, made more vivid by the truthful drawings on the chart of our Order.

Fraternally yours,

FIREMAN OF No. 64.

PEORIA, ILL., August 22d, 1879.

Editor Magazine: As you have written on Benevolence, Sobriety, and Industry, and having not seen anything from the members of No. 22, I will ask—What is Charity? How is it to be understood in our Order? The word charity, in a general sense, means love, benevolence, good-will, that disposition of heart which inclines men to think favorably of their fellow men and do them good. Accompany this disposition with an active desire to promote their happiness, and you have benevolence; add to both the affections of your heart, and you possess brother-

ly love. Of all the virtues that humanity and the spirit of our institution demand of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, none more easy in practice, and hence none more generally noticed by the community at large, than charity. What is easier for a man than to divide, here and there, a small portion of his substance with the poor and needy; a portion which otherwise would perhaps be spent to less useful purposes.

But is this, by itself, virtue? We might be charitable to rid ourselves of an importunate intruder, give as a kind of ransom; for the momentary good feeling awakened in our bosom; by the sight of misery and distress, we throw our mite to them more for our than their sakes. This is not true charity. Often too, men are charitable because they are rich, and it leads them to think extremely well of themselves—how happy they are compared with this or that poor man; how little a few dollars will affect their easy circumstances. Now this class of benefactors care little whom they benefit with their charity; worthy or unworthy subject is all one to them. This is not true charity.

Again, many give because in these days of progress and civilization, a man dare not be hard-hearted toward the poor man without exposing himself to censure and disrepute in the community. It is fear that stimulates them to be charitable, not love; it is to public opinion that they make a sacrifice rather than to the poor. Be not deceived, brethren, with many that act charitably. It is more a matter of good breeding than a virtue. Their standing and relation in society is the main mover of their deeds; the spirit of true charity never entered their bosoms.

How is it to be understood in our Order? Ours is a happy lot, my brethren. The good we intend is not based on selfish motives or narrow abstractions. We do not discuss or practice charity on utilitarian principles. We do not ask where a man is born before we assist him in distress. Our motto is: first our brother, next the widow and orphan. Be it ever far from us, that false charity which gives to be noticed. Never shall the truly needy be sent away from a Fireman's door without help. We are in duty bound to commit the mortal remains of a departed brother to the tomb, and the reward will forever dwell in our own conscience.

The wise and good of former ages have gained the admiration of the world by their noble deeds, but none were ever truly great, if charity and benevolence were not the primary movers of their actions. A retrospective view of the history of the past gives us the most striking proofs that without the practice of charity, no nation ever prospered; no man was ever truly happy. If a man be not charitable, he must be selfish; if he be not benevolent, and cares nothing for the welfare of his fellow men, he must be proud. There is no medium between the two.

I have said that without the practice of charity no nation ever prospered; no man was ever truly happy. Can any one read the writings of our immortal Washington without being convinced of this fact, without being filled with esteem and veneration for the father of his country? Every word, every sentence, breathes the spirit of love and charity, to free his beloved country, his oppressed fellow-citizens from the absolutism of a foreign king; to render them free, happy and prosperous, with the least possible sacrifice of human life; this was his aim, and after he so gloriously attained it, he retires from the scene, ever continuing his charitable deeds in humble retirement.

It is not my place to expound the life of a Washington, but I would merely point at him as the greatest model of a virtuous man known in history since the time of

Christ. And let me tell you that for the observer of the human character, one fact remains incontrovertible, and too clear to admit of dispute: that his spirit still lives within the hearts of this people. May it never die, that spirit of charity so successfully engrafted in the bosom, and in a great measure due to the grace of Almighty God: the unparalleled prosperity of this mighty nation. Let us have charity, and we will never forget it, for it is one of the greatest of all virtues.

I remain your brother in B. S. and I., WM. B. WALTER.

CENTRAL LODGE, No. 22.

The following remarks by Chas. G. Swan, to the retiring master, brother Shufelt, of Buffalo Lodge No. 12, is evidence of the faithful performance of the duties belonging to that office:

Brother Shufelt: In retiring from the office as master of this lodge, having filled the same the past eighteen months with honor to yourself and its members, I would extend to you in behalf of the members of No. 12 their most heartfelt thanks, for through you they have received an example worthy of the attention of all its members. As a master who has been punctual at all meetings; a man that has put forth all his energies to promote the cause of Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry; teaching us to show benevolence towards our brother firemen in the hour of need; teaching us to shun the paths of the drunkard (as the scripture teaches that no drunkard can enter the kingdom of heaven); teaching us to be industrious in all our undertakings, as no man that is shiftless in his duty towards his employer can ever expect to succeed in the course of promotion; but a man that is always showing respect to his superior officers, and doing good to his fellow men is the man that will always succeed in life, for every deed done by him, be it good or be it bad, is noticed by the officer in charge. When our Maker calls us to that home above (knowing as we do that no man knoweth at what hour the Son of Man cometh), we ought to make preparations for our near and dear ones left behind, so they will not come to want. In doing this, Brother Shufelt, you have gained our heartiest thanks, knowing as we do, that there is not at the present time an organization that is founded on so solid a basis, and pays its members the same amount of money for as little paid out by them as our Order does. So let each and every one try in the future to show our employers and the public that we as an organization are not banded together for any other purpose than our motto teaches us: Benovolence, Sobriety and Industry.

Now, brothers, in closing let me thank each and every one for the way in which you have kept your account on my books, for in so doing, you have helped me in the discharge of my duties as Financial Secretary of this lodge, and I also think that the retiring officers can say the same. So bidding you all God speed, a happy and prosperous future, I will say good-bye.

Brother J. H. Crossman was elected master of Buffalo Lodge No. 12.

Officers and Members of Buffalo Lodge, No. 12: In choosing me as your Master for the ensuing year, I thank you, one and all. For in so doing you put a trust in me which any man ought to be proud of. This lodge being a sub-lodge controlled by the Grand Lodge of Locomotive Firemen, an organization extending throughout the United States and Canada, covering thousands and thousands of miles of railroad, doing good wherever a sub-lodge is located, helping to lift up the fallen, and bring them into the path that leads to that great lodge where there is

no parting, and no pits of dishonor or disgrace open to allow them to fall into, but where there is brotherly love shown on all sides. Now let each and every one of us, as we go forth from this lodge room to-night, go forth with the intention in our hearts to do good to all our brother firemen, and to those not belonging to this noble Order. Trying to show them the good done by us in helping to care for the disabled, or in case of death, helping to drive starvation and crime from the doors of their dear ones left here on earth. And I think that if each and every one of us will go forth to-night with the intention of bringing one or more firemen here to join hands with us, to help us in this good and noble work, the shining light of many a poor fireman, knowing that when he is called away to that home above, his dear ones left behind will not want for bread; that when another year is ended we can look back and say, "*well done*," "I have accomplished what I set out to do." Which will be one good mark for us in that book kept by our Great Grand Master above. Now in closing let me ask each and every one of you to lend me a helping hand in the discharge of my duties, for without your assistance, I can not fill my chair as Master ought to. Once more thanking you, one and all, from the bottom of my heart, for the honor you have bestowed upon me

I remain your

WORTHY MASTER.

September 16, 1879.

Editors Magazine: Capitol Lodge, No. 46, was highly pleased last Sunday with a visit from Brother Geo. Garrahan of No. 74, and many thanks returned to him for the kind information to all brothers of No. 46, hoping we will return his visit some future day.

LODGE No. 46.

BLACK LIST.

No. 62. P. R. Vandermark, expelled, non-payment of dues.

No. 9. John D. Croft, expelled for defrauding the lodge of \$10, and a brother of \$8, also for refusing to pay the death claims due widows and orphans. L. M. Rice, Wm. Dunnick, expelled for defrauding widows and orphans.

No. 40. W. B. King, John Granger, J. Butler, P. Short, expelled for non-payment of dues.

SUBORDINATE LODGE ITEMS.

We are in receipt of a letter from brother Hynes, dated Paris, France, August 14, in which he relates his visit to the tomb of Napoleon I, the palace, gardens, and trip from Paris to Liverpool, England, of which we will speak through the columns of the book hereafter. We almost envy Tim in his travels.

We record the death of the son of Mr. and Mrs. Calkins, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Members of No. 27 not on duty attended the funeral. Mr. and Mrs. Calkins desire to return their thanks to the brothers of Hawkeye for the many acts of kindness shown them in their hour of affliction.

BROTHER John Clark, of Bluff City Lodge No. 55, who is now away from the grief-stricken city of Memphis, on account of the yellow fever, wishes to return his sincere thanks to the brothers of No. 23 for courtesies shown him in his travels. Brother Clark was one of those noble heroes who last year remained at his post of duty, when the grim monster was numbering its victims by the thousands; when the strong and healthy trembled and turned from the terrible scenes horror-stricken, not knowing what moment they would be numbered among the dead.

WHY would brother Broderick make a poor passenger conductor. Because he would halloo New York before he was out of sight of Chicago. M. G. M.

THE actions of brothers Maroney and Ross appeared very *knoty* during the convention; don't know who tied 'em.

WE are in receipt of a letter from our old friend Albert Vandemark, with whom we have pulled through many storms on the C. B. & Q. R. R., and enjoyed his hospitality. Friend Van is on the S. P. R. R., running out of San Francisco. We wish him prosperity, and trust his sand will never run low, or his grip on the throttle decrease.

At the Convention, among the visitors on the opening day, was Mrs. C. T. Ritchey, Mrs. J. M. Dodge, Mrs. Carothers, Mrs. R. V. Dodge, Mrs. D. H. Dill, Mrs. M. Gepper, Mrs. J. Clark, Mrs. Capt. Buett, Mrs. J. Connor, and Miss Leonard. The Lake Forrest Academy was represented by a Japanese student, Michitara Ongawa. We also were pleased to meet the following engineers representing lines running in and out of Chicago: J. Hill, M. Hickey, C. Leach, E. Hodder, C. Kinnally, C. Dickerman, F. Spike, Phil. O'Neil, N. Dickerman, P. Coyle, E. Laingor, W. T. Perry. Also Mr. H. R. Hobart, editor of the Railway Age, and Messrs. Morrison and Heminway, managers of the Railway Men's Reading Room, Chicago.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies the guests departed, and the general order of business was taken up.

Through an invitation extended the delegates by the officers and members of Lodges Nos. 47, 50 and 95, the delegates and the friends of the members of the three Lodges partook of a grand excursion on the beautiful steamer Carona, of the Goodrich line, leaving the dock at 2:30 P. M., they sailed up the lake about six miles, passing on the way the mammoth elevators, the exposition building, water-works, and the crib, also Lincoln park, and the lake-side drive. The water being somewhat rough, owing to the high wind, many of the ladies and several brothers experienced what is known best as sea-sickness. Lemons were at a premium for a time, but they had no effect upon brothers Broderick and Schmitt.

Notwithstanding the roughness of the water, we find the brothers, with their ladies, enjoying themselves. In the cabin was a piano which was soon brought into use. Brother Josh Clark and wife sang and played. Brother Kellard of No. 95, sang several songs, to Miss Peters' accompaniment. Brother J. M. Dodge of No. 47, sang and played some of his songs for which he is so famous. Bro. Walsh of No. 46, sang the "Jolly Irishman," while brother Brewer of No. 36, distilled sweet music from the harmonica.

Dancing being proposed, the boat was anchored inside of the breakwater, and such as participated enjoyed themselves, considering the condition of the water.

At five o'clock, anchor was raised, and the boat put out into the lake again, a distance of five miles, returned to the dock at six o'clock, all highly pleased with the sail.

BROTHERHOOD CHART now ready for delivery. Price, \$2.00.

As India ink is the only ink that will work on the charts, members wishing their names placed on the same when ordering a chart, can have it done in German text letters, by a competent and artistic penman for twenty-five cents. Address this office.

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, at the Sixth Annual Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, held in the city of Chicago, September 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, This body fully appreciating the financial benefit and assistance rendered us by the following railroad companies, granting transportation over their lines to and from the convention, be it

Resolved, That we return our sincere thanks to the officers of the New York, Lake Erie & Western; Atlantic & Great Western; Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati & Indianapolis; Indianapolis, Cincinnati & Lafayette; Cincinnati, Lafayette & Chicago; Illinois Central; Chicago & North-Western; Chicago, Rock-Island and Pacific; Vandalia line; Indianapolis & Louisville; Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western; Wabash Line; Chicago & Alton; Buffalo & South-Western; Chicago, St. Paul & Minneapolis. Be it

Resolved, That we return to Mr. J. B. Drake, proprietor of the Grand Pacific Hotel, for the many courtesies and gentlemanly manner in which he entertained us, our most sincere thanks. Be it

Resolved, That we tender our thanks to the Rev. Dr. Ryder for services rendered to us in opening the convention. Also

That we are much pleased, and truly grateful for the welcome extended to us by the Hon. Carter Harrison, Mayor of the city of Chicago; and to J. Ward Boyles, editor of the Conductors' Magazine and Repository, we extend our thanks for the words of encouragement and advice, and we furthermore wish him God speed in the cause he so ably represents. Be it

Resolved, That this body extends to the Hon. John Caven, Mayor of the city of Indianapolis, Indiana, its thanks for the kindly sentiments expressed in his letter in behalf of the Brotherhood, and desire that he should know we have accepted his suggestions. Be it further

Resolved, That this body return to T. S. Abbott, J. W. Riley, S. M. McGaffey, W. F. Hynes, Lee O. Harris, J. Curran-Keegan, A. B., and our lady correspondents our sincere thanks for the gratuitous contributions to the Magazine; and to E. V. Debs, associate editor for 1879 our thanks, and we further trust his present position, that of city clerk, will be a profit to himself, honor to the citizens of Terre Haute, and a credit to the B. of L. F.

To the Railway Age and the press of Chicago we extend our heartfelt thanks for the interest taken in our Order, and for the notice and statements which appeared during the week of our convention.

To the Honorable Judges of the Appellate Court we are indebted for the use of the same, and we desire to return our thanks and trust our body will ever remember the courtesies received.

To the officers and members of Lodges Nos. 47, 50 and 95 of Chicago, we can but return our thanks for the kind and gentlemanly treatment; also for the lake excursion, and desire that we will ever remember the sixth convention in your city and prove ourselves worthy of a return.

To our retiring Grand Officers we can but partially repay by thanks, our Grand Master, Vice Grand Master and the others, but we cheerfully return our heartfelt thanks for services rendered.

To brother John Clark and Joseph Brentnall we extend our sympathies in their hour of affliction, and trust they will not find their families as ill as reported.

Resolved, That this organization does not countenance strikes in the future.

Resolved, That we also thank Lodges Nos. 14, 5, 16, 47, 50, 22 and 40, for the use of regalias; and to the committee on arrangements and Brother J. Walsh of No. 46, we extend our thanks; and that a copy of these resolutions be inserted in Chicago papers and B. of L. F. Magazine.

W. S. BARROWS,
JOSH. S. CLARK,
W. H. HOCKENBERGER. } Committee on Resolutions.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Sept. 16, 1879.

At a regular meeting of Minnehaha Lodge No. 61, B. of L. F., it was

Resolved, That we extend to brother W. T. Goundie, G. M., and also to brother L. Archer, of No. 72, a vote of thanks for their kindness in visiting us, and for advice and instructions received of them.

Resolved, That a copy of the above be forwarded to the editor of our Magazine for publication.

CHAS. MONTGOMERY, Rec. Sec'y.

At a meeting of Forest City Lodge, No. 10, held Sunday, September 7, 1879, it was

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered Brother S. S. Card, the retiring master, for the very efficient manner in which he performed his duties during his term of office, and that a copy of the same be forwarded to the Magazine for publication.

T. H. SHEPPARD,
R. W. SHOBER,
JOHN BRANNAN. } Committee.

CLEVELAND, September 7, 1879.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS

elected at Sixth Annual Convention, Chicago, Ill., September 12th, 1879.

F. W. ARNOLD.....Grand Master,
Columbus, O.
J. E. BRIGGS.....Vice Grand Master,
Waterloo, Ia.
W. N. SAYRE.....Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Indianapolis, Ind.
S. M. STEVENS.....Grand Instructor,
Lowell, Mass.
J. H. CROSSMAN.....Grand Warden,
Buffalo, N. Y.
DAN. LAZEART.....Grand Conductor,
San Francisco, Cal.
W. H. WHIPPEN.....Grand Inner Guard,
Boston, Mass.
D. H. DILL.....Grand Outer Guard,
Marshall, Tex.
WM. KARCHER.....Grand Chaplain,
Philadelphia, Pa.
WM. KELLOGG.....Grand Marshal,
Chicago, Ill.
WM. N. SAYRE.....Editor Magazine,
Indianapolis, Ind.

GRAND TRUSTEES.

WM. T. GOUNDIE.....Philadelphia, Pa.
JNO. BRODERICK.....Hornellsville, N. Y.
J. M. DODGE.....Chicago, Ill.

GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

M. GEPPER.....Chicago, Ill.
OLE THOMPSON.....Carlin, Nev.
L. ARCHER.....Camden, N. J.
S. MCGAFFEY.....Topeka, Kas.

P. SULLIVAN.....North Platte, Neb.
J. CLARK.....Cleveland, O.
C. T. RITCHEY.....Urbana, Ill.
C. J. MCGEE.....Danville, Ill.
A. BASSETT.....Fargo, D. T.
P. S. KEITH.....Clinton, Ia.
W. P. DANFORTH.....Worcester, Mass.
W. MARONEY.....Chicago, Ill.

LODGE ADDRESSES.

Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.

4. GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M.
and D. Hall, Water street.
T. S. Taylor (Box 1315).....Master
J. F. Hoffman (Box 501).....Rec. Sec'y
Geo. F. Dunbar (Box 286).....Fin. Sec'y
Dunbar, Quackenbush and Wilkes,
Magazine Agents.
5. UNION, at Galion, Ohio. Meets every
Wednesday evening at 7:30.
A. Jenkinson.....Master
T. Wooley.....Rec. Sec'y
J. E. Miles.....Fin. Sec'y
Jas. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
8. JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets
2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. F. Hall,
at 7:30 P. M.
A. J. Gabard.....Master
L. M. Phipps.....Rec. Sec'y
Thos. Ackley.....Fin. Sec'y
E. G. Snyder.....Magazine Agent

9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.
F. W. Arnold.....Master
 (Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block.)
W. K. Redmund.....Rec. Sec'y
 (City Water Works.)
C. F. Collier (30 Russel st.).....Fin. Sec'y
Jno. T. McClure.....Magazine Agent
 (160 south High street.)
10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets every other Sunday, commencing April 6th, Haller's Hall, Ontario St. s. s. at 2 P. M.
S. S. Card, 283 Starkweather ave.....Master
T. H. Sheppard, No. 6 Fruit st. Rec. Sec'y
T. H. Sheppard do Magazine Agent
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 P. M., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
J. S. Gorgas.....Master
P. C. Everitt.....Rec. Sec'y
H. Lott.....Fin. Sec'y
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.
J. H. Crossman, 454 Swan st.....Master
A. L. Jacobs, 413 Perry st.....Rec. Sec'y
C. G. Swan, 438 S. Div.....Fin. Sec'y
J. H. Crossman.....Magazine Agent
 (454 Swan street.)
13. MISSISSIPPI VALLEY, at East St. Louis, Ill. Meets every other Sunday in Temperance Hall, commencing April 20, at 2 P. M.
John McGarrahan.....Master
Jerry Benedict.....Rec. Sec'y
Fred Allen (Box 191).....Magazine Agent
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M., at No. 62½ East Washington street.
Joe Smith (233 North Peru st.).....Master
C. W. Hawley and James House.....Rec. Sec'y
Jno. Ensey.....Fin. Sec'y
16. VIGO, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock, P. M. at A. O. U. W. Hall, N. E. Cor. Main and Eighth Sts.
R. Ebbage (Box 1074).....Master
E. V. Debs (Box 522).....Rec. Sec'y
J. H. Dodson (Box 1074).....Fin. Sec'y
Jas. Smith (Box 1074).....Magazine Agent
17. OLD POST, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets in No. 2 Engine House every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.
T. A. Galloway.....Master
 (East St. Louis, Ill.)
C. A. Cripps.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y
F. B. Wheeler.....Magazine Agent
20. STUART, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.
Wm. McBride.....Master
D. Hartigan (Box 418).....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. McBride.....Magazine Agent
21. INDUSTRIAL, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in Engineers' Hall.
Wm. Stevenson.....Master
H. Obenhouse.....Rec. Sec'y
J. A. Hayes.....Fin. Sec'y
J. A. Hayes.....Magazine Agent
22. CENTRAL, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., in B. of L. E. Hall.
J. M. Garrett.....Master
Wm. Trenary (Box 598).....Rec. Sec'y
W. H. Neville.....Fin. Sec'y
L. E. Beckley (Box 578).....Magazine Agent
23. LOUISVILLE, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., in Israel's Hall, 69 3d avenue.
J. W. Richardson (286 Wenzel st).....Master
W. J. Thompson do Rec. Sec.
F. B. Alley, 505 Washington st... Fin. Sec.
J. A. McHugh, Broadway Hotel. Mag. Agt
27. HAWKEYE, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets alternate Sundays, at 2 P. M., at engineers' hall.
W. C. Byers (Box 56).....Master
F. A. Davis.....Rec. Sec'y
E. D. Eckman (Box 399).....Fin. Sec'y
W. S. Davis, Box 1146.....Magazine Agent
28. ELKHORN, at North Platte, Neb. Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month.
P. H. Sullivan.....Master
H. J. Clark.....Rec. Sec'y
T. Brown.....Fin. Sec'y
W. J. Stuart.....Magazine Agent
29. CHAMPION, at Detroit, Mich. Meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30, at their Hall, 65 Michigan avenue.
Jas. Byrnes.....Master.
Martin Cooper.....Rec. Sec'y
Jas. Thomas, John Shaw.....Mag. Ag'ts
30. CEDAR VALLEY, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets every 1st and 3d Saturday each month, in Good Templars' Hall.
J. M. Dubois.....Master
L. C. Chase.....Rec. Sec'y
J. E. Briggs.....Fin. Sec'y
W. R. Saunders (Box 799).....Magazine Agent
34. CLINTON, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
B. S. Keith.....Master
A. J. Sill.....Rec. Sec'y
Jno. Mooney.....Fin. Sec'y
W. T. Post.....Magazine Agent
35. At AMBOY, ILL. Meets in Engineers' Hall 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
T. Hincheliff.....Master
Wm. H. Dean.....Rec. Sec'y
W. M. Palmer.....Fin. Sec'y
Titus Hincheliff.....Magazine Agent
36. TIPPECANOE, at LaFayette, Indiana. Meets every Sunday, at 2 P. M., at B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Fourth and Terry street, Wallace Block.
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union Street.....Master
W. D. Pritchard, 144 N. 5th st.....Rec. Sec'y
C. F. Bingham, 161 Union st.....Fin. Sec'y
J. H. Brewer.....Magazine Agent
39. NORTH STAR, at Austin, Minn. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, at 2:30 P. M.
Geo. R. Talbott.....Master
J. Brown.....Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Scagel.....Magazine Agent
40. BLOOMING, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday night
Jas. Taylor.....Master
Jas. C. Hall, 913 W. Mulberry st... Rec. Sec'y
Jno. B. Miller.....Fin. Sec'y
 (C. and A. engine house.)
O. Rafferty, 705 W. Chestnut st. Mag. Ag't

41. At ROCKLIN, CAL. Organizing.
43. ST. JOSEPH, at St. Joseph, Mo. Meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every second and fourth Sundays in each month.
 L. Mooney.....Master
 O. W. Richardson.....Fin. Sec'y
 L. H. Ingersoll.....Magazine Agent
45. ROSE CITY, at Little Rock, Ark. Meets every Monday at 7:50 p. m., corner Main and Markham streets.
 J. Schellhorn (Lock Box 648).....Master
 P. J. Robison.....Rec. Sec'y
 E. W. Mills.....Magazine Agent
46. CAPITAL, at Springfield, Ill. Meets every alternate Sunday, corner 8th and Market streets.
 W. R. Whitecomb (c. 9th & Market sts) Master
 G. D. Partington (Lock box 1126).....Rec. Sec'y
 Pat. Allen (Wabash Shops).....Fin. Sec'y
 Louis Smith, do.....Mag. Agent
47. TRIUMPHANT, at Chicago, Ill. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Railroad Chapel.
 M. Gepper, 770 Wabash ave.....Master
 Jas. Mylett, 706 Indiana ave.....Rec. Sec'y
 F. E. Parker, 49 24th street.....Fin. Sec'y
 P. D. Furling, 770 Wabash ave.....Mag. Ag't
50. GARDEN CITY, at Chicago. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Engineers Hall, on State street, between 48th and 49th.
 W. S. Barrows, 4532 Dearborn st.....Master
 W. Field.....Rec. Sec'y
 Cor. State and 47th st.
 W. S. Barrows.....Magazine Agent
 4532 Dearborn street.
51. FRONTIER CITY, at Oswego, N. Y. Meets every Thursday at 2:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall.
 Jas. Gorman, 171 West 8th st.....Master
 L. J. Boynton, 112 W. Utica st., Rec. Sec'y
 Jno. Burns.....Fin. Sec'y
 L. J. Boynton.....Magazine Agent
52. GOOD WILL, at Logansport, Indiana. Meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at B. of L. F. Hall, corner Market and Fifth Sts.
 A. Ross.....Master
 R. Warner.....Rec. Sec'y
 Ambrose Ross (Box 626).....Magazine Agent
54. ANCHOR, at Moberly, Mo. Meets every Monday night at 43 Reed street.
 Jno. Mummet (box 820).....Master
 Geo. R. Stacey, do.....Rec. Sec'y
 J. Bresson do.....Fin. Sec'y
 J. J. Murphy do.....Magazine Agent
55. BLUFF CITY, at Memphis Tenn. Meets 2d and last Saturday evenings of each month, at Knights of Honor hall, 298 2d street.
 Jno. Clark.....Master
 Alex. M. Cronin.....Rec. Sec'y
 W. M. Buchanan.....Fin. Sec'y
 Alex. M. Cronin.....Magazine Agent
56. TOPEKA, at Topeka, Kan. Meets every alternate Sunday at A. O. U. W. Hall.
 J. R. Goheen.....Master
 Wm. Tangman, Topeka, Kan.....Rec. Sec'y
 J. R. Goheen.....Magazine Agent
57. BOSTON, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. and 3d Sunday of each month, at 10:30 a. m., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.
 A. A. Kilburn, Dedham, Mass.....Master
 L. L. Parker, Jr.....Rec. Sec'y
 72 Cambridge street, E. Cambridge, Mass.
 Jno. C. Adams.....Fin. Sec'y
 29 Milford Place, Boston Highlands, Mass.
 L. L. Parker, Jr.....Magazine Agent
60. UNITED, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets 1st Thursday evening and 3d Sunday morning of each month, cor. Lawrence street and Susquehanna avenue.
 J. L. Bodey, (2013 N. 3d st).....Master
 A. B. Collom, 2206 Lawrence st.....Rec. Sec'y
 Jos. Shepherd, 2510 Alder st.....Fin. Sec'y
 J. A. Falls, 2224 North 2d st.....Magazine Ag't
61. MINNEHAHA, at St. Paul, Minn. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 p. m., cor 7th and Jackson sts., Engineer's Hall.
 S. J. Murphy, 46 McBoal st.....Master
 Chas. Montgomery, 42 E. 4th st., Rec. Sec'y
 C. Sinks, 56 Goodrich ave.....Fin. Sec'y
 R. Peel, 183 Exchange st.....Magazine Agent
62. VANBERGEN, at Carbondale, Pa. Meets every 2d and 4th Thursday of each month, in Engineers' Hall.
 Porter W. Johnson, box 284.....Master
 O. E. Histed.....Rec. Sec'y
 Wm. Kelly, box 697.....Fin. Sec'y
 Jno. A. Bryden.....Magazine Agent
63. HERCULES, at Danville, Ill. Meets every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.
 J. A. Bain, box 772.....Master
 Chas. J. McGee, box 772.....Rec. Sec'y
 Chas. J. McGee, box 772.....Magazine Agent
66. CHALLENGE, at Bellville, Ont., (Canada.) Meets 2d and 4th Sundays in B. of L. E. Hall,
 J. McKnight.....Master
 D. Sutherland.....Rec. Sec'y
 J. McKnight.....Magazine Agent
67. DOMINION, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Occident Hall, Queen street.
 C. Pope (Box 697).....Master
 Jas. Allen (Box 697).....Rec. Sec'y
 Alex Mowat (Box 697).....Fin. Sec'y
 P. Kennedy (Box 697).....Magazine Agent
69. HURON, at Fort Gratiot, Mich. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, over Post Office.
 Thomas Bruce, box 13.....Master
 T. Macklon, box 13.....Rec. Sec'y
 Charles Raymond, box 13.....Fin. Sec'y
 T. Bruce.....Magazine Agent
70. LONESTAR, at Marshall, Texas. Meets corner 1st and River streets, on the 1st and 3d Sunday of each month.
 C. Greenwood.....Master
 Ed. Chappell.....Rec. Sec'y
 C. Horton.....Fin. Sec'y
 C. T. Smith.....Magazine Agent
71. CAPITAL CITY, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays, and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 281 Green st.
 D. O. Shank, 281 Green st.....Master
 L. O'Brien, 7 Union St.....Rec. Sec'y
 D. O. Shank.....Magazine Agent
 281 Green st., Albany, N. Y.
72. WELCOME, at Camden, N. J. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.
 L. Elbertson.....Master
 Abner Huston, Jr (322 Bridge ave) Rec. Sec'y
 Abner Huston, Jr.....Magazine Ag't

73. **BAY STATE**, at Worcester, Mass.
Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in
Piper's Block, Room No. 3.
Geo. A. Hewitt, Union Depot.....Master
W. P. Danforth, 149 S. Bridge st. Rec. Sec'y
L. C. Wilson, Union Depot.....Fin. Sec'y
L. W. Stoddard.....Magazine Agent
149 South Bridge street.
74. **KANSAS CITY**, at Kansas City, Mo.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic
Hall, West Kansas City.
E. Y. Freeman.....Master
Archey Clark.....Rec. Sec'y
C. W. Downs.....Fin. Sec'y
E. Y. Freeman.....Magazine Ag't
75. **ENTERPRISE**, at West Philadelphia,
Pa. Meets every other Sunday after-
noon, at Hancock's Hall, 40th street
and Lancaster avenue.
C. W. Barber.....Master
R. E. Dupell, 3723 Story St. Rec. Sec'y
W. T. Goundie.....Magazine Agent
3405 Elm st., West Philadelphia, Pa.
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN**, at Denver, Col.
Meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30
p. m., at Engineers' Hall, No. 13 and 14
Holladay street, (lock box 1588.)
George Klock.....Master
John Young.....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. Hockenberger.....Fin. Sec'y
Jas. Collins.....Magazine Ag't
82. **NORTHWESTERN**, Minneapolis, Minn.
Meets in Druids' Hall, Masonic Block,
Nicolet avenue, between 1st and second
sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday
evenings of each month.
J. D. Weaver, 1309 5th st. south..... Master
Sheldon T. Browne.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y
1807 6th st. south.
J. W. Cole, 1223 S. 7th st.....Magazine Ag't
84. **MISSOURI RIVER**, at Omaha, Neb.
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays of each
month, M. & B. Hall, 12th street, be-
tween Douglas and Farnham.
J. M. Byers, 590 10th street.....Master
Chas. R. Campbell.....Rec. Sec'y
Cor. 17th and Dodge street.
P. H. Swift.....Magazine Agent
N. E. Cor. 15th and Chicago Sts.
85. **FARGO LODGE**, at Fargo, D. T. Meets
in I. O. O. F. Hall, every other Sunday.
Jas. Burke.....Master
Arthur Bassett, Box 1243.....Rec. Sec'y
J. Burns.....do.....Fin. Sec'y
Fred. G. Clayton, Box 54 Magazine Agent
86. **BLACK HILLS**, at Laramie, W. T.
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d
Mondays of each month.
T. J. Kellett.....Master
J. Wheat.....Rec. Sec'y
B. Chaplin.....Fin. Sec'y
W. Nottage.....Magazine Agent
87. **SUMMIT**, at Rawlins, W. T. Meets
every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at
7:30 p. m.
Dennis P. Murphy.....Master
John F. Hittle (Box 5).....Rec. Sec'y
S. M. Cunningham.....Fin. Sec'y
James Noonan.....Magazine Agent
88. **MORNING STAR**, at Evanston, W. T.
Meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every
Thursday evening.
L. Krauss.....Master
A. D. Gould.....Rec. Sec'y
Frank A. Hutchens.....Fin. Sec'y
W. Warner.....Magazine Agent
89. **SILVER STATE**, at Carlin, Nev. Meets
-in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at
5:20 p. m.
J. A. Rossegne.....Master
Frank A. Rossegne.....Rec. Sec'y
Ole Thompson.....Fin. Sec'y
Selby Jones.....Magazine Agent
90. **PAY AS YOU GO**, at West Oakland, Cal.
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, cor. 7th and
Pine streets, Wednesday evening.
C. C. Walker.....Master
J. Perrin.....Rec. Sec'y
Jerome B. Clark.....Fin. Sec'y
C. L. Bradley.....Magazine Agent
91. **GOLDEN GATE**, at San Francisco, Cal.
Meets every 1st Sunday, 2d Monday, 3d
Tuesday, and 4th Wednesday of each
month.
G. A. Aldrich, 226 16th street.....Master
E. F. Smith.....Rec. and Fin. Sec'y
(201 16th street.)
C. Dietrich (2323 Harrison st.).....Mag. Ag't
92. **MARSHALL**, at Marshalltown, Iowa.
D. Garrett.....Master
N. J. Tallmadge.....Rec. Sec'y
James Crawley.....Magazine Agent
93. **GATE CITY**, at Keokuk, Iowa. Meets
in Engineers' Hall, on Jounson, bet.
2d and 3d sts., every 2d and 4th Sunday
of each month, at 2 p. m.
W. H. Bennett.....Master
Zeb. Moore (Lock Box 7).....Rec. Sec'y
Milt E. Clark (Box 550).....Magazine Agent
95. **CHICAGO**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets in
Engineers' Hall, 229 Milwaukee ave-
nue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30
p. m., and last Sunday at 2 p. m.
J. M. Miller, (360 Hubbard st.).....Master
P. B. Murphy, (132 N. Union st., Rec. Sec'y
J. Vant Wood, Jr.Fin. Sec'y
(21 West Kinzie street.)
Wm. Maroney.....Magazine Agent
(21 W. Kinzie street.)
96. **BALTIMORE CITY**, at Baltimore, Md.
Meets 2d & 4th Sundays of each month.
Hall on Preston street, between Linden
ave. and Eutaw street.
L. V. Tipton, 272 Park ave.....Master
John O'Neil (146 Cathedral st.).....Rec. Sec'y
Jos. H. Shock.....Fin. Sec'y
(202 Constitution street.)
L. V. Tipton (272 Park ave) Magazine Ag't
97. **ORANGE GROVE**, at Los Angeles, Cal.
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th
Fridays of each month.
C. A. Engz.....Master
Chas. E. Hill.....Rec. Sec'y
A. Snyder.....Fin. Sec'y
C. A. Engz.....Magazine Agent
98. **PERSEVERANCE**, at Terrace, Utah
Territory, meets every Tuesday at 5 p. m.
at City Hall.
Robert Sims.....Master
M. Myers.....Rec. Sec'y
Harrison Davis.....Fin. Sec'y
E. Prudence.....Magazine Agent
99. **WABASH LODGE**, at Peru, Ind.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays each month,
at 2 p. m., I. O. O. F. Hall.
Chas. A. Wilson, (box 316).....Master
M. E. Daly.....Rec. Sec'y
M. Hassett.....Fin. Sec'y
C. A. Wilson.....Magazine Ag't

THE
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THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

BY MILLY WORDEN.



THE wise people—those who manage their neighbors affairs in theory much better than they do their own in practice—shook their heads in solemn conclave when Mr. Hepworth married the second time; but an added shade of venom was in their councils when the village paper noticed, in a flowery paragraph, the birth of a son and heir of the great house.

"Poor Clarice," they said, "has no chance now. It was bad enough when Hepworth married a chit of a girl who, of course, cared for nothing but his money; but now there is a son, there is no hope for Clarice."

A young, fair woman herself, in the very spring-time of life, yet having already taken the holy ties of wife and mother into her pure heart, knelt in one of the rooms of the great house—knelt to bring her beautiful face nearer to the cradle pillow upon which rested the soft cheek of her baby boy.

The child of wealthy parents, she had married the man she loved and who loved her, and had gone from one home of luxury to preside over another.

She was very beautiful, and many had thought it a great sacrifice when she had married a man as old as her own father, yet in her sweet humility she only prayed to be worthy of the love bestowed upon her.

A low knock at the door aroused her, and rising to her feet she answered the summons.

Upon the threshold stood a woman, a few years older than herself, who led by the hand a handsome boy who had seen two summers only.

The woman was poorly dressed, in shabby mourning, but the child wore dainty white garments.

"Did you wish to see me?" Mrs. Hepworth asked, smiling upon the child.

"May I come in?" was the woman's question, in return.

"Certainly. You look tired."

The stranger accepted a chair and looked sadly around the room.

"Everything is altered," she said in a mournful voice. "Perhaps I had better have staid away. Mrs. Hepworth, you have heard of Clarice Manderson?"

"I have not," was the reply, "I am almost a stranger here. We have been traveling ever since I was married, until a few months ago."

"And you never heard of me?" said the stranger, the tears rising in her eyes; "then my errand here is indeed hopeless. If, in his new happiness as your husband, my father never even spoke my name, it is useless to hope he will forgive me."

"Your father? Mr. Hepworth your father? He told me he had lost his only daughter."

"Not that I was dead. I was lost to him by my own disobedience. You love my father?"

Just a smile, proud, happy and tender answered her.

"Then you will understand me," said Clarice, "when I tell you I loved my husband better than father, home or duty. Father would not hear of our marriage, and sternly forbade me to speak to Lucien Manderson, assuring me that he was a fortune-hunter, a gambler, and unworthy of my love. I would not believe this. To me he was the noblest and best of men, and for him I left all to fly secretly from home and father. I have been bitterly punished. When the letter imploring forgiveness was returned to me by my father, with a few brief words casting me from his heart and love, my husband proved what I had so fondly hoped was false. He had married the only child and presumed heiress of Hepworth, the millionaire, and found himself burdened with a penniless wife. I spare you the history of the four years of married misery that followed. Then my husband and eldest child died of contagious fever, three months later, on the very day this boy was born. I heard of my father's marriage. I returned here, hoping for pardon; but the house was shut up. When you came, I determined to make one more effort for forgiveness, hoping you would plead for me. Oh, by your love for your child, plead for me. Think if he was an outcast from his father's love, sorrowing and penitent, and begging of a stranger the gift of his birthright!"

"If my prayer will keep you here, Clarice, you shall not leave your father's house again. Mr. Hepworth is in the library, and I will speak to him at once."

She waited a moment to bathe the traces of tears from her face, and came again, smiling, to the anxious group.

"Cheer up, Clarice," she said bravely. "What is your little boy's name?"

"Stephen. It was the name of my brother who died. My first boy was called after my father."

"Stephen," said Mrs. Hepworth, opening her arms, "come here, darling, and kiss your grandmother."

The child sprang at once to the lovely grandmother, kissing her again and again.

Putting him into his mother's arms, the young wife lifted her own baby from its cradle and left the room.

In the darkly furnished library, Mr. Hepworth was leaning back in his arm-chair.

A light step roused him from his reverie, and his wife stood before him.

Over her morning dress of delicate rose color, that suited well her fresh young beauty, fell the long white robes of the infant she carried, with all the pride of motherhood.

Her husband opened his arms to caress both, and laughed as he said:

"Oh, these mothers! Do you suppose, madam, that babies are admitted into the sanctums of legal gentlemen?"

"I do," said the mother, "if the legal gentlemen have the additional honor of being their papas."

"Listen to this most conceited of mothers, comparing legal honors with the ownership of little pink roly-polies like that?"

"Did you know, Harold," said Meta, her lip quivering slightly, as she felt the deep import of her words, "that this is my birthday, and you have given me no gift?"

"You are impatient, little wife," he answered, thinking of the costly bauble that was to come without fail by noon.

"But I would like to choose my own gift," she persisted.

"What can I give my rosebud that she has not already?"

"Does not your office include the power of pardon?" she asked, her sweet face paling with her earnestness.

"In a limited degree it does," he replied; "but, dear one, I should not like it to be known that I had shown clemency to a criminal upon your solicitation. You would be constantly annoyed by the loving relatives of scamps and rogues trying to move me to pity through your intercession."

"But this is not a case of roguery, Harold—only a true penitent; one who erred in extreme youth, who was led from a path of duty by a love as warm and true as our own, but mistaken. Oh, dear husband, do you not know for whom I would plead? Can not you guess for whom I would beg your pity and forgiveness?"

"Clarice," he asked, hoarsely, "who has told you of her?"

"She has come herself to seek your forgiveness."

"She is here?"

"Yes. You will forgive her? For the sake of our own boy, Harold, let this be a home for her and Stephen."

"Stephen?" he cried, starting.

"Her son. Her husband is dead. She is widowed, poor and lonely—let her return to your home and your love, Harold."

There was a moment of silence, the mother softly carried the strong, right hand of her husband in her own until it rested upon the head of the babe in her arms.

He looked down and said:

"I will grant your birthday wish, Meta. Take me to Clarice."

With a tender, loving kiss upon the hand that still rested upon her child's head, Meta led the way back to her own pretty sitting-room where Clarice waited the result of her errand.

She waited, with fast throbbing heart and trembling limbs, for the words that were to give her sorrowing, lonely heart peace and rest, or the stern mandate that would close the doors of home upon her and her boy forever.

Her gratitude could never fail, she felt sure, for the beautiful woman who had so lovingly undertaken the office of mediator on her behalf, and the tears rolled down her cheeks as she thought of the unselfish tenderness of her step-mother.

As she heard the steps coming across the wide hall toward the room where she was seated, her agitation became too great for patient waiting, and she stood up holding her child by the hand, her breath coming in quick, panting sobs; her eyes dilated with suspense and her whole figure trembling with intense emotion.

It was this eager, flushed face that met the father's eye as he opened the door—the face of the child for whom he had given the entire strength of his love for years.

He forgot her waywardness, her disobedience and the six years of absence.

He remembered only that she was his only daughter, the child of his dead Clarice, and he opened his arms, with a smile that carried love and forgiveness to the sore heart. There was a glad cry of—"Father, dear, dear father!"

And they were folded fast in each other's arms, while Meta drew wondering Stephen into an inner room and closed the door.

Not even for her ears, she felt, were those first sacred words of reconciliation.

It was not for long that Stephen was withheld from his grandfather's kiss, for father and daughter alike turned again to the gentle influence that had united them once more.

The gossips are divided in their opinion as to the exact amount of hatred and jealousy existing between the young widowed daughter and the young wife at the great house, but it would be quite beyond the power of their narrow minds to understand such true sisterly love as exists between Clarice Manderson and Mr. Hepworth's second wife.

AN EXALTED POSITION.

WHEN, by death of Gen. Taylor, Millard Fillmore had become President of the United States, Daniel Webster not only gained the office of Secretary of State, but Tom Booster of Roxbury gained the position of inspector of the custom house at Boston. It was a big thing for Tom, who was young and gay, and loved to enjoy himself, albeit a model youth in those qualities which go to make up the reliable, honest man. During the summer, the laborers of the custom house were granted a vacation, generally of about two week's duration. Late in the summer of '50 Tom took his vacation and resolved to spend the first part of it down on the seashore of the cape. With fowling-piece, and ammunition and fishing-tackle, he set forth, making his first stop at Plymouth, where he found a hotel to his liking; and from this point as his base he made sorties upon fish and fowl as his fancy dictated.

One day the landlord of the Samoset told Tom of a magnificent troutbrook, about five miles distant toward Marshfield, where, if he was careful, he might catch a handsome string of the speckled beauties. So for the famed brook Tom started, equipped with the most approved appliances for trouting. He found the brook and caught a few minnows. He was on the point of giving up in disgust when a snap at his bait was followed by the landing of a beautiful trout. This fired him with new ardor, and he applied himself afresh to the work. By and by he reached a point where he fancied he would have better luck on the other side. He was looking to see if he could find a convenient fording-place, when he espied a man seated beneath the spreading branches of an oak tree. He was a strongly built, heavily-framed man, wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat, a blue coat with gilt buttons, and high topped rubber boots. The man had a fishing-pole in his hand, and his hook was in the water, but he seemed to be in a brown study; careless as to whether his hook was baited or not.

Ha! a capital idea! The man was large and strong and had on good rubber boots.

"Hallo!" shouted Tom. "I say! You man over there!"

The man opened his eyes—great cavernous eyes—and looked up.

"Say?" I want to get over to that side. What will you take to come and carry me across?"

"What'll you give me?" asked the man.

"I'll give you a quarter."

"I'll do it. Hold on."

The man drew in his line and laid down his pole, and waded across the stream, the water not quite reaching the tops of his boots.

"Now, sir—up you get."

Tom was light and nimble, and having climbed to the summit of the stranger's shoulders, he was borne safely over to the opposite bank, where he paid the quarter of a dollar with many thanks, for the man had been very kind and gentlemanly. And he added to the obligation by pointing out to our hero where he would be likely to find good fishing.

Two days after there was quite a gathering of notable people at the Samoset House. They had come down from Marshfield with Daniel Webster.

"Tom," said a friend just before dinner, "would you like to be introduced to the foremost man in the country?"

"Ah, you mean Webster?"

"Yes."

"I should like it above all things. I have long thought I would give almost anything to be permitted to take the great man by the hand."

"Then now is your chance. He is feeling in good spirits and will be friendly."

And they went into the parlor where the friend led Tom to a grand looking man who stood at the head of the apartment—a man in a blue coat and gilt buttons—a large strong man with cavernous eyes.

"Mr. Webster, may I be permitted to introduce you to my friend of the custom house, Thomas Booster."

"Mr. Booster, I am happy to know you."

Poor Tom! He gasped for breath and stood like one in great agony. He saw before him the man he had hired for twenty-five cents to carry him over the stream.

"Tut, tut," said Webster merrily, "I see you recognize your friend of the trout-brook; but don't let it worry you. Surely there was nothing in your situation on that occasion which you should be ashamed of. I doubt if any other man ever reaches the same exalted position which you then attained. A glass of wine will settle your nerves."

Tom was proud to take wine with Daniel Webster, but not immediately were his nerves reduced to quietude. The shock had been so great.

RIGHTS OF PROPERTY AMONG THE ESQUIMAUX.

OF EVERY seal caught at a winter station small pieces of flesh, with a proportionate share of blubber, were distributed among all the place-fellows. In this way the very poorest could never want for seal meat or lamp-oil, provided the usual capture of seals did not fail. There could be no Esquimaux Jack Horners sitting on the ledge of the house all alone, and munching the seal which they had been fortunate enough to harpoon. Beyond the confines of the district inhabited by such a community any one was at liberty to set up his house and fish and hunt; and every one, whether in a community or out of it, had the right to all drift wood which he found and was strong enough to carry up on the shore above high-water mark, taking care to put a stone upon it to mark it as his own. If a seal was harpooned, and escaped with a harpoon sticking in it, it belonged to the harpooner as long as the bladder was attached to the harpoon. If two hunters at the same time hit a seal or bird, it was their joint property, and was equally divided. Whales, however, and other large animals, as walruses and bears, however captured, were considered common property, as being of that size and strength that

except in rare cases, they could only be secured by the united strength of the community.

In case no seals or other food were brought home to a house, those families in it who were best off for provisions invited the inmates, but not the place-fellows to share their meat with them. In no stipulation does the common right to share all the property that another had beyond necessary articles stand out so prominently as in that which provided that if another man borrowed the tools or weapons of another and lost or injured them he was not bound to make any compensation to the owner; for it was based on the notion that if a man had anything to spare or to lend it was considered as superfluous, and not held with the same right of possession as his more necessary belongings, but on the contrary, as something to be classed among those goods which were possessed in common with others.

In fact, we are led to the conclusion that the right of any individual to hold more than a certain amount of property was jealously regarded by the rest of the community, who did not scruple to borrow it and waste it. No one could deprive any man of his weapons or his clothes; but if he possessed more than a certain amount of that property, his right to it passed away and became vested rather in the community who could use and wear it than in him who could not. There was no room in the Esquimaux code for the hundreds of coats and waistcoats which fashionable tailors send in to the account of silly young men. This common sense view of the accumulation of property led to a very natural result. Superfluous clothes or weapons rarely existed, and even in the case of kayaks, though a man might possess two of these necessary boats, if he owned three the third one must be lent to some relative or housemate. According to this view of political economy, anything that was not used was regarded as idle and wasted, and liable to forfeiture for the good of the community.—[*London Quarterly Review*.]

RELIGION IN A PACK OF CARDS.

A PRIVATE soldier by the name of Richard Lee was taken before the magistrates of Glasgow, Scotland, for playing cards during divine service. At the church those who had bibles took them out, but this soldier had neither common prayer book or bible, and pulling out a pack of cards, he spread them before him. He first looked at one card, and then at another. The sergeant of the company saw him and said:

"Richard, this is no place for cards."

"Never mind," said Richard.

When the services were over the constable took Richard to the mayor as prisoner.

"Well," said the mayor, "what have you brought the soldier here for?"

"For playing cards in the church."

"Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Much, sir, I hope."

"Very good, if not, I shall punish you severely."

"I have been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march. I have neither bible nor common prayer book. I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I hope to satisfy your honor of the purity of my intentions."

Then spreading the cards before the mayor, he began with the ace: "When I see the 'ace' it reminds me of but one God; the 'deuce' reminds me of Father and

Son; the 'tray' of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost; the 'four' of the four evangelists that preached, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; the 'five' of the five wise virgins who trimmed their lamps—there were ten, five of whom were foolish, and were shut out; the 'six' reminds me that the Lord created the heavens and earth in six days, and the 'seven' reminds me that on the seventh day the Lord rested from his labor and hallowed it; the 'eight' reminds me of the eight righteous persons who were saved, viz.: Noah and his wife, his three sons and their wives; the 'nine' of the nine lepers who were cleansed by our Savior, and failed to return and give thanks; the 'ten' of the ten commandments handed down to Moses on the tables of stone; the 'king' reminds me of the great king of heaven which is God Almighty; the 'queen' of the Queen of Sheba who visited Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man. She brought fifty boys and fifty girls all dressed in boys clothes for the king to tell which were boys. The king ordered water for them to wash. The girls washed to their elbows and the boys to their wrists; so the king told by that."

"Well," said the mayor, "you have described every card in the pack but one."

"Which is that?" said the soldier.

"The knave," said the mayor.

"I will give your honor a description of that too if you will not be angry."

"I will not," said the mayor, "if you do not make me out the knave."

"The knave is the constable who brought me here. I do not know if he is the greatest knave, but I know he is the greatest fool. When I count the number of spots I find three hundred and sixty-five, as many days as there are in a year. The number of cards in a pack, fifty-two, the number of weeks in a year. I find there are twelve picture cards, the number of months in a year. The number of tricks, thirteen, the number of weeks in a quarter. So you see a pack of cards can serve for a bible, an almanac, and a common prayer book."

TIM FAGAN ABROAD.

Immediately before leaving Haverstraw Bay commence the Palisades of the Hudson on the west side, a solid wall of rock extending to Fort Lee, about sixteen miles, and ranging in height from two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet. Thirty miles from New York, on the east bank, is Rip Van Winkle's Sleepy Hollow, when waking from his twenty years nap, he leaves the fens and leaps upon the ground:

"Oh let not sleep my closing eyes invade,
In open plains or in such secret shade."

Close to Sleepy Hollow is the spot where Andre was captured by a corporal's guard of Washington's army; nor could Andre's bribes seduce them from the duty they owed their chief and their country. A few miles further down the river, and on the same side, is the historic little Tarrytown, and two miles south of Tarrytown is the beautiful home of that celebrated writer, Washington Irving.

About twenty-four miles from New York, and two miles from the river is Washington Hill, where Andre was executed as a spy:

"Yet in every point the thing was just, we know."

And the traitor, Arnold—

"Wretch! thou hast 'scap'd again."

Once more thy flight
Has saved thee, and the partial god of light,
But long thou shalt not thy just fate withstand.
Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight this day"

Shall blot history's page with thy dishonored name. Children of all foreign nations shall flock to the standard that thou hast so ignobly deserted — they would flee from a tyrant that thou would'st worship.

"For O, I curse thy direful deed,
And unceasing on your entrails prey;"
I'd fright the thoughts of sleep away;
A midnight fury would I rise,
And filthy hags, with showers of stones,
The vengeful crowd should crush your bones;
And soon as that tortur'd body died,
Then beasts of prey, and birds of air
Should your unburied members tear."

Since leaving Albany, we passed a great number of residences, the beauty of whose architecture and size of structure and surroundings, spoke of the wealth of the owners. The Astors, the Jones', Delano, Hamilton Fish, J. Bigelow, S. F. B. Morse, Mrs. Aspinwall, J. G. Bennett, A. T. Stewart, and a number of others. But I thought the handsomest and most striking building from the river was the Convent of Mount St. Vincent, located about fourteen miles from New York on the east bank, with a small beautiful castle in front, built by Edwin Forrest, the tragedian.

In a few minutes, St. Patrick Cathedral, Brooklyn bridge, piers, Tribune building, postoffice, Trinity Church spire, and the Empire City of the Union, lays before us.

The Hudson has seen its native hills and fertile valleys in the hands of strangers. It has also witnessed the struggle of the patriots for liberty, and bears the marks of their successful arms. It is, as I traveled from Albany to New York, one hundred and forty miles. This distance is a most interesting chapter of America's history, and inspires the breast of every American, and every heart that has experienced the yoke of *native* or foreign tyrant. Yet still the lines of Horace to the Republic may here be introduced:

"You now may vainly boast an empty name,
Or birth conspicuous on the rolls of fame.
The mariner when storms around him rise,
No longer on a painted stern relies.
Ah! yet take heed, lest these new tempests sweep,
In sportive rage, thy glories to the deep.
Ah! yet take heed, avoid those fatal seas."

And I add—

For when men rise with unerring aim, brings nations to their knees.

CORK, IRELAND, September 6th, 1879.

"The sea was bright, and the barque rode well,
The breeze bore the tone of the vesper bell;
She's a gallant barque with a crew as brave,
As ever launched on the heaving wave.
We sung in the light of declining day,
Each sail was set, and each heart was gay."

OLD SONG.

The steamship "City of Chester" is four hundred and seventy-five feet long.

She has fourteen boilers, each ten feet in diameter, works high and low pressure engines, with one hundred and twenty pounds of steam, square inch. She has two cylinders, one is one hundred and twenty inches in diameter, and the other seventy-five. This engine burns from seventy-five to 80 tons of coal per day, and requires a crew of forty-two men; this includes firemen and coal passers. This steamer has in all, a ship's crew of one hundred and fifty hands. She was built in Glasgow, Scotland. She is a little city in herself; a floating island. She has her strange characters, foreigners and natives, with their fashions and follies.

The telegraph was the weather, and our morning paper was the heaving of the log, and the result, with distance traveled, change of time, etc., was published every day at 1 P. M.

"Swift from the port our eager course we ply,
And the 'Empire City' rolls backward as we fly."

The sea lay beautiful before us with a light breeze aft, enough to fill the canvass and quicken our speed. At 6:40 P. M. we passed a Spanish steamer off our starboard, and a Dutch one on our port, both sailing in an opposite direction to our course. At 7:30 was the first heaving of the log, which showed our speed to be fourteen and a half knots per hour. An hour later, music was heard for'ard, where there was a mingling of the crew, passengers, male and female. They were tripping the "light fantastic" to the music of a concertina, played by one of the sailors. This was a lively and pleasing scene, and was often repeated during the voyage, with the addition of some good singing. All this assisted in a great measure to quicken the flight of time: making it pleasant and agreeable.

Sunday, 15th. The weather has not changed, except the fresh coolness of the open sea, the same light wind from our starboard quarter. The passengers are enjoying a promenade on deck. Some watching a brig that has appeared on the horizon, discussing and calculating the probable time we will take to overhaul her. Others are farther aft, and with admiration and curiosity seem to be greatly interested in mother Carey's chickens, who are following in our wake. Shuffle-board seems to be a popular amusement on deck, though I greatly doubt it receiving much favor anywhere else. On calling the attention of an old tar to those little birds—mother Carey's chickens—he said, with seemingly a great deal of knowledge in his look and expression, and a slight nod of the head: "Ah! yes, they will bring us a stiffer wind." The wind did come "stiffer" during that night, but I never could understand how mother Carey's chickens had anything to do with it. We passed a Prussian full-rigged ship bound for Liverpool, with every shroud shaken out to the breeze.

"Quick, quick, man the yards, let her sails kiss the wind;
I'll warrant she'll soon leave the sea-gulls behind."

It was a beautiful sight to see this magnificent vessel cleaving the deep, with the foam dashing and breaking against her prow. Later in the day, we spoke to an English merchantman on her way to New York. She dipped her colors—a salute to us—which was returned. This salute of dipping the flag is a courtesy on the seas. I was told it originated in the time of the first crusade in 1095 to 1099, when all christian nations saluted each other by the sign of Trinity—the sign of christianity. The national colors are raised, always aft; when the passing vessel sees this, she in turn hoists her national flag; then each ship "dips" or lowers her colors three times in quick succession—one nation's flag salutes another. The landsman raises his

hat to his passing friend, and the sailor dips his flag. By raising and lowering a number of small flags of different colors, one ship tells the other when she left port, what her cargo is composed of, or anything of importance which one wishes to make known to another.

As was anticipated the wind blew that night considerably harder, and during all the following day. It blew across our course, from starboard to port; this occasioned a great rocking of the steamer, hence sea-sickness prevailed to a greater extent. The log showed our speed to be fourteen and a half knots.

All the forenoon of the 17th, we were sailing in a heavy fog and a slight rain. In the meantime the wind changed to a direct head-wind east, which brought our speed to twelve knots. Not a sail to-day of any kind. Everything looks dismal and dreary.

The morning of the 18th broke, pleasant and agreeable. The log at 8 A. M. showed our speed to again reach fourteen knots. The passengers flocked on deck to drink in the sunshine and bask in its warmth. Promenades, lively conversations, and shuffle-board was the order of the day, or rather the greater portion of it. About 4:20 P. M. a heavy wind sprung from the north. The sea became greatly agitated, the huge vessel rocked on its bosom like a cork. Shuffle-board was abandoned, and chairs and tables tipped over. That night we were "rocked to sleep in the cradle of the deep." But as Father Ryan has expressed it:

"The waves were weary, and they went to sleep,

The winds were hushed,

The starlight flushed,

The furrowed face of all the mighty deep."

How beautiful, how grand, how sublime is the sea! To understand, to feel its power, we must toss on its bosom when enveloped in the fury of a storm. We must hear the thunder, and see the lightning flash across its face, when furrowed with anger and frowning with rage. We must experience the agony of our barque in her exertions. Her fight with the storm when every moment seems to be the last. Oh! then comes the thought of the immense depth beneath us, and the hundreds of miles around us. But

"The billows yester eve so dark and wild,

Wave strangely now,

A calm upon their brow—

Like that which rests upon a cradled child."

The winds are pleasant now, and we ride on peacefully and tranquilly, cleaving the waves like a bird in the air. The sea makes no distinction between the rich man's yacht or the poor man's craft—all float free, and are alike subject to the same laws. The storm at sea tosses all crafts with the same violence, and gives her smile to the barefoot urchin on the beach with the same bright kiss that the crowned head receives it on the cliff. The sea has but one grave to receive us all; nor will it tolerate for a moment the simplest slab or tablet to mark the richest of its dwellers. The poorest sailor lost at sea has a monument equal to the wealthiest millionaire whose body drifts in its depths. And in the night,

"The sky was bright, and every single star,

With gleaming face,

Was in its place,

And looked upon the sea—so fair and far."

The morning of the 20th was very cool and raw. Overcoats were at a premium.

A good stiff wind filled the sails and increased our speed. The log showed fourteen knots. During the 21st and 22d the weather was more agreeable. The wind changed to northwest. When the wind is in our favor, the ship rides comparatively with but little rocking. On the 23d, our last at sea, the wind came from the southwest, steady and strong, decidedly in our favor. The log showed fifteen and a half knots, and at 10:20 A. M. we sailed into Queenstown harbor, one of the most beautiful in the world.

TIM FAGAN.

Written for the Locomotive Firemens Magazine.

THE FIREMAN'S FATE.

BY T. P. O'ROURKE, OF NO. 63.

As the fireman left his home that eve'n, with spirits light and gay,
 I saw him kiss his wife "good night" before he went away,
 And lift his first-born in his arms, and kiss it on the cheek,
 A parting farewell fonder far than aught his tongue could speak;
 Then he jumped upon his engine, bright polished, slick, and clean,
 Both brass and jacket dazzling, were lovely to be seen;
 He rang the bell, "all-right, my boy," was the answer from behind,
 And soon upon the open track he was speeding like the wind.

The sun had sunk far in the west behind a mass of cloud;
 The lightning flashed momentarily, and thunder deep and loud,
 Like the roaring of artillery, was bursting through the night,
 And bird and beast were cowering low in terror and in fright;
 The rain came down in torrents, as if flood-gates in the sky
 Were opened by the Almighty hand to deluge and destroy,
 And make forgetful man remember his glory and his power;
 His anger, and his watchfulness o'er man, beast, fish and flower.

The water down the hillside is coursing swift and strong,
 The rivulet's a torrent now, and fiercely speeds along;
 The river which but yester e'en, with calm and tranquil breast,
 Flowed gently to the ocean, as a child comes home to rest,
 Is now a swollen, roaring flood, that nothing can withstand,
 And in its course sad havoc spreads, and desolates the land.
 That grand, substantial structure, that spanned the river's bed,
 Is torn from the abutments, then on the flood is sped.

Will no one see that chasm, that dark and yawning grave,
 And flag the approaching "passenger," it's human freight to save?
 No, no! there's none to warn them of their impending harm,
 For few dared venture forth that night and brave the raging storm.
 The train was dancing o'er the rail, the "rockets" fast were flying;
 The engineer's calm, watchful eye, through rain and darkness prying;
 The "fire-boy," watchful of his steam, was working hard and fast;
 The passengers were sleeping sound, oblivious of the blast.

And thus upon that fated train unconscious of their doom,
 An hundred souls were hurrying fast to an open, yawning tomb;

Around a curve, within the woods, at "schedule speed" they dashed,
When a lurid streak of lightning through the murky darkness flashed;
The engineer, e'er vigilant, then saw the bridge was gone,
And quick as flashed the lightning streak, the air-brake he put on;
But, alas! the distance was too short, the rail too wet to hold,
They plunged into the water—seething, foaming, dark and cold.

A moment of blank horrors, of stifled cries and moans,
Of sudden waking tears, of commingled prayers and groans;
A moment—then all was still again, save the roaring of the water,
And the rumbling of the thunder-cloud above that scene of slaughter.
When the bodies were exhumed next day, from out that fatal wreck
The fireman's mangled corpse was found upon the engine's deck;
His family being apprised of it, full bitter was their grief,
His widow was disconsolate, her woe knew no relief.

She clasped her baby in her arms and bathed it in tears,
Saying: "We are alone in this cold world, the future dark appears,
The ark that bravely bore us on is wrecked upon life's sea,
And we're abandoned to the waves, my little babe and me!"
No, no, you're not abandoned, for, see: a gallant crew
Is pulling fast, with measured stroke, to save and succor you;
To save you from the buffets and the fury of the main,
Till hope, the beacon-light of struggling souls, shines o'er your course again.

They are the B. of L. F. oarsmen, and Benevolence is their boat;
On the tempest-freighted sea of life how gallantly they float,
Steering clear of rocks of selfishness, from reefs of crime away,
Avoiding all the treacherous shoals that in their pathway lay;
Shunning false lights that lure frail barques to wreck upon the shore,
Where breakers of intemperance and discordant surges roar.
Thus bravely holding out to sea, and pulling hard together,
They climb each foamy-crested wave and brave the roughest weather;
And when their voyage terminates beyond the billows' rancor,
In the harbor of perpetual peace, there may they quietly anchor.

Their comrade's clay they laid away, in the cold and silent grave,
Where all alike lie moldering—the virtuous and the brave,
The young and old, the rich and poor, the noble and the fair,
And the humble and the haughty—all, all are crumbling there;
And tender prayers from loving hearts were uttered fervently,
As round the tomb they sadly knelt with heads bared reverently;
And tender things were said of those whom duty calls away,
From home and friends, to labor where death and danger lay.

To the widow and the orphan they gave comfort and assurance,
Supplied all her immediate wants from the Brotherhood Insurance,
Assuaged her grief, renewed her hopes and round her pathway cast
Such brilliant rays, for future days:—she'd most forgot the past,

South Pueblo, Colorado., Oct. 1879.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

FUTURE OF ORGANIC CHEMISTRY.—Berthelot estimates the possible number of compounds of acids with alcohol at 1,400,000,000,000,000. With such a future, young chemists need not despair of finding new compounds for some centuries to come. Probably the average number prepared annually is about one thousand, and of these five per cent only have any practical value.

POULTRY-FATTENING APPARATUS.—At the Kilburn (England) Agricultural Exhibition was an apparatus shown by M. Odile Martin for fattening poultry.—This most ingenious apparatus revolves, and includes several rims or shelves, which are divided into separate compartments for about two hundred birds. These are tied, but with full liberty in their own pen. It is connected with a feeder which contains the food to be forcibly consumed by the unfortunate poultry. From this patent feeder is appended a mouth-piece, and as each bird revolves in its turn the operator places the mouth-piece in the throat of the bird, sets his foot on a pedal, and at once the food is forced into the stomach. The food is liquid, composed of barley, meal and maize, mixed with water. It is said the birds do not suffer, and the operation is very rapidly accomplished. In an hour one man can feed five hundred birds.

SOME ANCIENT MONSTERS.—Recently Professor Cope, of Philadelphia, gave to the San Francisco Academy of Science a description of two lately discovered fossil animals. One was an enormous vertebrate, somewhat resembling an aquatic kangaroo, named *Camarasaurus supremus*, whose neck was nine feet in diameter, whose hind legs were twenty feet long, whose spinal vertebrae were fifty-six inches across, and which must have been seventy-two feet long by measurements carefully taken. This animal could walk in forty feet of water and catch its prey with its fore paws. He also described another similar monster whose spinal vertebrae were six feet across and whose hind legs were forty feet long, with carnivorous teeth placed in the upper and lower jaws like shears, so as to cut up animal food by traversing each other in the most perfect manner. The bones of the lower half of this animal were solid and very heavy, to keep its feet down in the water, while bones in the upper half of its body were built in honeycombed layers as thick as pasteboard, strong, but very light and buoyant in water. This monster has been named *Amphicelias fragilissimus*, and must have been considerably over one hundred feet in length. Both animals have large and powerful tails like kangaroos, and when catching their food in the water must have appeared as if on three-legged stools, the tail acting as an equal support of the tripod.

HEALTH AND RECREATION.

Not long since Dr. B. W. Richardson, F. R. S., delivered a lecture at the London Institution, in which he took the position that, both in the young and the old, there was no difference between work and recreation other than one of sentiment. He believes that the reason why such excellence, physical and intellectual, was attained in the short and brilliant bloom of Greek history, was because in the Greek's career, from beginning to end, there was no such thing as work or play, but only life.

In the unequal struggle for existence, which dooms so many to the monotonous round of toil until the whole body lends itself to the drudgery like an automaton,

"there is a striking exception," says the learned lecturer, "in the happy class who find in mental labor, of a varied and congenial sort, that diversity of work which is truly a recreation of the healthy and vital powers." To confirm this view, he refers to the conclusion, reached by Dr. Beard, of this country, after examining the life-value of five hundred men of the greatest mental activity, and an equal number belonging to the rest of society—which is, that the brain-workers have a life-value greater by fourteen or twenty years than those whose pursuits are chiefly physical. Dr. Richardson, as well as others, have ascertained that the most influential in prolonging human life is the recreative character of intellectual labor.

Again, the *Times* alludes to Dr. Beard, who describes brain-work as the highest of all antidotes to worry. Scientists, physicians, lawyers, clergymen, orators, statesmen, literati, and merchants, when successful are happy in their work without reference to reward, and work on in their callings long after the necessity has ceased. Good fortune gives good health, and nearly all the money in the world is in the hands of brain-workers, whose life is one long vacation.

Whether it be true or not that the difference between work and recreation is merely sentimental, there is comfort in mental and physical recreation which can be obtained only by absenting one's self from the drudgery of routine and, to a great extent, automatical labor. A grain of consolation for so doing can be obtained from Plato, who warned his readers against over-cultivation of mind, which, so far from being recreative to the health of the body, would be positively injurious, just as an over-cultivation of muscular power might prove mischievous.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A MIS-FIT—a young girl in hysterics.

WHAT tune is a great favorite—For-tune.

ATTENDING a ball—Minding a baby's cry.

THE Chinese have a sure way of removing dandruff. They do it with a jack-plane.

It's hope that keeps us up,

It's hope that keeps our memories green,

It's hope that makes our lives sublime,

It's soap that keeps us clean.

A YANKEE who went for the first time in a bowling alley, commenced firing away at the pins at imminent peril of the small boy, engaged to set them up, and who was kept dodging the balls as they rattled on all sides without touching the pins; finally, seeing the predicament the boy was in, he yelled out as he let fly another ball: "Stand in amongst the pins if you don't want to get hit."

A MAN coming out of a Texas newspaper office with one eye gouged out, his nose spread all over his face, and one of his ears chewed off, replied to a policeman who interviewed him: "I didn't like an article that 'peared in the paper last week, and I went in ter to see the man who writ it, an' he war there."

AN OLD SQUIB.—*Look to your punctuation.*—A toast, drank at a fourth of July celebration, was given as follows: "Woman—without her, man would be a savage."

The *Boston Post* thinks the punctuation erroneous, and should be corrected thus: "Woman—without her man, would be a savage."

Editorial.

WM. N. SAYRE, *Editor.*

E. V. DEBS, *Associate Editor.*

OUR MAGAZINE

The adage, it may be called an adage, "old things have passed away, all things have become new" expresses the characteristic feature of the present day: advancement and improvement in the arts, science and literature. It expresses *our* purpose, and the future feature of our Magazine. The increasing demand for matter of deeper thought and study is indeed gratifying. A periodical to be successful must possess not only interest in matter, but inherent worth. It must convey intelligence of that order, befitting the genius of men. When study is a science, and while it may find readers for its literature, we recognize in our Brotherhood an element that looks for something directly in aid of our advancement and profit. To make a magazine to take its place upon this plan, shall be our effort for the coming year. We propose to spare no pains in our work. The entire framework and a transposition of matter more in keeping with the feature of the Magazine has become a necessity. A "scrap basket" must and will catch a great deal that is sent in hereafter when the substance is the praise of the Brotherhood officials. It is presumed these officials do their duty until the contrary appears, and when such is the case there are other channels through which to obtain redress. This Magazine is not published in the interest of grand officers, nor to express kind thoughts of them. It has a higher mission. We shall welcome, indeed we solicit, correspondence of *information*; and whenever the good of the *Order* can be forwarded, it shall receive full and due notice, but we must in the exercise of a responsible position be permitted to judge what shall be to the best interest of the Magazine. We hope to present the forthcoming volume in a much more pleasing form, with increased matter, more varied and profitable than its predecessors, and not only shall we seek to profit our Order, but we intend to place our Magazine in the future where in the sciences and fine arts it will vie with the best. We can not afford to give away our labor. If the Magazine is not worth its subscription price, \$1.00, it is not worth the borrowing and reading. Hence we propose to confine our issue to the number of subscribers only, nor do we propose to be confined to the present size of the book. Whenever it shall appear that the demand will justify it, an expansion of its covers will be made at once. A different and more intelligible and distinct classification of matter will in all probability necessitate an enlargement. To be sure the subscribers will get the benefit of this until the next year, and if the future shall reward our effort, we hope the Brotherhood will yet be maintained out of our Magazine.

THERE has been a labored effort on the part of evil persons, those we mean who wish no good purpose well, to misrepresent the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, by representing it as a conclave of men who encourage the spirit of communism in the companies employing them. We say there *has been* such an element abroad of such evil thinkers and workers, but if the English language means anything, unanimously expressed by a body of men, representing ninety-nine lodges of a fellowship, then the following sentiment should be given its fullest force, for it is significant of the fact that not only does the Brotherhood exist on a higher plane of

action than accorded to it, but it stands above the reproach of back-biters and scoffers, when it in convention announces:

"We, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, here assembled in convention, do hereby ignore strikes, and hereafter will settle all differences by arbitration."

This is no doubtful language. It means just what it says, but it is to be regretted that a charitable association, purely and christianly so, should feel itself called upon to utter such a pronouncement simply because their employment is of that character that leads to the inference that whatever pertaining to the injury of labor, or the enhancement of its value, they must of all feel it. There never was a greater mistake. It is undoubtedly true there are some hot heads in all charitable bodies whose indiscretions reflect upon the Order as a whole, and often give by their acts the belief that their conduct is approved or encouraged by others. This is not the rule by which we must be judged. It is to be hoped that if no other influence can make good our position, as a growing charitable insurance association, that great regulator of all things, Time, will bring us a panacea that will soothe the distracted minds of intermeddlers, interlopers, and seekers after flesh-pots.

In order that all the lodges may be conducted alike in their general or miscellaneous business, a uniform system of rules, such as govern deliberative bodies should be adopted. The familiarity thus acquired, with the method of procedure, will greatly facilitate work in the Grand Lodge, and thus unite harmony with the prompt dispatch of business.

It will be the effort of the committee on the revision of the constitution to embody a few plain principles of parliamentary procedure, to enable all lodges to work in accord in this particular. Aside from the assistance thus obtained by the members, we would recommend the familiarity—by the officers especially—with some work on parliamentary law, a law that is becoming a necessary study for every man who has anything to do with public meetings of any kind.

ALL'S WELL.

In the early days when our country was sparsely settled there was a necessity for the practice of vigilance against surprisers and evil-doers who have always lived with the advance of civilization. It was the custom in many towns to have patrolmen moving through the streets at night that safety might be thus assured, and precaution taken in case of dangers. And it is said that when anxiety was felt, the call was often heard: "Watchman, what of the night!" and his answer came back: "*All's well.*"

It is in the spirit of this assurance that has come back to us through the long years since we heard the watchman's talismanic round and cry, that we are reminded of its fitness and special adaptation to the present hour, "watchman, what of the night," "all's well!" What a world of meaning there is in these two little words "all's well." To-day they express the peaceful rest of a gigantic nationality. They are the password of fifty million people. Through the buried years that have rocked this country in three wars, and from the strife borne her safely out to a still higher advancement, we hear the magic answer "all's well." From seaboard to seaboard, over the broad prairies, upon the mountains, and in the valleys the echo is borne along, "all's well." Upon the highways of the sea, commerce sends back her greetings as she bears the products of America to storehouses of the old world, and in

peasant home and palace dome, the spirit of American industries enter, and the echo comes back, "all's well." Wherever is found the toiler, "all's well," for the sweat of his brow makes a nation great, and a people prosperous and happy.

All is well now. The dark hours have passed; new hopes, new life, a happy future awaits us. Let us leave the past within its tomb, let us hasten away from its shadows, let us build anew, let us be manly men; what is gone is gone, lost is lost. Our lives we can better; our acts improve; and with the world's great forces let us be actors, not obstacles. Let us be reasoning, thinking men; and if unkind words have been uttered, if the head has wounded the heart, let charity blot out the misstep, misdeed, and unkind word, for life is given us not to engender strife, but to give joy and delight; not to nurse disappointments, nor to build upon selfish interests, but to "make our ways ways of pleasantness, and our paths paths of peace." Then when we are asked, as the night of our life shall be far advanced in the shadows of an eternal life, "what of the night?" we may answer, "all's well."

INDIANAPOLIS.

Indianapolis as a city no longer is reckoned second class except in size. Her citizens certainly possess more go-ahead-itiveness to the cubic inch that can be compressed in any other municipality in the country. Whatever is material to her resources, or to advance the industrial forces that seems to be wedged in all around her; whatever is material in the advancement of science and art, that she has, and freely gives for the asking.

The greatest sufferer from "hard times" she seemed to be the last to recover, but after a long struggle she comes out of the smoke of debt, and lifts her head high above the contentions of dreaming enthusiasts whose "air castles" were surrounded with heavenly landscapes of forty acres each to be had for one-third down, and the rest in one, two and three years. Those doings of "wild cat" agencies are gone, and with them many of the animals that sucked the blood out of these people. We do not pray for peace to their ashes, it is very likely their ashes are consumed by this time.

But now from the outward appearance of all things that go to make a city's greatness and wealth, there is abundance. The thrift and enterprise bespeaks a high prosperity, and to one and all we would commend the wisdom of the wise man, "when you make a dollar, put it away until you can afford to spend ten per cent of it, by having another dollar to make good your loss of interest."

Not only do we, as a city, feel the vigor of returning strength, but all over the land the great productive pulse throbs, reanimating the neglected body politic, corporate and individual, and each advances with the assurance that the wounds of the past are fast being covered over, and the fresh ardor of life is again flushing the veins and filling the arteries of commerce in the very greatest measure of good and profit to a people: born as one people, preserved as one, and which nature itself in her increase has provided shall remain as one people, insoluble and indivisible.

ENGINEER Milton Gilbert and his fireman, Christopher P. Smith, have made their last run. The poor fellows met their fate like the true heroes they were. At Jackson, Michigan, on the Michigan Central Railroad, October 10th, they did all their duties required of them; yes, more, for with their lives they have paid the penalty

of their devotion to their trusts. After long years of danger, privations and toil in the service of the company without serious mishap, their dead bodies have at last been delivered to their friends to be mourned over and buried. The public are already passing judgment upon those who caused the appalling disaster.

But no one has asked, "Who is to provide for the homes made destitute by the fatal wreck?" This is a well-timed question, for neither the dead engineer, nor his fireman, belonged to the charitable organizations among the members of their calling—there being no societies of that description in existence on the road where they were employed, and were held in such high estimation. The public may ask, "Why?" We will tell them. It was because the tyrannical edicts issued by the high-minded gentlemen who control affairs on that road were of such a nature, that to organize for self-elevation, benevolence and charity towards the families of deceased members, was sufficient reason for a dismissal from the service of the Michigan Central Company, which proves that "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."

A VISIT TO VIGO LODGE.

We left Indianapolis in company with Brother Wm. Daniels of Lodge No. 16. On our arrival in Terre Haute, we called upon Brother E. V. Debs, one of the shining lights of the Order, whom we had not met since the Buffalo convention. His numerous friends in the Brotherhood will be pleased to learn of his having been elevated to a position of honor and trust by the votes of his fellow-citizens, by a large majority, and our worthy brother now occupies the important office of city clerk of Terre Haute, Indiana, which is an honor to the Order and our calling, and shows the world that even Locomotive Firemen are entitled to respect and consideration; also teaches our members that much can be accomplished by applying their spare moments for their own advancement.

We were glad to learn from Brother Debs that his new position will not cause him to relinquish his work in behalf of our Order.

In the afternoon we visited the Sulphur Wells and other places of interest, accompanied by brothers Daniels and Dodson.

In the evening, with brothers Debs and Mullen, we attended a concert at the Opera House, given by local talent, which was of very high order and much appreciated.

On Sunday we met the brothers in their lodge room, the attendance was large, and much interest manifested by the members present.

I am pleased to report Lodge No. 16 in a most prosperous condition, and ranks one of the best on our list of Lodges. We returned to Indianapolis Sunday evening well pleased with our first visit to Terre Haute, and wish to return our heartfelt thanks to the brothers of Vigo Lodge for their close attention and kind treatment during our stay among them.

BLACK LIST.

No. 12. J. C. Bradley, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 70. Geo. Ralston, expelled for non-payment of dues.

Correspondence.

SHIP EL CAPITAN IN A GALE OF WIND OFF CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, ON HER
HOMEWARD VOYAGE FROM CALCUTTA TO NEW YORK, February 3d, 1877.

BY T. S. ABBOTT.

At last we reached the wreck and spoke to her, but could not understand what her captain said, as the sea roared so. Then a squall of rain came, and we could not see anything. When it had passed by, the wreck was far astern, so the captain went about a second time and run down to her. She was very near us, and we had a good view of her. It was the Swedish barque *Miltiades*, and was almost a complete wreck; her bulwarks were all stove in, even with the deck; her bow-sprit torn out, great holes in her bows, and holes in her deck where these heavy seas had crushed the planking in; one mast gone entirely, only the stump of her mizzen-mast left standing, on this they had a square sail set, also the spanker and a stay sail. Their after-house was gone, but the galley was left, and there they had a fire; still they were in a pitiable condition. The captain and his mates were away aft, and some men were sitting on the main hatch. Our captain put up his signals, saying he would try and take them off the wreck. The captain of the barque replied by flags that he wanted to know our longitude and no assistance. So we had put our ship in great danger, and taken all this trouble for nothing. These people would not accept our help, and they were fast drifting away from us, so we gave them the longitude and put about again and left them. Our captain said he supposed that that barque was all her captain had in the world, and so he stuck by her; but we then thought him very foolish, as the gale will probably last another day. Our captain said he would have left such a wreck and been glad of the chance.

As the barque left us, great seas were constantly sweeping across her, and it seemed as if she must go down sooner or later. We felt as if we had done all we could for them, at least all they would let us. It would have been terrible work getting them off the wreck in such a sea, as no boat could have lived in it long, and it would have been necessary to haul them aboard of us on ropes. Well, we turned about a third time. Just as the ship went about a mass of floating spars and rigging on a heavy sea came close to us, and it was only by great presence of mind that our captain steered the ship so that she cleared them. If they had struck us, they would have gone through her side sure, and it would have been all up with us; we should have gone to Davy Jones' locker. These spars came from the wrecked barque, *Miltiades*.

We had a lunch about noon. It was no use to try to sit at table, so we sat down on deck in our cabin. Our steward gave us some hot soup, boiled ham, hot ginger-bread and coffee. We all told him he had done wonders to cook in such a gale, and he said it was hard work, as "the fire him go out, alle timee, keep make him up." While we were enjoying our lunch, the ship rolled fearfully, and a heavy sea came crashing aboard, and in an instant there was three feet of water in our cabin, and our food was spoiled, and plates and dishes broken to pieces, and we all well ducked; and so we have had it for nearly four days.

Now our cabin sky-light has just gone, and the panes and sash all broken, and another deluge of water tumbled in upon us. A boat on the top of the house is

smashed. We do not know what will befall us next, and are in constant fear. The gale held on in all its fury till towards night, when there came a lull, and then it began to abate, and after some time the ship became comparatively still. We then had a light supper, and I turned into my berth. After a while, the captain came below and laid down to rest his weary limbs. He said, "Mr. Abbott, I thank God with all my heart that we are safe. We have been in terrible danger, and yet how mercifully we have been carried through it, and have got a good sound ship under us, while many a poor fellow has been wrecked, or gone to the bottom." I said, "Yes, indeed, we have cause to be very thankful; I hope we are; I am."

We had a good night. It breezed up again at midnight, and the captain was called, but it did not amount too much, and so he turned in and slept till daylight. Truly, "those who go down to the sea in ships," see the wonderful works of the Lord in the deep waters."

Tuesday, February 6th. I went on deck to look about and see the destruction the heavy seas had wrought about the ship. All the doors on the forward house on the windward side were smashed in and broken, and every window was also broken. The glass in these windows is half an inch thick, and the frames are of solid oak, only one foot square. The seas broke into the carpenter's shop, carried away every shelf, and threw all his tools onto the deck, and left them a mass of rust and ruin in one corner of the locker.

The cook's galley was all washed out by a heavy sea; pots, jars, and every movable thing carried away, and a great crack made in the heavy iron stove. The chief officer had just put his wet clothes in there to dry, and also his long-legged sea boots, which were of great value to him in bad weather, and in a few minutes, boots, clothes and all were gone. After that, the poor fellow had to go barefooted while the gale lasted. A great piece of the rail around the top of the after-house is gone. It was torn right off; and two heavy oak stanchions twisted out, as if they had been made of paper. A boat on top of the house has a great hole through her side, and is also split fore and aft, and is ready to drop to pieces. One of the doors on the front of the after-house was smashed, and the glass broken out of the sash in the second mate's state-room. All the glass in the skylight, in the forward cabin is broken out, and also in the steward's state-room. On deck, water casks are all crushed and useless. These were torn out of their lashings and banged about. Steps leading to the different decks are all in pieces, and some of the spars aloft are cracked, and rigging carried away. A heavy anchor weighing four thousand pounds was lifted out of its place on deck by a tremendous sea, and carried along five feet, and smashed down on some gratings that were piled up in a safe place on deck, and these were all broken up, and large pieces of them carried overboard. The captain saw this done, and said he thought her bulwarks would be taken out of her, and was thankful it was no worse. During the day, pieces of wreck, spars, etc., have floated by us, and about noon part of the top of a house drifted by us. Which shows us that many a one has fared worse than we have.

This gale will give us something to talk about for some time. There is always something exciting at sea, to keep us alive. Many persons seem to think sea life must be very monotonous, but we have lots of incidents to talk over, that take place from time to time. I have been several voyages before this one, and I must say I never had so pleasant a time at sea as I did aboard the ship *El Capitan*. I will now close this letter. I thought the readers of your Magazine would like a descrip-

tion of a gale at sea, as such stories are seldom seen in print, so I copied this from my log, as it was written two days after the gale was over and had spent its fury on our ship. Hoping it will please you, I am Yours truly,

T. S. ABBOTT.

Special Correspondence of B. of L. F. Magazine.

A HOME SKETCH.

A few weeks since on a visit to Cochran, Indiana, I became acquainted with the facts of a tragical occurrence, which I think will bear recital in the Magazine.

A young man was dead! He had taken his own life. That was the skeleton of the story, but I was bent on obtaining the bottom facts, the true inwardness of the story. Upon inquiry I learned that last spring a young man had made his appearance in Cochran, Indiana, seeking work. At this point are situated the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad shops. The request for work was natural as well as commendable. A request for recommendations revealed the fact that the applicant was one of those unfortunates who have wrought about them the chains of whisky slavery. He had nothing to conceal, however, and freely told to the master car-builder a narrative of his exploits, which a cunning and more unscrupulous man would have concealed.

He had been the pride of intelligent and indulgent parents, but bad company had led him into habits of debauchery, whose coils were not easily loosed. He was ambitious and conscientious. A resolution to abandon his vicious habits was hastily formed, and could only be consummated by severing the ties of convivial friendship. Without a word of adieu the young fellow left his boon companions, and without means, sustained only by firm resolution and native sagacity, he left behind him the companions of his boyhood and turned his face toward the West.

From Lowell, Mass., he managed by dint of hard tramps, and an occasional "lift" from sympathizing fellow toilers to reach the shop of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad above mentioned. He told a truthful story of his history—concealing nothing. But he was a *tramp*; he had entered the sacred precincts of the village of Cochran *afoot* and presented himself before the master car-builder with a personal *tout ensemble* that was far from captivating or reassuring. It required all the eloquence of which he was possessed to convince the "master" that he was willing and able to do a day's work. At last his services were accepted at a pitiful stipend in shape of wages and "he was allowed" to work. It required but a short time to demonstrate three facts:

First—He was the best car painter who had ever handled a brush in the shop.

Second—He was steady, industrious, modest, painstaking, polite, considerate, obliging.

Third—He possessed more general information, had a better mind, a better education, and a finer intellect than any man who had ever handled a tool in the shop (including the master car-builder.)

He soon grew from an object of commiseration and pity to a very "lion." He was the center of a throng seeking information and instruction; the observed of all observers; a demi-god to the verdant inhabitants of this quiet hamlet. He tried to deserve all the praise, confidence and attention bestowed upon him. No one but the poor dead boy can know how hard a struggle the reformation necessitated. He was engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with a constitutional, inherent, insatiable

appetite for strong drink. Why did he succumb to the *first temptation* and take the *first drink*? From this false step the descent was rapid, and from moderation in the use of intoxicants he reached very soon the point where reason parts with appetite and *thirst* rules. He had been drunk on Sunday! He came to his work on Monday, sober, clothed in his right mind, and determined to resist further temptation. He had been engaged but an hour when he received an order from the office to call. He presented himself at the office and was informed by the master car-builder that a rule, as inflexible as the laws of the Medes and Persians, required his suspension for *two weeks*, because he had been drunk on Sunday. He complied with the order, resigned almost stolidly; but the order of the *master* was the death warrant of the workman.

He was to have been united soon in marriage to a young lady of his choice, on condition that he *kept sober*. The disappointment, the chagrin, the disgrace, the humiliation of the discharge was too hard for him to bear. Dispair took the place of reason and resolution. He called at the residence of his promised wife, asked the young lady's father to pray for him, knelt by the side of his love, and as the last words of the prayer echoed in the room, placed a pistol to his head, and at the utterance of the final *Amen—fired!*

The death of the unfortunate toiler, George Whittaker, was caused—first, by uncontrolable appetite; second, by the inconsiderate, almost inhuman action of the master car-builder. Moral—don't drink.

"BOHEMIAN."

Editor B. of L. F. Magazine: Among the many interesting correspondents of your Journal, I find with surprise there is none from the Little Rock, Fort Smith Railroad, and will try to the best of my ability to rectify the omission. The road, one hundred and sixty-three miles in length, follows the Arkansas river through some of the grandest scenery that the eye can rest upon; by the foot of the lofty mountains, covered with countless variety of trees and lovely flowers, trailing vines, past lone, lovely homes, and some that recall to mind our old time friend, "the Arkansas Traveler."

The country is settled up chiefly by Kentuckians and Tennesseesians—hospitable and cultivated people. There is considerable prejudice against railroads and railroad people among the old settlers who do not believe in "them" thar steam consarns."

Notwithstanding we justly pride ourselves on as fine looking and gentlemanly set of men as can be found on any road, and who are, we note with pleasure, doing away with that absurd prejudice. The road does a rushing business. Immense quantities of freight are shipped daily, yielding a handsome receipt.

Fort Smith, the terminus of the road, and the second largest city in the State, splendidly situated on the Arkansas river, enjoys a population of about six thousand, comprising many different nationalities. We have five schools; four live newspapers; six different religious denominations; represented by good substantial churches; a circulating library and reading room, in fact, keeping pace with any of our northern cities in modern civilization and improvements, with a dash of originality not to be found in any other State.

Just across the river lie the Cherokee and Choctaw nations; a line of emerald, with a dash of crimson and orange, a charming picture rarely seen off of canvass.

CRITERION.

VICE GRAND MASTER'S ADDRESS.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen: Dear Brothers—The Sixth Annual Convention of our beloved Order has passed, and we as members know the results of our past year's efforts. It is highly gratifying to know that we as an association stand so well financially, and also in the eyes of the public. And we have great reason to be proud that the efforts put forth have secured such praise and commendation from the press and railway officials, as was tendered us during our session. Only a few years have passed since we were looked upon as a set of communists who stood ready at a word to plunder, pillage and destroy railway property, and nothing was too vile for the press to hurl upon our Order.

Our employers looked upon us with distrust, and in some cases issued orders for us to leave the Brotherhood or their employ. But with our motto for our banner, we have moved steadily forward, and by our actions have shown them that the principles of our Order are not antagonistic to their interest; but on the contrary, that we are seeking to elevate ourselves in our calling, to make us better and more reliable men, and at the same time afford a protection to a worthy brother in need, or his helpless widow and orphan in the hour of distress. We who had the pleasure of attending the last convention, and heard the commendatory letters from prominent railway officials from all parts of the country, acknowledging the worth of our Order to them, and offering us their support in furthering the aims and ends of our Order, can not help but feel that we are doing a good work, and that the Order of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is an assured success. But, brothers, it is not enough to know that the old feeling of hatred is passing away. There is much remaining to be done yet. We must look to our individual standing with our employers and the world at large, and in looking over our past actions, let us try and improve them; try to be honest, sober and straight-forward men; men that our master mechanics can look upon and say, "there is a man I can trust, and feel proud that he is in my employ."

I believe we can attain a standing that will place us on an equal footing with the best classes of society. And if we have an erring brother in our midst, one unfortunate, who by habit has given up to the use of intoxicating drinks, let us go to him and show him to where he is leading, and throw the arm of protection and brotherly love around him, thereby assisting him to shun that worst enemy of mankind. And, brothers, those who are in the habit of taking a social glass now and then, let me warn you. It will do you no good, and may do you much harm. To such let me say: let it alone, as you value your standing in the community to which you belong.

Brothers, I trust you will not forget our Magazine, that little link that binds us together. Great credit is due Brother Sayre for his able management in placing it in the front rank of the publications of the day. It is pleasing to hear people say that we have a book that is first-class, and does credit to our Order; but unless we support it, we can not expect it to prosper. I sincerely hope that the suggestions offered on that subject at the convention will not be lost upon us, and that every member will subscribe himself and secure one other subscriber. If we will do this, (and I think we can), we can easily see the result in the amount of benefits to our helpless families in the dark hour of distress and loneliness.

One word more and I have done. It has become a settled fact that no organization

can do business or prosper without the aid of funds. The fact is also evident that unless we pay our grand dues and death claims that Brother Sayre can not exist as our Grand Secretary. He has a very trying position, and it becomes us as members to pay our dues cheerfully, and *when they are due*, thereby assisting him in his efforts in our behalf. I believe he is worthy of all confidence, and that he is "the right man in the right place."

Let us assist him by being prompt in our payments of *all* dues, and when we next meet in convention there will be a better result in all the financial transactions of his office. In conclusion, brothers, I thank you one and all for the high honor conferred upon me in electing me to the second highest office in our Order, and I assure you that I shall try and merit the esteem and confidence you have showered upon me, and believe me always,

Yours fraternally,

WATERLOO, IOWA, October 1st, 1879.

J. E. BRIGGS, V. G. M.

REPORT OF GRAND INSTRUCTOR.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen: On leaving Chicago, after the closing of the convention, I went to Bowling Green, Ky., where I found much interest had been awakened in behalf of the Order by brothers A. M. Cronin, Thos. Nichols and others, of Lodge No. 55, who were then running into Bowling Green. After holding several meetings with the enginemen, and convincing them that the Brotherhood is an established fact, and an organization which has come to stay, we found no trouble in organizing.

On the 24th of September, with the help of the brothers of No. 55, we instituted "Adair Lodge No. 100," with eighteen charter members, composed of enginemen employed on the Louisville and Nashville Railway.

I then proceeded to Nashville, Tenn., where on the 26th inst. I organized Cumberland Lodge No. 79, with ten charter members, composed of firemen and enginemen employed on the Louisville and Nashville, and Great Southern and St. Louis, and South-eastern Railroads.

This lodge is at present located at Edgefield, Tenn., opposite Nashville, on the Cumberland River. The prospects are that its membership will be largely increased by the admission of firemen from the Chattanooga and Decatur Railway in a short time. These Lodges start off under good prospects with the sanction of the officials of the roads upon which they are employed.

I take this occasion to return thanks to the following gentlemen for courtesies extended me while on my trip south:

Mr. Fred de Funiak, Chief engineer and General Superintendent of Motive Power, Great Southern Railway.

Mr. Wm. Adair, Division Master Mechanic, located at Bowling Green, Ky.; also, Mr. Walsh, master mechanic, located at Memphis, Tenn., whom I met at Bowling Green.

The above named officials are gentlemen of the highest order, and are in full sympathy with our organization.

I also wish to return thanks to the members of Lodges Nos. 5, 8, 10, 23, and 55, for brotherly acts towards me during my travels, and assure them, they will not soon be forgotten,

Fraternally yours,

S. M. STEVENS, Grand Instructor.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Oct. 10, 1879.

DEATH OF WM. B. DODSON.

We are loth to record the death of Wm. B. Dodson, for with the close of his life we lose one of the noblest specimens of the human family. There is not a child within the vicinity of where he lived that had not learned to venerate him as a father.

Kind and forbearing, brave and intrepid in the discharge of his duties, true to himself and his family, he closed his eyes with a conscience as stainless as the air of heaven.

For a number of years he had been an engineer on the Vandalia Railroad, and was always counted as one of the best and most reliable on the line. He was a friend to every man who ever occupied the station below him on the engine, and for this reason he was always looked upon as one of the benefactors of his kind. Unlike most of those who served a life-time on a railroad, he died a natural death, caused by an inward cancer that preyed upon his vitals. He died surrounded by his family, his relatives and his friends. He passed away quietly, giving the assurance that he was not afraid to die. We are deeply in sympathy with his family, and although our words are powerless to assuage their grief, we can at least commend and extol his bright virtues and manly qualities, and endeavor to emulate his many deeds of kindness, charity and friendship to his fellow men.

E. V. D. ✓

TERRE HAUTE, IND., October 13, 1879.

SOUNDS FROM "SWEET SIXTEEN."

The annual ball of No. 16 occurs on the 26th of the coming November, (Thanksgiving eve.) A big time is anticipated.

Brother Wm. Daniels has taken unto himself a better half. A sweet little lady, Miss Gibson by name, now assumes the duties of Billy's household. May life's journey to them be pleasant, and their troubles be "little ones" only.

But let us not be partial. Brother Julian Quiett has also glided into matrimony. The lady's name escapes our memory. We are told that both are doing well; especially Julian who has gracefully and Quiet-ly assumed the responsibilities of a faithful husband. We wish them both long life and happiness.

Brother Gorham Smith now gracefully manipulates the throttle. We congratulate brother Smith and wish him every success.

Anybody knowing the whereabouts of Daniel W. Daly will oblige the members of No. 16 by dropping a line to that lodge. Business of importance to himself demands his attention.

Yours truly,

EVER GREEN.

SOBRIETY.

Editors of B. of L. F. Magazine: Little or nothing is said upon temperance. This being one of the cardinal principles of our beloved Order, Buffalo No. 12 will try and lead the van on the temperance side of the question. The crisis has come to the people of this generation, and by ourselves, probably, the important question is to be decided: whether the inheritance of our fathers shall be preserved or thrown away; whether our sabbaths shall be a delight or a loathing; whether the taverns and beer saloons on that holy day shall be crowded with drunkards or the sanctuary of God with humble worshippers; whether riot and profaneness shall fill our streets,

poverty our dwellings, convicts our jails, and violence our noble land; or whether industry, temperance and righteousness, shall be the stability of our times; whether mild laws shall receive the cheerful submission of freemen, or the iron rod of a tyrant compel the trembling homage of slaves. Be not deceived! The rocks and hills will remain till the last conflagration. But let the sabbath be profaned with impunity; the worship of God be abandoned; the government and religious instruction of our children be neglected; and the stream of intemperance be permitted to flow, and her glory will depart. The wall of fire will no longer surround her, and the munition of rocks will no longer be her defense. The hand that overturns our doors and temples is the hand of death, unbarring the gate of pandemonium, and letting loose upon our land the crimes and miseries of hell. If the Most High should stand aloof, and cast not a single ingredient into our cup of trembling, it would seem to be full of superlative woe; but he will not stand aloof, as we have begun an open controversy with him, he will contend openly with us. And we aver, since the earth stood, has it been so fearful a thing for nations to fall into the hands of a living God? Let us try then, one and all, to promote the cause of temperance. Let us all, personally, as Locomotive Firemen, remember our motto—Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry. Success will crown our efforts.

BUFFALO No. 12.

THE EMPTY BIRD CAGE.—On the night of September 3d, as Mr. Tim Savage was discharging his duties as hostler at Marshall, there was something that happened up town that had Tim known it, would have made his hair stand on end "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." But no, Tim was doing his work cheerfully, little dreaming that his fair one was changing her name. It appears that Mr. Savage had on that afternoon in question bought a handsome bird cage and made it a present to the young lady, and after spending the afternoon with the fair one left, feeling quite sure that he had put a crimp on his rival, Mr. W. H. Dill, and that he alone possessed the young lady's affections. But guess his surprise when on the morning following, he saw this said W. H. Dill mount the train with his fair companion, carrying the bird cage, going on their bridal tour to Chicago. Tim after discovering that he had been sold, lost all control of himself, and it was some days before he could be reconciled to his fate. The boys got hold of it, and if you ever heard of a poor fellow getting a "racket," he got it. Tim says now that he would not care only he is out on the bird cage. Never mind, Tim, cheer up and commence again, for there are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, only they do not bite at minnows.

Respectfully yours, O. K.

QUERIES.

Why do American Locomotives use two pairs of wheels? **ENGLISH DRIVER.**

Answer—As given by M. N. Forney, Mechanical Engineer, page 269—Because it is necessary to have one pair of wheels guide the other. In an ordinary wagon the front axle is guided by the pole or shafts. Every one knows the difficulty of moving a wagon when the pole or shafts are removed. Especially if it be pushed from behind, the movement of the front axle is then uncontrolled, and it is impossible to direct the motion of the vehicle. The same thing would occur with a locomotive if a single pair of wheels were used and attached in the same way as the front axle of a wagon.

SUBORDINATE LODGE ITEMS.

ABSENT brothers from No. 88 will do well to write their Secretary.

WALTER BENJAMIN is requested to correspond with lodge No. 28.

BROTHER Keith and wife are rejoicing over a nine pound boy.

BROTHERS Munn and Tindall of No. 27 are on left hand side; also, brother Fitzgerald; good enough.

BROTHER Jno. A. Hayes, of No. 21, has been promoted to the throttle. John, we wish you well.

CENTRAL Lodge No. 22, gave their fifth annual ball, October 15th, and we are assured of its being a grand success; the management is deserving of credit.

BROTHER Walter Barrett, of No. 45, who was married October 1st, spent a few days with the families of No. 21 while on his bridal tour.

MARRIED at Keokuk, Ia., Tuesday evening, September 30, brother Jno. Schowalter of 93, to Miss Caroline Nolkemper, both of Keokuk, Ia.

BROTHER Wm. Maroney, of No. 95, had the knotty question explained fully on September 16, 1879, at Libertyville, Ill., Rev. Dr. McGovern officiating. Brother Ross is as yet quiet, but we trust to give the facts ere long.

MARRIED at Oswego, Kansas, Thursday, September 15, Mr. H. O. Justice, of Keokuk, Ia., to Miss Lida Stamper, of Oswego. The happy couple go to Keokuk to make it their future home. Brother Justice is one of 93's best boys.

ALL Brothers who wish to learn anything about moonlight pic-nics, can gain information which will be of great value to them by applying to brother Gobard, Seymour, Ind. He knows all about it, and says that he enjoys it even now when he looks at his front gate.

MASTER Mechanic Hill, of the A. & G. W., has promoted a number of the older firemen on the third and fourth divisions of that line. Among those who have earned the honors we recognize the names of H. Bessinger, J. Cobeen, J. Quail, Wm. Irwin, M. Jourdan, and others.

LODGES Nos. 61 and 85 received a visit from Past Grand Master, Wm. T. Goundie, after the closing of the sixth convention; open meetings were held in Fargo, D. T., and with good success for both subordinate lodges and the Order at large. The members are loud in their praises of our worthy Past's good advice.

LAST evening, Miss Bertha Kohler, daughter of the late Rev. Robert Kohler, one of Meadville's fair and accomplished young ladies, was united in marriage to Mr. Fred. G. Hornstein, a gentleman well known here. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Richard Craighead at his residence, and the happy couple started east on a bridal tour. The best wishes of a host of friends go with them.

WE note the promotion of the following brothers of No. 60 to the throttle: C. Hank, Wm. Morrow, J. Pierson, A. B. Collom, J. P. Rheiner, G. C. Green, W. R. Roberts, I. C. Roberts, J. L. Bodey, Jas. McNeal and D. Jones. Mr. Norton, the master mechanic, has selected good material, and the members are loud in their praises of the many kind acts of their employer.

Wm. B. Dodson, the veteran engineer, whose obituary appears in this issue of our book, was the father of brother James H. Dodson of No. 16. Brother Dodson takes the bereavement severely to heart, as indeed do all of those who shared the acquaintance of the deceased. We tender our most heartfelt sympathy to the afflicted family.

RESOLUTIONS.

NORTH PLATTE, October 1st. 1879.

WHEREAS, Elkhorn Lodge has been the recipient of a beautiful motto entitled "God is our refuge and strength;" and,

WHEREAS, The same which now adorns our walls was presented by Mrs. N. A. Clark, mother of our esteemed brother, H. J. Clark; therefore,

Resolved, That we tender Mrs. Clark our warmest thanks for her beautiful gift, and show our appreciation of it by seeking refuge in Him, who alone can give us strength to withstand temptation; and, be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. Clark, also be placed on the records of the lodge, and published in our magazine.

W. J. STUART,
GEO. AUSTIN,
J. E. FERGUSON, } Committee.

GRAND LODGE ORDERS.

All outstanding monies due on Magazines, must be paid to the editor *on or before* November 15, 1879. W. N. Sayre has fulfilled his duties faithfully, securing your books promptly, and giving in many instances ten months time for the payment of the same. You have placed him in a very embarrassing position, and in honor to yourselves, should pay him. He will be compelled to publish the persons who do not remit on time, in order to show the outstanding amounts which are due and not turned in. This is the only redress he has, and to clear him in the eyes of *all subscribers*.

F. W. ARNOLD, Grand Master.

ALL LODGES that have been organized one year on November 1st will remit their One Dollar Grand Dues, or declare their member's policies void after that date.

F. W. ARNOLD, G. M.

DEATH CLAIMS.—Paid Mrs. Mary E. Graham, \$427.50, on claim No. 13, from 1,710 members.

LODGES back on claim No. 13 will do well to forward same immediately.

A WORK OF ART.—The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen have just received the official chart adopted by the Buffalo convention of 1878, from the hands of the lithographers, Hammerstein & Co., of the Indianapolis Lithographic Institute. It was designed by Samuel M. Stevens, and is really a highly creditable work of art in every respect. The faces of the officers are spirited and life-like. The guardian angel at the head of the locomotive is a well designed figure. Underneath is inscribed, "Organized December 1st, 1873. Sobriety, Benevolence, Industry." Pleasing vignettes of the bird of freedom, spades, hoes, the coupling link and beaver follow, and there is a pictorial history, beautiful in design and execution. First, capital is seen grasping hands with labor. Then one of the Brotherhood starts

out on his journey, bidding wife and little ones a fond farewell. The train is seen dashing on—and then the accident. The sad news is borne to the widow, so late a wife, and then the funeral. And now comes the kind acts of the Brotherhood, relieving the distress of the widow and the little ones. Near the center is hand grasping hand, surmounting a blank for the name, etc., of the member who receives the chart, while underneath is a meeting of the Brotherhood, closing the eventful history. Altogether, it is one of the neatest designs we have seen for many a day, and executed so artistically that it would be an ornament in the parlor of any one. The Brotherhood may well be proud of their pictorial chart.—[*Sunday People*, Indianapolis.]

We would call the attention of all especially interested in railroad matters, and of all who appreciate the value of a knowledge of railway systems and management to the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, published at Indianapolis, Ind. The editor, Wm. N. Sayre, was formerly connected with the audit office of the A. & G. W., in this city, and under his management the Magazine has been brought to a most satisfactory point of excellence. The Magazine is now in its third volume, and shows how fine a publication can be afforded at one dollar a year.—[*The Index*, Meadville, Pa.]

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

elected at Sixth Annual Convention, Chicago, Ill., September 12th, 1879.

F. W. ARNOLD.....	Grand Master,
Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block,	Columbus, O.
J. E. BRIGGS.....	Vice Grand Master,
Dubuque, Ia.	
W. N. SAYRE.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
S. M. STEVENS.....	Grand Instructor,
Lowell, Mass.	
I. H. CROSSMAN.....	Grand Warden,
Buffalo, N. Y.	
DAN. LAZEART.....	Grand Conductor,
San Francisco, Cal.	
W. H. WHIPPEN.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Boston, Mass.	
D. H. DILL.....	Grand Outer Guard.
Marshall, Tex.	
WM. KARCHER.....	Grand Chaplain,
Philadelphia, Pa.	
WM. KELLARD.....	Grand Marshal,
Chicago, Ill.	
WM. N. SAYRE.....	Editor Magazine,
Rooms 3 and 4, Wilson Block,	Indianapolis, Ind.

GRAND TRUSTEES.

WM. T. GOUNDIE.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JNO. BRODERICK.....	Hornellsville, N. Y.
J. M. DODGE.....	Chicago, Ill.

GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

M. GEPPER.....	Chicago, Ill.
OLE THOMPSON.....	Carlin, Nev.
L. ARCHER.....	Camden, N. J.
S. M. MCGAFFEY.....	Topeka, Kas.
P. II. SULLIVAN.....	North Platte, Neb.
JOSH. CLARK.....	Cleveland, O.

C. T. RITCHEY.....	Urbana, Ill.
C. J. MCGEE.....	Danville, Ill.
A. BASSETT.....	Fargo, D. T.
B. S. KRITH.....	Clinton, Ia.
W. P. DANFORTH.....	Worcester, Mass.
W. MARONEY.....	Chicago, Ill.

LODGE ADDRESSES.

Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.

- GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.
T. S. Taylor (Box 1315).....Master
J. F. Hoffman (Box 501).....Rec. Sec'y
Geo. F. Dunbar (Box 286).....Fin. Sec'y
Dunbar, Quackenbush and Wilkes,
Magazine Agents.
- UNION, at Galion, Ohio. Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30.
A. Jenkinson.....Master
T. Wooley.....Rec. Sec'y
J. E. Miles.....Fin. Sec'y
Jas. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
- JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. F. Hall, at 7:30 P. M.
A. J. Gabard.....Master
L. M. Phipps.....Rec. Sec'y
Thos. Ackley.....Fin. Sec'y
E. G. Snyder.....Magazine Agent
- FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Thursday nights of each month.
F. W. Arnold.....Master
(Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block.)
W. K. Redmond.....Rec. Sec'y
(City Water Works.)
C. F. Collier (30 Russel st.).....Fin. Sec'y
Jno. T. McClure.....Magazine Agent
(160 south High street.)

LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S

10. **FOREST CITY**, at Cleveland, O. Meets every other Sunday, commencing April 6th, Haller's Hall, Ontario St. s. s. at 2 P. M.
 F. D. Johnston, 67 Willie st. Master
 T. H. Sheppard, No. 6 Fruit st. Rec. Sec'y
 T. Coughlin, 6 Davidson st. Fin. Sec'y
 T. H. Sheppard Magazine Agent
 No. 6 Fruit st.
11. **EXCELSIOR**, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 p. m., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
 J. S. Gorgas Master
 P. C. Everitt Rec. Sec'y
 H. Lott Fin. Sec'y
 D. Gorgas Magazine Agent
12. **BUFFALO**, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.
 I. H. Crossman, 454 Swan st. Master
 A. L. Jacobs, 413 Perry st. Rec. Sec'y
 C. G. Swan, 438 S. Div. st. Fin. Sec'y
 C. G. Swan Magazine Agent
 (438 South Division street.)
13. **MISSISSIPPI VALLEY**, at East St. Louis, Ill. Meets every other Sunday in Temperance Hall, commencing April 20, at 2 p. m.
 John McGarrahan Master
 Jerry Benedict Rec. Sec'y
 Fred. Lane (Box 191) Magazine Agent
14. **EUREKA**, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 p. m., at No. 62½ East Washington street.
 Joe Smith (233 North Peru st.) Master
 C. W. Hawley, James House Rec. Sec'y
 Jno. Eusey Fin. Sec'y
16. **VIGO**, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock, p. m. at A. O. U. W. Hall, N. E. Cor. Main and Eighth Sts.
 R. Ebbage, City Clerk's Office. Master
 E. V. Debs, do Rec. Sec'y
 J. H. Dodson do Fin. Sec'y
 Jas. Smith do Magazine Agent
17. **OLD POST**, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets in No. 2 Engine House every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.
 T. A. Galloway Master
 (East St. Louis, Ill.)
 C. A. Cripps Rec. and Fin. Sec'y
 F. B. Wheeler Magazine Agent
20. **STUART**, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.
 Wm. McBride Master
 D. Hartigan (Box 418) Rec. Sec'y
 Wm. McBride Magazine Agent
21. **INDUSTRIAL**, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in Engineers' Hall.
 Wm. Stevenson Master
 H. Obenhouse Rec. Sec'y
 J. A. Hayes Fin. Sec'y
 J. A. Hayes Magazine Agent
22. **CENTRAL**, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. Hall.
 J. M. Garrett Master
 Wm. Trenary (Box 598) Rec. Sec'y
 W. H. Neville Fin. Sec'y
 L. E. Beckley (Box 578) Magazine Agent
23. **LOUISVILLE**, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in Israel's Hall, 69 3d avenue.
 J. W. Richardson (286 Wenzel st.) Master
 W. J. Thompson do Rec. Sec'y
 F. B. Alley, 505 Washington st. Fin. Sec'y
 J. A. McHugh, Broadway Hotel. Mag. Agt
27. **HAWKEYE**, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets alternate Sundays, at 2 p. m., at engineers' hall.
 W. C. Byers (Box 56) Master
 F. A. Davis Rec. Sec'y
 E. D. Eckman (Box 399) Fin. Sec'y
 W. S. Davis, Box 1146 Magazine Agent
28. **ELKHORN**, at North Platte, Neb. Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month.
 P. H. Sullivan Master
 H. J. Clark Rec. Sec'y
 T. Brown Fin. Sec'y
 W. J. Stuart Magazine Agent
29. **CHAMPION**, at Detroit, Mich. Meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30, at their Hall, 65 Michigan avenue.
 Jas. Byrnes Master
 Martin Cooper Rec. Sec'y
 Jas. Thomas, John Shaw Mag. Ag'ts
30. **CEDAR VALLEY**, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets every 1st and 3d Saturday each month, in Good Templars' Hall.
 J. M. Dubois Master
 L. C. Chase Rec. Sec'y
 J. E. Briggs, Dubuque, Iowa Fin. Sec'y
 W. R. Saunders (Box 799) Magazine Agent
34. **CLINTON**, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
 B. S. Keith Master
 A. J. Sill Rec. Sec'y
 Jno. Mooney Fin. Sec'y
 W. T. Post Magazine Agent
35. **At AMBOY, ILL.** Meets in Engineers' Hall 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
 T. Hinchcliff Master
 Wm. H. Dean Rec. Sec'y
 W. M. Palmer Fin. Sec'y
 Titus Hinchcliff Magazine Agent
36. **TIPPECANOE**, at LaFayette, Indiana. Meets every Sunday, at 2 p. m., at B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Fourth and Terry street, Wallace Block.
 J. H. Brewer, 161 Union Street Master
 W. D. Pritchard, 144 N. 5th st. Rec. Sec'y
 C. F. Bingham, 161 Union st. Fin. Sec'y
 J. H. Brewer Magazine Agent
39. **NORTH STAR**, at Austin, Minn. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, at 2:30 p. m.
 Geo. R. Talbott Master
 J. Brown Rec. Sec'y
 J. W. Scagel Magazine Agent
40. **BLOOMING**, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday night
 Jas. Taylor Master
 Jas. C. Hall, 913 W. Mulberry st. Rec. Sec'y
 Jno. B. Miller Fin. Sec'y
 (C. and A. engine house.)
 O. Rafferty, 705 W. Chestnut st. Mag. Ag't.
41. **At ROCKLIN, CAL.** Organizing.
43. **ST. JOSEPH**, at St. Joseph, Mo. Meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every second and fourth Sundays in each month.
 L. Mooney Master
 O. W. Richardson Fin. Sec'y
 L. H. Ingersoll Magazine Agent

45. **ROSE CITY**, at Little Rock. Ark. Meets every Monday at 7:50 p.m., corner Main and Markham streets.
H. H. Lindenberger Master
P. J. Robinson Rec. Sec'y
H. H. Lindenberger Magazine Agent
46. **CAPITAL**, at Springfield, Ill. Meets every alternate Sunday, corner 8th and Market streets.
W. R. Whitcomb (c. 9th & Market sts) Master
G. D. Partington (Lock box 1126) Rec. Sec'y
Pat. Allen (Wabash Shops) Fin. Sec'y
Louis Smith do Magazine Agent
47. **TRIUMPHANT**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Railroad Chapel.
M. Gepper, 770 Wabash ave Master
Jas. Mylott, 706 Indiana ave Rec. Sec'y
F. E. Parker, 49 24th street Fin. Sec'y
P. D. Furling, 770 Wabash ave Mag. Ag't
50. **GARDEN CITY**, at Chicago. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Engineers Hall, on State street, between 48th and 49th.
W. S. Barrows, 4532 Dearborn st. Master
W. Field Rec. Sec'y
Cor. State and 47th st.
W. S. Barrows Magazine Agent
4532 Dearborn street.
51. **FRONTIER CITY**, at Oswego, N. Y. Meets every Thursday at 2:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall.
Jas. Gorman, 171 West 8th st. Master
L. J. Boynton, 112 W. Utica st., Rec. Sec'y
Jno. Burns Fin. Sec'y
L. J. Boynton Magazine Agent
52. **GOOD WILL**, at Logansport, Indiana. Meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at B. of L. F. Hall, corner Market and Fifth Sts.
A. Ross Master
R. Warner Rec. Sec'y
Ambrose Ross (Box 626) Magazine Agent
54. **ANCHOR**, at Moberly, Mo. Meets every Monday night at 43 Reed street.
Jno. Mummert (box 820) Master
Geo. R. Stacey, do Rec. Sec'y
J. Bresson do Fin. Sec'y
J. J. Murphy do Magazine Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY**, at Memphis Tenn. Meets 2d and last Saturday evenings of each month, at Knights of Honor hall, 298 2d street.
Jno. Clark, Master
Alex. M. Cronin Rec. Sec'y
W. M. Buchanan Fin. Sec'y
Alex. M. Cronin Magazine Agent
56. **TOPEKA**, at Topeka, Kan. Meets every alternate Sunday at A. O. U. W. Hall.
J. R. Goheen Master
Wm. Tangman, Rec. Sec'y
J. R. Goheen Magazine Agent
57. **BOSTON**, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. and 3d Sunday of each month, at 10:30 a. m., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.
A. A. Kilburn, Dedham, Mass Master
L. L. Parker, Jr. Rec. Sec'y
72 Cambridge street, E. Cambridge, Mass.
Jno. C. Adams Fin. Sec'y
29 Milford Place, Boston Highlands, Mass.
L. L. Parker, Jr. Magazine Agent
60. **UNITED**, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets 1st Thursday evening and 3d Sunday morning of each month, cor. Lawrence street and Susquehanna avenue.
J. L. Bodey, (2013 N. 3d st.) Master
A. B. Collom, 2206 Lawrence st. Rec. Sec'y
Jos. Shepherd, 2510 Alder st. Fin. Sec'y
W. R. Roberts, 1940 N. 4th st. Mag. Ag't
61. **MINNEHAHA**, at St. Paul, Minn. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 p. m., cor 7th and Jackson sts., Engineer's Hall.
S. J. Murphy, 46 McBoal st. Master
Chas. Montgomery, 42 E. 4th st., Rec. Sec'y
C. Sinks, 56 Goodrich ave. Fin. Sec'y
R. Peel, 183 Exchange st. Magazine Agent
62. **VANBERGEN**, at Carbondale, Pa. Meets every 2d and 4th Thursday of each month, in Engineers' Hall.
Porter W. Johnson, box 284 Master
O. E. Histed Rec. Sec'y
Wm. Kelly, box 697 Fin. Sec'r
Jno. A. Bryden Magazine Agent
63. **HERCULES**, at Danville, Ill. Meets every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.
J. A. Bain, box 772 Master
Chas. J. McGee, box 772, Rec. & Fin. Sec'y
Chas. J. McGee, box 772 Magazine Agent
67. **DOMINION**, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Occident Hall, Queen street.
C. Pope, Box 697 Master
Jas. Allen (Box 697) Rec. Sec'y
Alex Mowat (Box 697) Fin. Sec'y
P. Kennedy (Box 697) Magazine Agent
69. **HURON**, at Fort Gratiot, Mich. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, over Post Office.
Thomas Bruce, box 13 Master
T. Macklon, box 13 Rec. Sec'y
Charles Raymond, box 13 Fin. Sec'y
T. Bruce Magazine Agent
70. **LONE STAR**, at Marshall, Texas. Meets corner 1st and River streets, on the 1st and 3d Sunday of each month.
C. Greenwood Master
Ed. Chappell Rec. Sec'y
C. Horton Fin. Sec'y
C. T. Smith Magazine Agent
71. **CAPITAL CITY**, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 281 Green st.
D. O. Shank, 281 Green st. Master
L. O'Brien, 7 Union St. Rec. Sec'y
D. O. Shank Magazine Agent
281 Green st., Albany, N. Y.
72. **WELCOME**, at Camden, N. J. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.
L. Elbertson Master
Abner Huston, Jr. 322 Bridge ave. Rec. Sec'y
H. Higgins, 204 Mickel st. Fin. Sec'y
Abner Huston, Jr. Magazine Agent
73. **BAY STATE**, at Worcester, Mass. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.
Geo. A. Hewitt, Union Depot Master
W. P. Damforth, 149 s. Bridge st. Rec. Sec'y
L. C. Wilson, Union Depot Fin. Sec'y
L. W. Stoddard Magazine Agent
149 South Bridge street.
74. **KANSAS CITY**, at Kansas City, Mo. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic Hall, West Kansas City.
E. Y. Freeman Master
Archey Clark, 1217 W. 9th st Rec. Sec'y
C. W. Downs Fin. Sec'y
E. Y. Freeman Magazine Agent

75. **ENTERPRISE**, at West Philadelphia, Pa. Meets every other Sunday afternoon, at Hancock's Hall, 40th street and Lancaster avenue.
 E. A. Mace Master
 3809 Grapo st. West Phila.
 Wm. J. Wheeler Rec. Sec'y
 4904 Kershaw Ave., West Phila.
 Wm. T. Goundie, Fin. Sec. and Mag. Agent
 3405 Elm st., West Philadelphia, Pa.
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN**, at Denver, Col. Meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall, No. 13 and 14 Halliday street, (lock box 1588.)
 George Klock, lock box 1588 Master
 John Young, do Rec. Sec'y
 Wm. Hockenberger do Fin. Sec'y
 Jas. Collins, do Magazine Ag't
79. **CUMBERLAND**, at Edgefield, Tenn.
 Ira Thompson Master
 Wm. Evatt Rec. Sec'y
 H. Stanfield Fin. Sec'y
82. **NORTHWESTERN**, Minneapolis, Minn. Meets in Druids' Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet avenue, between 1st and second sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday evenings of each month.
 J. D. Weaver, 1309 5th st. south Master
 Sheldon T. Browne, Rec. and Fin. Sec'y
 1807 Sixth street, south.
 J. W. Cole, 1223 S. 7th st. Magazine Ag't
84. **MISSOURI RIVER**, at Omaha, Neb. Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays of each month, M. & B. Hall, 12th street, between Douglas and Farnham.
 J. M. Byers, 590 10th street Master
 Chas. R. Campbell Rec. Sec'y
 Cor. 17th and Dodge street.
 P. H. Swift Magazine Agent
 N. E. Cor. 15th and Chicago Sts.
85. **FARGO LODGE**, at Fargo, D. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, every other Sunday.
 Jas. Burke Master
 Arthur Bassett, Box 1243 Rec. Sec'y
 J. Burns, do Fin. Sec'y
 Fred. G. Clayton, Box 54 Magazine Agent
86. **BLACK HILLS**, at Laramie, W. T. Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays of each month.
 T. J. Kellett Master
 J. Wheat Rec. Sec'y
 B. Chaplin Fin. Sec'y
 W. Nottage Magazine Agent
87. **SUMMIT**, at Rawlins, W. T. Meets every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at 7:30 p. m.
 Dennis P. Murphy Master
 John E. Hittle (Box 5) Rec. Sec'y
 S. M. Cunningham Fin. Sec'y
 James Noonan Magazine Agent
88. **MORNING STAR**, at Evanston, W. T. Meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every Thursday evening.
 L. Krauss Master
 A. D. Gould Rec. Sec'y
 Frank A. Hutchens Fin. Sec'y
 W. Warner Magazine Agent
89. **SILVER STATE**, at Carlin, Nev. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at 5:20 p. m.
 J. A. Ressegnie Master
 Frank A. Ressegnie Rec. Sec'y
 Ole Thompson Fin. Sec'y
 Selby Jones Magazine Agent
90. **PAY AS YOU GO**, at West Oakland, Cal. Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, cor. 7th and Pine streets, Wednesday evenings.
 C. C. Walker Master
 J. Perrin Rec. Sec'y
 Jerome B. Clark Fin. Sec'y
 C. L. Bradley Magazine Agent
91. **GOLDEN GATE**, at San Francisco, Cal. Meets every 1st Sunday, 2d Monday, 3d Tuesday, and 4th Wednesday of each month.
 G. A. Aldrich, 226 16th street Master
 E. F. Smith, Rec. and Fin. Sec'y
 (201 16th street.)
 C. Dietrich (2323 Harrison st.) Mag. Ag't
92. **MARSHALL**, at Marshalltown, Iowa.
 D. Garrett Master
 N. J. Tallmadge Rec. Sec'y
 James Crawley Magazine Agent
93. **GATE CITY**, at Keokuk, Iowa. Meets in Engineers' Hall, on Johnson, bet. 2d and 3d sts., every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month, at 2 p. m.
 W. H. Bennett Master
 Zeb. Moore (Lock Box 7) Rec. Sec'y
 Milt E. Clark (Box 550) Magazine Agent
95. **CHICAGO**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall, 229 Milwaukee avenue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 p. m., and last Sunday at 2 p. m.
 J. M. Miller, (360 Hubbard st.) Master
 P. B. Murphy, (132 N. Union st., Rec. Sec'y
 J. Vant Wood, Jr., Fin. Sec'y
 (21 West Kinzie street.)
 Wm. Maroney Magazine Agent
 (192 North Curtis street.)
96. **BALTIMORE CITY**, at Baltimore, Md. Meets 2d & 4th Sundays of each month. Hall on Preston street, between Linden ave. and Eutaw street.
 L. V. Tipton, 272 Park ave Master
 John O'Neil (146 Cathedral st.) Rec. Sec'y
 Jos. H. Shock Fin. Sec'y
 (202 Constitution street.)
 L. V. Tipton (272 Park ave) Magazine Ag't
97. **ORANGE GROVE**, at Los Angeles, Cal. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th Fridays of each month.
 Wm. Hughes Master
 C. E. Hill Rec. Sec'y
 G. Hughes Fin. Sec'y
98. **PERSEVERANCE**, at Terrace, Utah Territory, meets every Tuesday at 5 p. m. at City Hall.
 Robert Sims Master
 M. Myers Rec. Sec'y
 Harrison Davis Fin. Sec'y
 E. Prudence Magazine Agent
99. **WABASH LODGE**, at Peru, Ind. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays each month, at 2 p. m., I. O. O. F. Hall.
 Chas. A. Wilson, (box 316) Master
 M. E. Daly Rec. Sec'y
 M. Hassett Fin. Sec'y
 C. A. Wilson Magazine Ag't
100. **ADAIR**, at Bowling Green, Ky. Meets every Monday evening, in B. of L. F. Hall, on Main street, near depot.
 C. O. Dixon Master
 J. W. Lee Rec. Sec'y
 N. S. Marquis Fin. Sec'y
 N. S. Marquis Mag. Ag't

THE
Locomotive Firemen's
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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DECEMBER, 1879.

No. 12.

Written for the Locomotive Firemens Magazine.

THE DEAD YEAR.

BY N. W. PARKER.



WHERE are the visions of plenty and peace
That so freely were born with the year?
Like the brother now missed, from his home and his place
They are classed with the treasures that were,
Like a dream they all seem, for they came a golden stream
With the dawning of the year in its pride—
They are all dead—hope and pleasure fled—
When the old year died.

Like a falling tear, has the old decaying year
Been swept from the wrinkled face of Time,
While its record here, must be answered "Over There"
Let it be one of virtue or crime.
For each year is a page, where the fool as well as sage
Makes his mark, either narrow or wide—
But they all die—and face eternity—
As the old year died.

One volume is done, and another one begun
Like the years, do they open and close.
And they tell of the work that our Order has done—
Of its conquests, its friends and its foes.
And they tell of a band, that will ever firmly stand
To defend those whom wealth would o'er-ride—
And they grew strong—opposing every wrong—
While the old year died.

The year that is gone was a most auspicious one,
For we have *Fourteen Hundred* new men,
And added *Eighteen Hundred*, since its first day begun,
To the names that take our Magazine.
And of all the brave hosts, who are watching at their posts
Only seven have crossed o'er the tide—
We missed them all—and we mourned o'er their fall—
When the old year died.

But the loved ones, behind, will remember ever kind
 How our Brotherhood stood by his side.
 Though the strong arm is gone, they will never cease to find
 That our purse-strings are always untied.
 Then let every brave heart resolve to do its part,
 And to win other hearts to our side—
 And when we die—we'll go as quietly—
 As the old year died.

Let each one in our band, take a more decided stand
 With our *motto* both taught and obeyed,
 That the year just at hand, may behold our Order grand
 In new power and glory arrayed.
 Let us ne'er give up the fight, but struggle with our might
 To increase both our power and pride—
 And we'll all feel—a joy we can't conceal—
 When the year has died.

Then, adieu—old year! with your joys and sorrows dear,
 And hail; to the coming of the morn,
 We will each one dare, without a falter or a fear,
 To see that our flag is higher borne.
 And with all our might, we will battle for the right
 With our Brotherhoods' brav'ry and pride—
 We will strive well—to make our efforts tell—
 Ere the year has died.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, November 7th, 1879.

A NOBLE ENGINEER, OR BESSIE KENDRICKS JOURNEY.

"YEARS stop twenty minutes!" called out conductor Richardson at Allen's Junction. Then as the train came to a full halt, he jumped down upon the depot platform, ran along to the front of the long line of passenger cars, where the engine was standing, and swinging himself up into the cab, said to the engineer:

"Frank, I want you to come back to the first passenger coach and see a little girl that I don't know hardly what to make of."

Frank nodded without speaking, deliberately wiped his oily, smutched hands on a bunch of waste, took a look at his grim, dusty face in a narrow little mirror which hung by the steam-gauge, pulled off his short frock, put on a coat, changed his little black, greasy cap for a soft felt hat, taking these "dress-up" articles from the tender box, where an engineer has something stowed away for an emergency, and went back to the car as requested.

He entered the car and made his way to the seat where the conductor sat talking to a bright looking little girl, about nine years old, oddly dressed in a woman's shawl and bonnet.

Several of the passengers were grouped around the seat, evidently much interested in the child, who wore a sad, prematurely old countenance, but appeared to be

neither timid nor confused. "Here is the engineer," said the conductor kindly, as Frank approached.

She held up her hand to him, with a winsome smile breaking over her pinched little features, and said:

"My papa was an engineer before he became sick and went to live on a farm in Montana. He is dead and my mama is dead. She died first, before Willie and Susie. My papa used to tell me that after he should be dead there would be no one to take care of me, and then I must get on the cars and go to his old home in Vermont. And he said if the conductor wouldn't let me ride because I hadn't any ticket, I must ask for the engineer and tell him that I am James Kendrick's little girl, and that he used to run on the M. & S. road."

The pleading blue eyes were now suffused with tears; but she did not cry after the manner of childhood generally.

Engineer Frank stooped down and kissed her very tenderly; and then, as he brushed the tears from his own eyes, said:

"Well, my dear, so you are little Bessie Kendrick. I rather think a merciful Providence guided you on board this train."

Then turning round to the group of passengers he went on:

"I knew Jim Kendrick well. He was a man out of the ten thousand. When I first came to Indiana, before I got acclimated, I was sick a great part of the time, so that I could not work and I got home-sick and discouraged; could not keep my board bill paid up, and I didn't care much whether I lived or died.

"One day the pay-car came along and the men were getting their pay, and there wasn't a cent coming to me; for I hadn't worked an hour for the last month.

"I felt so 'blue' that I sat down upon a pile of railroad ties and leaned my elbows on my knees, with my head on my hands, and cried like a boy, out of sheer home-sickness and discouragement.

"Pretty soon some one came along and said, in a voice that seemed like music in my ears, for I hadn't found much real sympathy, though the boys were all good to me in their way: 'You've been having a pretty hard time of it, and you must let me help you out.'

"I looked up and there stood Jim Kendrick, with his month's pay in his hand. He took out from the roll of bills a twenty-dollar note and held it out to me.

"I knew he had a sickly wife and two or three children, and that he had a hard time of it himself to pull through, from month to month, so I said, half ashamed of the tears that were streaming down my face, 'Indeed I can not take the money; you must need it yourself.'

"'Indeed you will take it, man,' said Jim. 'You will be all right in a few days, and then you can pay it back. Now come home with me to supper and see the babies. It will do you good.'

"I took the note and accepted the invitation, and after that I went to his house frequently, until he moved away, and I gradually lost all trace of him.

"I had returned the loan; but it was impossible to repay the good that little act of kindness did me, but I guess Kendrick's little girl here, won't want for anything if I can prevent it."

Then turning again to the little girl whose bright eyes were now wide open, he said:

"I'll take you home with me when we get to Wayne. My wife will fix you up,

and we'll write and find out whether these Vermont folks want you or not. If they do, Mary or I shall go on with you. But if they don't care much about having you, you shall stay with us and be our little girl, for we have none of our own. You look very much like your father, God bless him."

Just then the eastern train whistled. Engineer Frank vanished out of the car door, and went forward to the engine, wiping the tears with his coat sleeve, while the conductor and passengers could not suppress the tears this little episode evoked during the twenty-minutes stop at Allen's Junction.—[*American Rural Home*.]

TO MY FRIEND.

AS IN the first sweet flushing of the dawn,
Some beauteous star shines through a rifted cloud
Upon the world which it has helped to cheer,
When darkness lay upon it like a shroud,

So shines thy face from out the clouded past
Upon the brightening promise of my day;
Unlike the star it can not fade nor wane,
Nor in the light of noontide die away.

But ever tho' my sky be dark or fair,
Thy gentle face its changeless star shall be,
And through the years that bear me down to death,
My heart shall hold its tender thoughts of thee.

A BOTTOMLESS PIT.

ON a recent Saturday, as the construction train which runs between Fairfield and Benicia, California, was engaged in hauling gravel for ballast on the road, it met with a narrow escape from being engulfed in the bowels of the earth, with all the train hands on board. A short distance out of Benicia, is a piece of tule land that, when the road was being built, seemed almost impossible to make solid. Thousands and thousands of yards of dirt were thrown upon it, and yet in a short time, even through the night, it appeared as if some unknown power was underneath the ground, who would open a vast trap door, and out of sight the whole amount of earth would go. At last it appeared as if human energies and skill had successfully combated with and overcome the unseen power. The road was ballasted and track finally laid, and the railroad authorities were secretly smiling at the thought of having their road in good working order in the course of September. A few final touches were required on the road in the shape of gravel and earth, so the construction train was brought into requisition, and had been running back and forth between the two stations meantime with apparent safety. On the recent occasion referred to, upon approaching the place which is known as the "bottomless pit," the engineer noticed the earth having a depressed appearance, but he was so far advanced that it was impossible for him to stop, and having on a powerful head of steam he opened the valve and went rushing over the dangerous place, and at the same time felt the ground settling under the train. In a moment,

almost, they were over the morass, and upon checking the engine, the men on the train looked back, and for a distance of over 300 feet they saw the ground, the ties and the track, in one vast body, sink down into the bottomless pit to a distance of fifty feet. It was indeed a miraculous escape. It is almost a foregone conclusion that that portion of the road can never be made safe to travel over. Without doubt the company will start in and endeavor to obtain the right of way around the hills out of the town of Bridgewater. The bottomless pit has been of more expense to the company in endeavoring to fill it in with earth than the remainder of the road between that part and Fairfield.—[*Vallejo Chronicle*.]

TIM FAGAN ABROAD.

CORK, IRELAND, September 10th, 1879.

“Home again from a foreign shore,
And Oh! it fills my soul with joy,
To greet my friends once more.”

It is difficult to give language to the thoughts of one's mind, or find expressions of the feelings of the heart, when after an absence of fourteen years, you return to your native home and that home in Ireland.

“Beautiful isle of the sea,
Smile on the brow of the waters.”

You can not bring yourself to believe how those youthful faces can change by time to manhood or womanhood, and those we left in manhood's years are still the same, whilst old age—like all the impressions of our youth—will, as we imagine remain old age. How astonished we are when our friends stand before us, whom we left as boys, now bearded men.

The slender maiden of years gone by, is now a stately matron and mother of those bright eyed, laughing children we see around her. And old age, ah! old age, who long ago with trembling hand, would pat us on the head and tell us fearful stories of the war. That old grey head and trembling hand is still and sleeps in death.

Notwithstanding all these changes now before our eyes, we can not erase from our memory the impressions and associations of our youth. They always live as last we saw them.

On arrival of the steamship in Cork harbor, a small steamboat (the tender) conveyed the passengers, mail and baggage, to Cove, or Queenstown. There was a strong wind from the sea blowing directly in the harbor, which brought with it heavy swells, this with a slight rain that had just commenced to fall, made it anything but agreeable. On the tender was a newsboy from Cork, his accent betrayed him. He called out the “Dublin Irishman,” the “Cork Examiner.” He came along and stood before me saying, “morn' papers, sir?” He had a pleasant and honest looking face. In the course of conversation, I asked him if it was usually so rough here in the harbor. “Oh! no sir,” he answered, and stretching his arm as if to cover the expanse of water around us, he continued: “Sometimes it is as smoo'd here as a sheet o' water.”

The words beneath the Cork arms are most appropriate: “*Statio bene fida carinis*.” A safe harbor for shipping.

Queenstown received its name in 1849, in commemoration of the Queen's visit.

Its old and better name is Cove, which was much more adapted to the place, its situation and surroundings, and a name that was endeared to the people. The place itself is very old, and figures in history as early as the fifth century, when it witnessed a very stubborn and bloody fight, between the inhabitants and a foreign invader. It is most beautifully situated, overlooking the harbor, where it watches the embraces of the Lee with the sea. Yes:

Here is the Lee, the beautiful Lee,
It kisses a welcome now to me,
And in kissing this welcome, it kisses the sea.

In every dimple I easily trace,
A smile of welcome given to me;
And playing across her beautiful face,
A kiss and a smile to her lover the sea.

Tom Moore told the people of Cork, that "the Lee was an avenue into their city." This quaint but handsome old city is fifteen miles from Queenstown. Its ancient names were Corcash and Corcash-Bascoin, which signifies a marshy place. Cork is the corruption of Corcash, however I can assure you there is not the slightest indications of that marsh to-day, from which Cork had taken its name, and where St. Finnbarr and his followers built their church and dwellings about 1250 years ago. It has contributed to the list of poets, historians, painters and sculptors, and of whom she may and does feel justly proud. John F. McGuire wrote the "History of Rome," and the "History of the Irish in America," with some other works. The work of McClese's brush adorns the walls of the British Museum, and "Christmas in the Baron's Hall," that hangs in the National Gallery of Ireland, is also a work of Daniel McClese. There are numerous other paintings of his in England, one of his most beautiful paintings, "The Origin of the Harps," was exhibited here a few days ago. And who is her sculptor? The well known Hogan. A work of art, and the work of Hogan, rest at the base of the altar of the south chapel, "The Dead Christ." Another work of his, "The Reclining Angel," in the Botanic Gardens. He left many such, and with them left a name prominently inscribed on the list of fame. The genius that McClese had exhibited on canvas, that same talent did Hogan display in marble, and Collanan, their townsman, pour out in sweetest melody, and in perfect harmony with the gentle flowing of their own dear beautiful Lee. Whilst twenty miles away, comes Davis, the war poet, with his "Clares Dragoons" and "Fontenoy," rushing on like a torrent. The earth trembles with the fury of their charge, and the air resounds with their war-cry: "Remember Limerick!"

— "When through the surging smoke,
With empty guns clutched in their hands,
The headlong Irish broke."

This altar that I mentioned, which holds at its foot the work of Hogan, is in sad contrast and a disgrace to his memory. The people of Cork contributed the means to build this altar, and the mechanics of the city anticipated the pleasure they would derive in erecting the altar, not alone on which the holy sacrifice would be offered, and where they would assist and worship, but it would be, as it were, a tribute to his memory, and a work that would agree and be in keeping with the greater work of their fellow-townsmen which rest at its base. In this they were most shamefully disappointed. The clergy received the money, sent it to England,

and had the present miserable looking thing, a substitute for an altar, placed in position. It is a standing insult to the intelligence of the people of Cork, and the skill of her mechanics.

I would say this was strange, were it not a repetition of a similar occurrence in the painting of the North Cathedral, some years ago, and later again the building of the Confessionals in Sts. Peters and Pauls. It can not with truth be claimed, though, I understand that such an argument was at one time advanced, incompetency of the Cork mechanics. To deny this slander, they need but point to their work. A very fair test of this is exhibited in the last named church. The confessionals built and carved in Cork, stand beside those built in Belgium. True, the small figures carved on those built in Belgium are superior to those of Cork, but the figures are but a very small portion of the work. The Cork confessionals are larger, very elaborate, and superior in point of finish and carving. It is a well known fact, and a fact that is evidently not forgotten by the working class of Cork, that the clergy have made a mistake, and done the people of Cork a great injustice. The consciousness of the injustice shows itself in all the collections made by the clergy, and the disinterestedness the people display in any work, pointing to the enlarging or ornamentation of their churches.

Cork has had on its streets some comical characters. A few years ago, there lived in Cork a well known gamin whose name was Thrush, this title was given him through his perfect imitation of that bird's whistling, and partly from his impromptu rhymes and poetry. He was a true gamin of the the Victor Hugo's Gavroach, in dress, appearance and character, with the addition of original wit, usually put in verse. One cold rainy day he was standing with a companion, in the shelter of a door-way on a grand parade. The proprietor of the shop, at least he was such in the eyes of Thrush, told the boys they must leave. Thrush remonstrated and drew the man's attention to the rain, but to no use. Their expulsion aroused the indignation of the young bard, who on looking up saw the name of Hill over the door, when he immediately called out:

"Between Hill and hell there is but one letter,
And if Hill was in hell the parade would be better."

TIM FAGAN.

A FAREWELL TO THE LEE.

THE time to say farewell is near:
It seems so soon, so soon;
No more thy Angelus chime to hear,
Accompanying Shandon's bells at noon.
How familiar is every cot, and graceful bend,
Nay every tree
That on its verdent banks will lend
Its smile, and kiss the shadows in the Lee.
Faces will grow,
And change in time;
And hearts grow sad, perchance will break;
But thou sweet stream will never know

Of ages tread; but Shandon's chime
Shall music on thy waters make.

Of every gentle tributary to thy tide,
I've heard its song, and saw its home
Amid the fern shade where daisies hide,
And buttercups the daisies bride,
And linnets songs through woods they roam.

How sad to think that now we part,
To say farewell is always sad:
But, ah! dear Lee, the tears do start,
To say adieu to the pleasures we had.

The time to say farewell is near:
It seems so soon, so soon;
No more thy Angelus chime to hear,
Accompanying Shandon's bells at noon.

TIM FAGAN.

CORK, IRELAND, September 30th, 1879.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

EXPENSE OF RAILROAD CARS.—The following figures are given regarding the cost of car-building by one of the leading firms engaged in this branch of manufacture. The average price of box cars is from \$400 to \$450, while in 1875 they were as high as \$1,200. A milk car costs about \$100 more. A baggage car truck and a passenger car truck are of about the same expense. The price of a baggage car varies from \$2,000 to \$2,500. The cheapest style of Wagner's drawing-room cars may be made for \$8,000; the usual price being \$12,000. This includes all the furnishing. The cheaper drawing-room cars, four wheels, are made for \$10,000, while ordinary mail cars cost from \$2,000 to \$3,000; distributing cars are more expensive. Cars for the New York Elevated Road cost from \$2,500 to \$3,000. The ordinary passenger cars cost \$4,200; the last built for the Hudson River Road cost \$5,400, which includes a heater and some extra fixtures.

KING CETEWAYO.—A correspondent of the London *Times* gives an interesting account of the voyage of the captured Zulu King, Cetewayo, from the seacoast near where he was taken, to Cape Town. The unfortunate monarch was distressingly seasick, and doubtless regretted that the troopers who captured him did not shoot him, as he requested. He was accompanied by four of his wives, and took kindly to English gin, distributing the beer supplied him—and which he did not appreciate—among his women. On going on deck in the morning and seeing no land anywhere, he held up his hands in great surprise, though he usually held his emotions in check. He rather relished European fare, and at one time devoured a pot and a half of jam before taking a substantial meal of roast beef. He allowed his photograph to be taken, which shows him to be an enormous man, about six feet high, measuring sixty inches around the chest, and thirty around the thigh. He

is a handsome overfed specimen of humanity, with nothing repulsive about him. He was much afraid of the camera at first, but finding that it did not hurt him, he allowed several negatives to be taken. It is reported that the captive king will be taken to St. Helena, where Napoleon I. was exiled.

THE WAY TO HEALTH.—The only true way to health is that which common sense dictates to man. Live within the bounds of reason. Eat moderately, drink temperately, sleep regularly, avoid excess in anything, and preserve a conscience "void of offense." Some men eat themselves to death, some drink themselves to death, some wear out their lives by indolence, and some by over-exertion, others are killed by the doctors, while not a few sink into the grave under the effects of vicious and beastly practices. All the medicines in creation are not worth a farthing to a man who is constantly and habitually violating the laws of his own nature. All the medical science in the world can not save him from a premature grave. With a suicidal course of conduct, he is planting the seeds of decay in his own constitution, and accelerating the destruction of his own life.

MOUNTAIN RAILWAYS.—Some railway memoranda lately published in Germany give the highest points yet reached by existing railways passing over mountain ranges or through mountain passes. The Apennine line reaches a height of two thousand and twenty-four feet; the Black Forest line, two thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine feet; the Semmering, two thousand nine hundred and twenty feet; the Caucasian line, three thousand one hundred and ninety-eight feet; the St. Gotthard tunnel, three thousand seven hundred and eighty-six feet; the Brenner, four thousand four hundred and seventy-five feet; Mount Cenis tunnel, four thousand three hundred and ninety feet; the North Pacific, five thousand four hundred and twenty feet; the Central Pacific, seven thousand and twenty-one feet; the Union Pacific, eight thousand five hundred and seventy-three feet; while a railway over the Andes climbs to fifteen thousand six hundred and forty-six feet.

HOW THEY TRAVEL IN HUNGARY.—A traveler who recently went by railroad from Kaschau to Eperies in Hungary, relates in the *Vienna Neue Freie Presse* the following incident of his journey:

"When about a mile from Kaschau, the train suddenly stopped on the open road. The passengers threw open the windows, the locomotive shrieked, the brakemen sprang from the train—everybody thought an accident had happened. What was it? A fat and frisky little pig had escaped from one of the cars, and was galloping wildly over the cross-ties. Now began an exciting chase. The frightened pig took to the fields, the drover after him, while the brakemen looked idly on and patiently awaited the capture of the pig. The chase continuing for a considerable time, the brakemen and finally the engineer took a hand in it, the train meanwhile remaining stationary on the main line. Having been unsuccessful, the engineer and brakemen returned one by one to the train—all but one brakeman who carried the baggage check-book. After waiting a while for him the engineer concluded to leave him and the lost pig behind, and the train was again put in motion. Arrived at Eperies the passengers demanded their baggage, but were informed that it could not be delivered, as the man with the baggage-book would not be there until the arrival of the next train, and there remained nothing to be done but patiently to wait his coming. That is the way they travel in Hungary."

OUR MOTTO.

WE ARE striving day by day,
 Whether sad, or whether gay,
 To live up to our motto!
 We do not want when off afar
 Our wives to tell of a "family jar,"
 For we live up to our motto.

We come home sober every night,
 And in all things try to do right.
Sobriety is our motto!
 A pleasant wife, a pleasant home,
 And pleasing children—we're not alone,
 For Sobriety is our motto.

All our little debts are paid,
 Pleasant homes for us are made.
Industry is our motto!
 We go at work with an earnest will,
 And each one tries his place to fill,
 For Industry is our motto.

We always lend a helping hand,
 To those who do not understand.
Benevolence is our motto!
 We show kindness toward each other,
 And help a friend as tho' a brother,
 For Benevolence is our motto.

J. A. S.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

FUSING METALS WITHOUT FIRE.—Jacob Reese, of Pittsburg, Penn., puts forward the remarkable statement that he can, by an alleged new discovery, instantly melt a bar of cast-steel one inch in diameter, which can not be fused in less than five minutes in the highest furnace heat, by simply throwing against it a column of air having a velocity of 25,000 feet per second. He says the instant the air touches the metal fusion takes place.

USE OF SOFT COAL.—For years no one supposed that a lump of soft coal dug from its mine or bed possessed any other property than that of fuel. It was next found it would afford a gas which was combustible; in process of time mechanical and chemical means were found to manufacture this gas (carburetted hydrogen), and applying it to the lighting of buildings and cities. In doing this products of distillation were developed and now the following ingredients are manufactured from it: First, an excellent oil to supply light-houses, equal to the best sperm oil, but at lower cost; second, benzole, a light sort of fluid, which evaporates easily, and combined with a vapor or moist air, is used for the purpose of so-called port-

able gas lamps; third, naphtha, a heavy fluid, useful to dissolve gutta percha, India rubber, etc.; fourth, an excellent oil for lubricating purposes; fifth, asphaltum, which is a black, solid substance, used in making varnishes, covering roofs, vaults, etc.; sixth, paraffine, a white, crystalline substance resembling white wax, which can be made into beautiful wax candles; it melts at a temperature of 110 degrees, and affords an excellent light. All these substances are made with soft coal.

ELECTRICITY AND BEE-KEEPING.—The danger of handling bees has been met by giving them an electric-shock, when they are stunned and fall motionless. They can be sorted, and will recover, according to the power of the shock; in from one to eight hours, all will come out of their trance safe and sound. Some good apparatus could be invented for this purpose, to secure the honey and collect swarms, and as there is no patent on the subject, an opening for inventors is presented.

THE EYES.—It appears to be but too true that injury arises to the eyes from the practice of reading while driving, walking or riding, but without doing so, it seems impossible to keep up with even the scientific literature of the day. As the matter stands then, the alternative appears to be ignorance or blindness. Well, I think I prefer short sight. This reminds me of an anecdote of the late Lord Derby. An advertising wine merchant sent his Lordship a case of claret, with the curative intimation that the wine was a prophylactic against gout. The Earl returned the wine with the curt reply that "the Earl of Derby prefers the gout."

THE IMMENSITY OF THE STARS.—We take from *Le Monde de la Science* the following interesting "Considerations on the Stars," by Professor J. Vinot: "It is known that the stars are true suns, that some of them are larger than our own sun, and that around these enormous centers of heat and light revolve planets on which life certainly exists. Our sun is distant from us 38,000,000 leagues, but these stars are distant at least 500,000 times as far—a distance that in fact is incommensurable and unimaginable for us. Viewed with the unaided eye the stars and the planets look alike; that is, appear to have the same diameter. But, viewed through the telescope, while the planets are seen to possess clearly appreciable diameters, the stars are still only mere luminous points. The most powerful of existing telescopes, that of Melbourne, which magnifies 8,000 times, gives us an image of one of our planets possessing an apparent diameter of several degrees. Jupiter, for instance, which, seen with the naked eye, appears as a star of the first magnitude, with a diameter of 45'' at the most, will in this telescope have its diameter multiplied 8,000 times, and will be seen as if it occupied in the heavens an angle of 100°. Meanwhile a star alongside of Jupiter, and which to the eye is as bright as that planet, will still be a simple dimensionless point. Nevertheless that star is thousands of times more voluminous than the planet!

"Divide the distance between us and a planet by 8,000, and you have for result a distance relatively very small; but divided by 8,000 the enormous number of leagues which represents the distance of a star, and there still remains a number of leagues too great to permit of the stars being seen by us in a perceptible form. In considering Jupiter, or any of the planets, we are filled with wonder at the thought that this little luminous point might hide not only all the visible stars, but a number 5,000 fold greater—for of stars visible to our eyes there are only

about 5,000. All the stars of these many constellations, as the Great Bear, Cassiopeia, Orion, Andromeda, all the stars of the zodiac, even all the stars which are visible only from the earth's southern hemisphere, might be set in one plane, side by side, with no one overlapping another, even without the slightest contact between star and star, and yet they would occupy so small a space that, were it to be multiplied 5,000 fold, that space would be entirely covered by the disk of Jupiter, albeit that disk to us seems to be an inappreciable point."

VEGETATION ON THE EARTH.—The densely luxuriant tropical plants, with their lofty palms and wilderness of creepers; the more open woods of oak, elm or pine, and the planes of grass or heather of temperate climes; the mosses and lichens of the far north; the enormous masses of marine plants, and the multitudinous green threads of every pond or rivulet, are one and all continually engaged during the hours of daylight in tearing from the atmosphere its carbon, and in sucking from the earth or sea its water, (with the mineral substances dissolved in it), in order to build up new masses of organic substance, from these purely inorganic materials. The quantity of living matter thus daily formed may be truly termed enormous. The dry land of the earth's surface is estimated at 22,392,430 square miles. Let us assume that of this 15,000,000 square miles, or a little over two-thirds, are clothed with vegetation—neglecting altogether the vegetation of the ocean—and let but the three hundred and sixty-fifth part of an inch be the growth of this surface daily, and every year will be formed a mass one inch thick, and 15,000,000 square miles in extent, which would make a solid cube of vegetable matter about fifteen miles in extent in each dimension. It is thus no wonder that we should have accumulations of vegetable debris in the form of coal in some parts of the world (as in Pennsylvania) which may be in alternating beds seventy feet in thickness, and extending over an area larger than that of Yorkshire. The wonder, at first sight, is rather that the size of the solid earth does not, in succeeding ages, notably increase at the expense of its fluid and aeriform matter. But fast as organic matter is thus accumulated by so enormous and so incessantly acting a manufactory, its fabric is nevertheless much like the web of Penelope; for close upon life follows death, and with the death of all organisms their substance (by decomposition) returns again, for the most part (as water, carbonic acid, ammonia and various gases, &c.) to that inorganic world whence it was originally derived. [*From the Contemporary Review.*]

DOG LORE.

An instance of innate depravity was developed on the farm, in western New York, of the grandfather of the writer of this article. For miles around sheep were bitten, at intervals, night after night; but none of those on the ancestral farm were touched. Still, Elder Wyckoff's dog was suspected, and had been partly identified, though not overtaken, in one or two instances. The owner could scarcely believe ill of the dog, and no trace of the crime was ever visible on its clean hide.

At last, one night, the Elder left his bed to investigate the subject. Sure enough, the dog was absent. It was afterwards ascertained that the animal had gone to a farm twelve miles distant, and there had bitten a score of sheep. The Elder waited till near daybreak, and then saw the culprit coming rapidly homeward; but the dog did not see his owner, who was concealed. Now ensued the most curious part

of the performance. The dog went into a small stream of water, near the house, and washed himself carefully, getting rid of the sheep's blood with which his mouth and hair had been stained. Then he laid himself down in the grass, rolled over, shook himself, and went to his kennel. Of course, he was shot before sundown.

A controversy has been going on for several weeks in the columns of *Nature*, as to whether animals ever perform abstract reasoning. It appears to us that the instance we have described is very much to the point. No theory of inherited instinct seems adequate to explain why the dog that killed sheep at a distance always spared those of his master; or why that dog washed off the traces of guilt after a midnight foray.

A more interesting question arises as to how far animals understand human speech. In a well-known family living near Doylestown, Penn., there was kept a dog that had become old and worthless. One day at table the owner quietly remarked that he was going to shoot the dog, as there was no use in keeping him. The animal evidently heard the remark, and immediately rose up and walked out of the house. That dog has never been seen since; whether he committed suicide is unknown. He was supposed to be too feeble to wander very far, but he certainly did not come back. Names and date can be furnished, if needed, as to the foregoing facts.

The writer has witnessed a few instances of this kind of intelligence. In one case a lady mentioned to him that her pet dog had a great aversion to water, and that she had varied the week-day for washing the dog several times, because, if a uniform system was adopted, the animal would hide himself on the regular day. The dog—a small hound—lay apparently asleep on the sofa. Presently, without raising or varying the tone of conversation, the lady said, "I mean to wash the dog this afternoon." A moment afterward, the animal slipped quietly out of the room. Then the house was searched from garret to cellar without finding him; the dog did not put in an appearance the rest of that day.

A Philadelphia lady, now dead, whose accuracy of statement in any other instance we should never have doubted, told us the following story, which seems too marvelous for belief. Her mother was in the habit—as were many ladies of that city in olden times—of making her own purchases of marketing. One morning an old gentleman of her acquaintance, similarly engaged in buying, found that he had one chicken too many for his basket, and insisted upon transferring the fowl to hers. When she brought home her marketing and deposited it in the kitchen, taking up the fowl, she handed it to the cook with the remark: "I wish I had another chicken; it takes at least two to make a dinner." Thereupon, the family dog, which had been stretched upon the window-sill jumped out of the window as if something had attracted him. The dog staid away about half an hour, and came back with a chicken in his mouth; laid the burden down, and retreated to his usual seat on the window-sill. The chicken was yet warm, though dead; the dog had seized it by the throat. It was not known whose poultry yard had suffered. The lady who told the story ate a piece of the chicken.—[*Science News*.

COAL.—The Territory of Montana is estimated to contain 65,000 square miles of coal of excellent quality.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A RECENT picnic was turned into a hollow mockery by every fellow remembering to bring a corkscrew and depending on somebody else to furnish the bottle.

DIAMONDS, it is said, attract the lightning to a dangerous extent. Dwell much upon this point before buying your girl an engagement ring.

A MAN being pressed to stay a little longer, consented with the remark: "I will, fifteen minutes will make no difference. My wife is now as mad as she can be."

YOUNG housewife—"What miserable little eggs again! You really must tell them, Jane, to let the hens sit on them a little longer."

A PRETTY girl, posted in aquatics, wanted to know if a smack on the lips was a beau trace. Her young man received the question with roars of laughter.

A PUNNING quotation, which a lady once took as a compliment, "*Sweet is the veil where innocence resides.*" The laugh went round, when the sarcasm appeared in the following version: "Sweet is the veil wherein-no-sense resides."

AWKWARD LOYALTY.—When Queen Elizabeth soon after the defeat of the Spanish Armada visited Shrewsbury, the mayor, on congratulating her on the event, said: "When the King of Spain attacked your majesty, egad, he took the wrong sow by the ear."

WANTED PRACTICE.—A physician, having a duel on his hands, requested two of his friends to arrange with his adversary the hour of meeting. "Make it tomorrow," he says, "but not in the forenoon, because I must visit four patients before going to the ground." "I see," murmurs one of the seconds; "he wants to get his hand in."

"Do you belave in second love, Misther McQuade?"

"Do I belave in second love? Humph! If a man buys a pound of sugar isn't it swate? And when it's gone, don't he want another pound, and isn't that swate too? Troth, Murphy, I belave in second love."

SOME girls in Berlin, who were going to church, were attacked at the church door by a mouse and driven away. What kind of a church do they have there in Berlin that no young men are stationed at the door to protect the young ladies from mice? At every church we ever attended there is always a guard of young men stationed on each side of the entrance for this very purpose.

A LADY told her parson that she thought it very easy work to write sermons. He said it was not easy, and gave her as a text Proverbs, xxv. 24; "It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop, than with a brawling woman and in a wide house." "Do you mean me?" the woman cried. "Ah! you would never make a good sermonizer," said he; "you come to the application too soon."

NOT GONE.—"Dy'e think the hard times are gone, Sammy? said one boy to another. The one addressed passed the cuff of his left sleeve thoughtfully over his nose, and then responded, vehemently:

"Hard times gone? Not by a darn sight! Dad's broke his leg: ma'm threatens ter run away; sis is got the ague; Bill Snigg's dog licked mine yesterday, an' ter-day I tore my britches. Hard times gone? Why, yer darn fool, they's only beginning!"

Editorial.

WM. N. SAYRE, *Editor.*

E. V. DEBS, *Associate Editor.*

DECEMBER.

We would remind our friends that with this month ends the third volume of our Magazine. Let all arrearages be paid up at once, and subscriptions duly forwarded for Volume IV. before the time comes to go to press, that we may know the number needed, for in the future we will not be justified in printing more than will be actually required.

Volume IV. will contain a greater selection of choice reading, embracing history, fiction and poetry, scientific, miscellany, and a review of the latest topics, especially of interest to railroad men; with a summary of such items of general news and information that may profit and please the most critical and fastidious. We invite whole families to the folds of the Firemen's Magazine.

END OF VOLUME THREE.

With this number the third volume of the Firemen's Magazine is completed. What it has been, how far it has been useful and instructive, and filled the measure of our pride as a Brotherhood remains for you to say.

We are frank enough to say now, for the future, that the Magazine will enter a broader field, and try to exert an influence upon a more universal plan than where it has been contented to exist. We recognize the fact that we had to start from a small beginning and struggle against mishaps and misgivings. But to-day, with our advantages, and from the fact also that we find subscribers from other places than the Firemen's Brotherhood, gives us the hope, almost the assurance, that we will be permitted to so far enhance our Magazine in matter and size, as to claim a "nook" at every fireside in the land. No pains will be spared to this end. There is no longer any doubt or uncertainty of success. What we ask in our Brotherhood is that each one do his part towards advancing subscriptions and circulation, and we will do ours to make the Magazine worthy of your effort. Without anticipating the contents of our January number, further than to say it shall be a welcome to all, we extend to you our acknowledgements for your past kindness and indulgence, and wish you one and all *A Happy New Year.*

PUT NOT OFF TILL TO-MORROW WHAT CAN BE DONE TO-DAY.

Since our last issue the annals of disaster to railroad men bring warning to us all—to be ready. Within the past month some sixteen firemen have met death while in the discharge of duty. Most of them were outside the pale of our Brotherhood, while two only, brothers Monahan and Steller, were members. The former had only on the night previous to his death paid up all dues owing to his lodge.

In the case of Brother Steller he had been a member only twenty-four days when he was killed, an account of which appears elsewhere.

It probably is only a question of time when the locomotive fireman and engineer will stand together in a common brotherhood, for the assurance that it may bring them, that in case of death, their families will be protected from want and suffering. And it seems strange to us that there are yet many outside of this great

benevolent Order, when to become a member requires but such a small sum, and the benefits secured in case of death are an hundredfold; yea, incalculable to the loved ones who depended upon the brave father for support.

We say to the firemen everywhere—put not off till to-morrow what ye can do to-day. Make fast to that anchor that shall hold together those dear ones if you should be taken from them. No fireman should ever step upon his engine without feeling that, come what will, those whom he leaves behind but for a day only, it may be for eternity, will be cared for if accident should befall him. He knows not his hour. Let our brethren be active in bringing to the knowledge of all the benefits of our Brotherhood, for we feel that not only does it protect the widow and orphan, but the principles of our work if lived up to as they should be, will better fit our brother to meet the oftentimes *Fireman's fate*.

BE PROMPT IN YOUR DUES.

The members of the Brotherhood will hardly need a warning to heed the above injunction when they read of the death of brothers Steller and Monahan. The necessity of promptly paying your dues is apparent, otherwise upon death no benefits follow. The fireman and engineer are always in danger. They live, as it were, with their life in their hands. Many cases could be cited in and out of the Order, where in the past sixty days nine out of every ten accidents produced almost immediate death. Words are not needed to impress upon our profession a duty that seems to be written out for them in the blood of our fellows. Again we appeal to our companions of the footboard—be ye ready! You can not afford to leave your families dependent upon the charities of a cold world. Procure for them protection by your affiliation with our Brotherhood.

FIREMAN'S FATE.

Wm. H. Steller, fireman on the K. & D. M. freight train No. 7, Geo. H. Stiles conductor and Bruce Leming engineer, which left here yesterday morning, met with a sudden and shocking fate about seven o'clock last evening. When the train was about four miles east of Pella, Steller went up on top to see if it had not broken in two. That was the last seen of him. As the train neared Pella, he was missed and upon its arrival there the train men returned to search for him. At the point in question they found him lying on the track, cut in two, one portion of his body lying between the rails and the other outside. He showed no signs of life after they reached him. The body was not much mangled except where it was severed. The remains were taken to Pella, where an inquest will be held. No one saw him fall, and it is not known just how the accident occurred, but it is supposed that in stepping from one car to another he fell between them and was run over. Steller was a young man, about twenty-one years of age, large, stout and very active. He has been in the employ of the road about two years. His mother is a widow. Steller is said to have been a very steady, trustworthy young man. We do not know when we have read of a death, that seemed so suddenly, to shut out a life so full of promise. Out in the darkness, in the discharge of his duty, he stepped into eternity. We can not refrain from allusion here, to a duty we all owe to a higher law, and to the Supreme Being before whom we must all answer, while many of us by reason of association, have been and are wayward in

our lives. Then comes a time to us all when, to us as a class, danger has come, that we remember there is a God. As a profession constantly facing danger, it would be supposed that we would live ever mindful of christian precepts and teachings. We have, to their honor be it said, many men in our Brotherhood who are christian men. And it does seem that if anything in this life could be a warning of our duty, it is just such sudden deaths as brother Steller, and others we might mention, who, without warning—it may be, preparation—are swiftly borne on to that bar of mercy, to answer for the sins of a life.

Our Brotherhood teaches reformation in all things, and there is no class of men better fitted to enjoy and appreciate christian life and example than Locomotive Firemen and Engineers.

A SUCCESSFUL YEAR.—The year 1879 will pass into American history as a year of wonderful agricultural prosperity. The cotton crop is larger by half a million bales than ever before; the tobacco crop 12,000,000 pounds, and the sugar crop exceeds by some 200,000 hogsheads all previous yields. These are crops which belong almost exclusively to the Southern half of the Republic. In behalf of the Northern States the excess of products this year over the crops of any previous year is, according to the Chicago Journal of Commerce, 20,000,000 bushels of wheat and from 80,000,000 to 100,000,000 bushels of corn. The hog crop also is larger this year than for a number of years past, if it is not the largest ever raised.

FROM the *Arkansas Democrat* we clip the following miraculous escape of brother Lindenberger's little child: "An infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Lindenberger, living in a two story house near the corner of West Markham and State streets, met with a fearful fall and a miraculous escape from death yesterday. Mr. L. is an engineer on the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railway, well known and respected, and is to be congratulated on the escape. He was out on the road at the time, and his wife, while busily engaged with household duties, had tied the baby into a child's chair, which was placed in a rocking chair. By some means the little one started the chair rocking, and precipitated itself, small chair and all, out of the second story window. Fortunately the back of the chair and the baby's head struck in a thick clump of grass, and the injury was slight."

LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE AND CHART.—We are in receipt of the August and September numbers of the Locomotive Firemen's Monthly Magazine, a handsome publication issued at Indianapolis, Ind., at \$1 a year, and edited by W. N. Sayre.

We have also received a copy of the very appropriately designed and handsomely engraved chart for Firemen's Lodges, and have hung the same in our office for the inspection of those locomotive firemen, railroad men, and others who may call. The designs represent various scenes in the life of a fireman; also emblems of the railroad business; also the coats of arms of the United States and Canada, the two countries embraced in the Order. Samuel M. Stevens, formerly of this city, and now Grand Organizer of the Brotherhood is the designer of the chart.—[From the *Rock Islander*, Rock Island, Ills.]

In the January book we will give the names of the parties to whom the prizes will be given for soliciting subscribers for the Magazine for 1879.

Correspondence.

SKETCHES IN INDIA.

BY T. S. ABBOTT.

July 16th. During our ride to-night we passed two native Hindoo Pagodas. One was surrounded by a grove of palm trees, and was very oriental and picturesque. The other was very prettily situated on a branch of the Ganges river, and is regarded as a very sacred place by these heathen. Many come hundreds of miles to this sacred shrine, and do their journey in this manner: They prostrate themselves on the ground; a man goes with them the whole pilgrimage, and as they lie on the ground the man takes their measure from head to feet; then they get up and take one step and prostrate themselves again, and their measure is again taken. In this manner these poor fools perform long journeys, and arrive at Calcutta in a most filthy and wretched condition. Then they will stand in the sacred river with the water up to their necks for hours, and soak away their sins and dirt at the same time. I saw several of these devotees standing in the river. Many also crawl on all fours during their journey. These people are apt to bring pestilences into the city, and the English government is trying to get them to bathe in some other locality, because they are such wretched objects when they get here. Many of them are rich men. This river Pagoda looked very pretty as the rays of the setting sun lighted up its odd towers and quaint minarets. Here I also saw the remains of a large god or idol. It was made of straw and clay, and was hideously painted as most of these singular looking things are.

We also passed through a busti or native village. The huts were all built of bamboo, and the rafters tied together with thin slips of bamboo. The roof was also tied on at each corner, and then the rafters were covered with a thatch of dried palm leaves. Some had straw thatching. The sides and partitions were made of coarse bamboo mats, and the windows were mere openings, with smaller mats for coverings. Everything in this singular country is made of bamboo, and their ladders, stagings, etc., are always tied together. They will go to the top of a four-story building in the city on these frail ladders, carrying hods of brick on their heads.

These native huts are always built on a platform of clay, about three feet high from the ground. This is done to keep the water out during the rainy season. These huts are wretched places of abode, and yet whole families of the lower class of Hindoos live in them; also the hens, goat, cat, and sometimes a cow. These people use a great deal of goat milk, and sometimes one family has a half a dozen of them about their hut. In America one would not think these huts were fit to keep a pig in. Now-a-days there is always a watch tower, built in the center of these busties, and at night a native man is stationed in it to look out for fire. These native huts are always taking fire, and once started the whole busti burns down, because it is built of such dry and combustible material. They are very careless in their use of fire.

There is no danger, however, from fire in the English part of the city, as here all the buildings are built of brick, and are heavy and solid. The walls are always

from eighteen inches to two feet thick, and outside and in are covered with plaster. The walls are painted white outside, and inside are always frescoed. The only wood work about these houses is the door-frames, doors, windows, window-frames, and the beams that hold up the floors, so it is impossible for an English house to burn up. The floors are all built of tiles, and these of course rest on heavy beams. I will tell you how these tile floors are made. After the outside walls are up, then the inside ones are put up. All the partitions are of brick, and are generally a foot thick. The floors are laid on heavy beams. First a layer of wide slabs of slate closely cemented together, and on top of this is spread a layer of mortar. When this is hard and dry the tiles are laid. In most English houses marble tiles are laid in the lower halls and rooms. These are often blue and white, with a wide border of blue marble. The floors of the upper rooms are tiled in the same manner, but are generally cemented over, and this of course leaves a smooth surface and a very hard one. On these floors straw matting is laid, and over the matting large Turkish or Persian rugs and carpets. The straw mats are made in one large piece, and cover the whole room and always have a wide, handsome border. The top of the house is built like the floors, and outside is cemented with a water-proof cement. In all Calcutta houses the heavy beams that hold up the floors are exposed to view in the top or ceiling of each room. They are painted, and the spaces in between each one are painted to match the color of the walls of the room.

These Calcutta houses are immense, and outside look large and more like some public building than a private house. Ours has a large compound or garden around it, and extensive park behind it. They are spacious and handsome inside, and the walls being so thick are nice and cool. The walls are always tastefully frescoed, and we can have our pink, green, yellow and blue rooms just as people do at home in America, and have them very prettily furnished with rattan and bamboo furniture, made up in all sorts of graceful and oriental patterns. We also have beautiful brass bedsteads. Every bedstead has a lace drapery curtain over it, and underneath of this a mosquito net. By day these nets are always looped up so that none of the tormentors can get under it. Just before night the bearers go into each bedroom and unloose the nets, shake them out, and then tuck them in around the mattress. Then at night when one goes to bed the bearer takes a large towel, and whisks it about before he opens the net, and when you are ready to get into bed he opens it just enough for you to get in, and in you dive head first, as if you were going in swimming. He closes it in an instant, and tucks the net in under the mattress. Then you can take your time about getting in between the cool linen sheets. After you are in it is fun to hear the mosquitos singing outside and you lying at ease, but if one happens to get in, woe be unto you.

The bedsteads in all East India bedrooms stand in the middle of the room ; this is so that you can have plenty of air all around you. A good deal of our furniture is made of solid mahogany, and comes from England. It is very rich, handsome and stylish. There are no closets in the walls of our houses, consequently we use wardrobes. These have shelves and drawers in them, and places to hang clothes up. The natives call these wardrobes *Almiraks*, they can not pronounce the word wardrobe.

To be continued.

OUR DUTIES.

Editor B. of L. F. Magazine: Much has been said in regard to the duties of members of our Order. There is no institution, no matter how good the principles upon which it is founded, or how binding its obligations, whose members do not often require to be reminded of the duties incumbent upon them. Men are frail by nature and are prone to lapse into error, and to come short of the duties they owe to God, to their neighbors and themselves. Christianity, with all its splendid hopes and promises, with all its inspiration, with all the glorious rewards held out to the faithful, is not so powerful in its operation upon the minds and hearts as not to require that its professors should be frequently reminded of their high calling and the important duties required of them. So it is in our Brotherhood, without claiming to be of divine origin, its object is to inculcate those great duties which the bible approves. Hence I regard it as part of my duty, not only frequently to recall to our minds the duties we are expected to perform, but to present them before our brothers, not in the spirit of dictation, but in that spirit of brotherly love and affection which one brother owes to another.

A brother must be constant. No man is ever imbued with the spirit of our Brotherhood without having that fixed attachment to its principles, its ordinances, and its labors, which makes him a willing attendant upon the lodge, and induces a constantly growing fondness for assemblies, that makes him a frequent and continued visitor for years, "as if increase of appetite grew by what it feeds on."

A brother must be faithful. Fidelity implies a strict conformity to all the requirements of a brother; a full, perfect, continued fulfillment of all the obligations of our Order; obligations deep, strict, unconditional; obligations to do and to forbear. The fidelity of a brother involves a watchful care; a delicate but unwinking vigilance upon all that concerns our Order. No movement that has a direct bearing upon the Order can escape the faithful brother's notice; he sees the evil and gives the alarm; and this kind of fidelity extends to every member of our Order—extends of necessity to the individual brother. Our Order is wounded through some brethren. Her glory is the pure morals and correct principles of her children. Her shame is found in neglected ordinances, a desolate fraternity. Can, then, a true brother see a brother falling into errors, lapsing from the path of rectitude, wandering away after the enticement of pleasure vices, and neglect the solemn duty of admonition? Can he admonish, lure, entreat the erring brother in vain, and yet be faithful, if he neglects to inform the brethren of the danger they incur by their lax morals of the Order? Surely not. He forgets the lesson of our conductor and the spirit of the lodge; he overlooks the ties that bind him, one link to the brother and one to the Order, and cowardly and traitorously lets the enemy of our race get possession of the heart of a brother to whom he should give proper notice.

A brother must be charitable. That charity which as the bond of love with brothers lies deep in the heart; it is the principle of the act rather than the act itself; it is the motive sanctifying the movement that gives merit to the deed. True benevolence or charity finds its expression often in alms deeds; it is evinced in the small pittance the brother can spare to the widow and fatherless. But it has other modes of expressing itself; it finds out the objects for its exercise; it pours a light upon the pathway of the wanderers; it guides him onward in his course and silently

blesse him. True benevolence or charity exhibits itself in solicitude for the welfare of all interested in the benefits of the Order; it rejoices in the elevation and prosperity of a brother, and it sympathizes in the humiliation and adversity of the unfortunate. It startles the erring from the precipice over which he is bending; it gently lures back to virtue the brother that was beginning to fall, and comes, not with noisy purpose or ostentatious liberality, which like the potent storm tears up the earth which it should enrich, but falls gently and equally like the blessed dew of heaven that nourishes and invigorates where it rests, and sparkles in the sunlight, as if in token of its gratitude.

A brother should be temperate. The vice of intemperance is one which can not be too carefully avoided. It has been a subject of reproach to our Order that in regard to this, its discipline has been too loose. How often do we find a splendid genius prostrated, and a noble mind in ruins in consequence of the debasing effect of this worst of vices—worst, because it leads to so many others. God endowed man with reason and intelligence for high and noble purposes, not to be destroyed by intemperance. He did not give him noble sentiments and generous feelings to be debased by this wretched vice. Sobriety is one of the mottoes of our Order, and a brother should not only practice sobriety himself, but endeavor to enforce it upon others by his precepts and his example. An intemperate brother is a dark spot upon the escutcheon of our Order which should be effaced by rigid discipline.

I am, yours fraternally,

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

JOS. SCHELLHORN.

MODERATION.

Editors B. of L. F. Magazine: What a great deal of nonsense some people talk about moderation in drinking. They talk as if it was right to drink moderately; and yet, though they talk so much about it, they can not tell what moderation is; they can not lay down any rule that can be of use in keeping people from drinking to excess; they can not say what a moderate quantity is. What one man would say was a very moderate quantity, would make another man drunk. One man takes a glass and says he is drinking moderately; and another man takes a whole bottle at a time, and yet maintains that he also is drinking moderately. One man thinks a person drinks moderately so long as what he takes makes no difference in his voice, or his look, or his manner. Another thinks he has been drinking moderately so long as he can find the way home without help, even when other people see quite well that he is half stupefied. And many, alas! go on drinking and think they are drinking moderately till they awake too late and find they are already confirmed drunkards.

Old Samuel Johnson was right when he said: "Everybody knows what total abstinence is; but what moderation is nobody can define." General Neal Dow says: "You can tell about as easily when a man becomes a drunkard as you tell when a pig becomes a hog." In looking over John B. Gough's work on temperance, he defines moderation thus: "A moderate drinker can stop, but won't; a drunkard is one who would stop, but can't. The grace of God alone can help him—and a stout Maine Law. The fact is, that moderation is not only difficult to define, but even if you give a definition, and lay down a rule, it is a rule that, as we see, not kept, and therefore we may be sure never will keep people from going on in multitudes of cases to drunkenness. Moderation is like my father's horse, which had

only two faults; first, it was difficult to catch; and, second, it was not worth anything when it was caught."

But, total abstinence! Everybody knows what that is. And total abstinence is not only a safe rule for ourselves, but a safe rule and example for all others to follow. So I say, total abstinence forever.

LODGE No. 12.

ORGANIZATION.

Organization is power. This indeed has been proven so often that it can not be disputed. And experience has shown in past that any well organized body of men with a good intention and purpose, and also a determination to win, can accomplish a great deal. This is applicable especially to benevolent societies. For example, the order of Freemasons, a body of men organized to assist one another, has been in existence for ages past doing good, and is now recognized as a permanent and worthy institution, and one that is deserving of the praise that has been bestowed upon it. Also the order of Odd-Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Honor and Order of Forresters, and numbers of others, all with benevolence as their motto, have done a great deal to elevate mankind to the highest possible standard.

Every order has an object to accomplish, and of course each member is held accountable for the furthering of this object, and such being the case, it can not but succeed if each does his part. A man that spends his days in this life, and has no fixed purpose needs something to imbue ambition into his mind. And this is done by giving him an object to fulfill, and soon it becomes a habit to do good and assist all that are united under the same standard with him. We find some that are particularly prejudiced against secret societies, and they imagine that there is something terrible about them, or they would not take means to keep from the world the doings of the lodge-room. This is altogether wrong. If I am engaged in a business of any description I do not think it necessary that every one should know all that occurs. It is wise for a body of men to assemble together for the purpose of consulting as to the most practicable means of rendering assistance or protection to themselves and those dependent on them for support, compare different views and opinions, and generally a plan can be devised, which, if left to one mind, could not have been accomplished.

Now I would say of the Order of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen that it also has a purpose to accomplish. Although a great deal has been done since its origin towards doing good, there is still room for improvement, and it remains for each one to do all that he possibly can. Do not say that you are only one, and if you do not help it will not matter, for there is enough without you.

Well, suppose that every one would do the same, how long would the Order exist? As I said before each one *must* interest himself. Do not depend upon another to do your share. Each one has a little influence and can do some good. Do not become discouraged at trifles, but keep working, and do not think that you are doing all for others. Perhaps you or your little ones will reap great benefits from your efforts. Strive to spread the Order and relieve a brother. The only sure way of accomplishing our benefits is by the *prompt payment of dues*. Do this, and I can assure that the Order will be a success, both morally and financially.

With my best wishes to all, I remain your brother,

HERCULES LODGE, No. 63, DANVILLE, ILLS.

CHAS. J. MCGEE.

INSTRUCTORS REPORT.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen: My visit among the lodges in the northwest was pleasant, and everywhere I saw evidence of the growing strength and popularity of our Order. Although my stay was short at each place, it was of sufficient length for me to learn of the prosperous condition of the various lodges which I visited.

At Cedar Rapids, Iowa, I met the members of Lodge No. 27. Among them were brothers Byers, Day, Munn, also Brother Eckman, the delegate to the Chicago convention, by whom I was shown many courtesies, and treated to a drive around the city which was much enjoyed.

Hawkeye Lodge is in excellent condition, and has had twelve or fifteen applications for membership since the convention.

My next stop was at Waterloo, Iowa, where I met brothers Dubois and Lane, from whom I learned of the prosperous condition of No. 30. I remained with them but a few hours, when I left for Marshalltown, where I was met by brother Gregg, and escorted to his home and comfortably entertained during my stay. Later in the evening I was introduced to brothers Hoyt, Butts, Tipton and others. No. 92 is a small lodge, but in good condition.

Sunday, November 2d, I found myself in Clinton, Iowa, and was met by members of Clinton Lodge No. 34. Later in the day I attended a meeting in the lodge-room, and was pleased to find the lodge composed of able and earnest workers in the cause. They seem to understand that in our calling there are weak ones to be assisted, widows to be relieved and orphans to be cared for, and they will allow nothing to deter them from accomplishing their mission of benevolence and charity. While in Clinton, I stopped with brother Wm. Post, an active member of Lodge No. 34, who by hard work and economy has made a pleasant home for his interesting little family.

I was pleased to grasp the hand of our worthy brother B. Story Keith, who worked so hard and well at the Chicago convention. While at Clinton, I met brothers Baker and Murphy of No. 95, who had a good word to say in behalf of Chicago Lodge No. 95. Brother Baker is pulling the throttle, but has lost none of his interest in the Order. On my way home I stopped at Chicago, where I met several members of No. 47; also No. 50, all of whom were in the best of spirits and hard at work in the interests of the Magazine and the Brotherhood generally.

Monday evening, November 3d, I left Chicago for Indianapolis. On my arrival at Lafayette, Indiana, I found brothers John Brewer and Jas. Brower awaiting me at the depot. I took supper with brother Brewer and family, after which we visited the engine house of the Wabash Railroad, where I met many members of No. 36. They all seemed proud of their lodge, and well they might, they are steadily increasing in numbers, eleven having been added to their list since the meeting of the delegates, which is positive evidence of the interest locomotive enginemmen take in our organization.

Tuesday morning, November 4th, after taking breakfast with brother Brower, I left for Indianapolis, having traveled about twelve hundred miles, and visited members of the following lodges: Nos. 27, 30, 34, 36, 47, 50, 92 and 95, and now wish to return my earnest thanks for the many acts of kindness received from the brothers everywhere during my journey. I also wish to thank Mr. J. O. Chapman,

master mechanic at Clinton, Iowa, of the C. & N. W. Railway for his kindness in furnishing me transportation over his road. Such acts as these go far towards making friends and willing workers of those in the employ of railroads, and I am sure that the Brotherhood at Clinton will not be unmindful of the generous treatment on the part of their master mechanic.

My next visit will be to the lodges in the south-west, of which I shall give you a report at an early date. Until then I am,

Yours Fraternally,

S. M. STEVENS.

OAKLAND, CAL., November 6th, 1879.

Editor B. of L. F. Magazine: Dear Sir—According to a promise made to a number of my friends I am going to write a short article for the Magazine to let them know how I am getting along. I left Chicago on the night of October 22d via the C. & N. W. R. R., and all who are acquainted with the members of the B. of L. F. on that line can judge of the kind treatment I received. I will only say that for courtesy and true hospitality I never met their superiors. I stayed in Omaha one day, but was debarred from meeting any of the brothers there on account of having other business to attend to, and to all the brothers on the line of the Union and Central Pacific Roads, I wish to say that all that kept me from stopping off and visiting them was the fact that I was traveling with my wife and sister, and I could not conveniently leave them.

I will not attempt to describe the beauties and grandeur of the trip across the continent. I will simply say that to one who has been living on the prairies of Illinois as long as I have, the magnificent scenery of the Echo and Weber Canons, and the beauties of the Sierra Nevada Mountains is truly grand and wonderful. I only wish I had time and space to describe everything as I saw it, but I will refrain, as it would take too long. I will say, however, that as the weather was very fine, my wife and I spent a great portion of the time on the platforms, seeing all that was to be seen. I arrived in Oakland on the afternoon of October 29th, and since my arrival have been on the go all the time. I never saw a place where there is so much to be seen. I go to the city of San Francisco every day, and I want to tell you right here how it is done. There are local trains running through Oakland every half hour, which take you out to the end of the Central Pacific wharves, two miles out in the bay, where you pay fifteen cents for a ticket which will take you over to San Francisco on the first ferry boat that runs. There is no charge made on the cars in Oakland, and you can ride up and down all day.

The country and climate are delightful here, and I must say that California is the "boss country." I do not think there is much prospect for work here, but it is a fine place to visit. Being a stranger here, I devote a great deal of time to looking in the windows of the large jewelry stores, which make a fine display. I always keep a good hold on my pocket-book, which at the present contains about enough to buy a nickel-plated chain.

I spent yesterday at the Cliff House, on the shore of the Pacific Ocean, and enjoyed watching the large sea-lions, which are very numerous, sporting in the water, or basking in the sunshine on the rocks. I have also been to the Golden Gate Park, Lone Mountain Cemetery and to Woodward's Garden, all of which are worth seeing. I have been on board the Pacific Mail Steamers, and they are gorgeous. I have taken dinner at the Palace Hotel, which is superior to anything

I have ever seen in that line, and I went to see a game of base ball between the Chicagos and Cincinnati's, in which the Chicagos were defeated. I have yet to visit the mint, the ice factory, and the Southern Pacific round house, which is about all I shall do this time, as I start for San Diego next Monday on the steamer Anchor.

I want to write a few lines about the street railways and the new ferry boat, and then I will close. I had heard something about the cable roads, but had no idea that you could ride three miles on cars propelled by a wire cable under the street pavement, but such is the case. There is a small open car ahead of the ordinary car, which has two levers, one for the brake, and one to control the clutch or grip which takes hold of a wire cable about seven-eighths of an inch in diameter, which runs in a box about ten inches below the street level. There is an opening about one inch and a half wide in the center of the track through which the grip or clutch slides, and it is wonderful to see the cars run up hill and down, and under perfect control. The man who controls the two levers has a badge on his hat which says *engineer*. You can imagine what kind of a country it is where street-car drivers are called engineers.

The new ferry boat being built at Oakland is for transferring trains across the straits, which connect the Sacramento River and San Pablo Bay. The boat is the largest ferry boat in the world. It is 425 feet long on deck, and 116 feet wide, with a depth of eighteen feet, and has four tracks which will hold forty-eight freight cars. There was 1,500,000 feet of lumber used in its construction. It contains light boilers of Otis steel, built by the Central Pacific Company at the Sacramento shops. They are twenty-seven feet ten inches long, and seven feet in diameter, and weigh together 168 tons. There are four steam drums, seventeen feet long and five feet in diameter, and four smoke-stacks forty feet high, four feet nine inches in diameter. In the center of the boat there are two vertical beam condensing engines, with cylinders sixty inches in diameter, and a stroke of eleven feet. The shafts are fifty-two feet long and twenty-two inches in diameter, and the two wheels are thirty feet in diameter. The machinery in the boat weighs 500 tons, and the whole cost of the boat will be about \$350,000. The steering apparatus is worked by steam.

As I have now written more than I at first intended, I will close. My address for the present will be

R. V. DODGE, JR.,
Care Horton House, San Diego, Cal.

BUFFALO, November 9, 1879.

To the Editor of Locomotive Firemen's Magazine: In showing to the public the high esteem in which the members of the B. of L. F. are held by the officers of different railroads, through the master mechanic of each division, it will be necessary to notice in each Magazine the promotion of firemen to that responsible position of engineer, as every Magazine tells of the promotion of one or more. The master mechanic of the N. Y. L. E. & W. R. R., at Buffalo, having the chance to show the head officers that he has in his employ firemen belonging to this Order that he has perfect confidence in, and can place in charge of a locomotive, has advanced the following brethren to the position of engineer: Brothers D. McMullen, Wm. Burgman, E. D. Marr, G. Howell, J. H. Shufelt, T. Hannon, J. H. Crossman,

C. G. Swan, D. Gannah, Wm. T. Oliver, F. Ayers, all of Buffalo Lodge No. 12. Hoping that the master mechanic will never have a chance to find fault with his men.
I remain, yours,
A MEMBER.

SUBORDINATE LODGE ITEMS.

T. PHILLIPS withdrawn from No. 85.

BROTHER R. V. Dodge and wife have gone to San Francisco, Cal., to reside with his parents. Dick will make a good ranchman.

BROTHER J. E. Briggs V. G. M. is located at Dubuque, Ia., running an engine in the I. C. Railway yards.

WE are pleased to see the name of James Glasgow on No. 4's list. Brother Taylor has our best wishes for his success in conducting No 4.

BROTHER Henry Orth of No. 90 was married October 6th to Miss Bell Young of West Oakland, Cal. May you live long and prosper.

WE note with pleasure the promotion of brothers Paddock and Linehan of No. 10, both faithful and trusty.

BROTHER Stout of No. 45, desires to return thanks to the members of lodges Nos. 8, 17 and 36 for courtesies shown him during his northern trip.

LODGES Nos. 17, 36, 40, 74 and 85 give their annual dances during the month of November. As we go to press previous to the dates of the balls we can give no report, but wish them a pleasant time and big financial results.

BROTHER E. Y. Freeman of No. 74 has left his switch engine and taken a road engine. Brother Clinton takes the switch engine formerly run by Brother Freeman. Both brothers are well liked and respected by their officers and fellow-workmen. We wish them well.

BROTHER G. H. Kings of No. 35, has left the service of the I. C. R. R., and takes charge of the fire engine at Lasalle, Ill. Brother Kings is one of 35's best brothers, and we wish him success in his new position.

MARRIED.—Brother Lute H. Ingersoll of No. 43, was united in marriage to Miss Lizzie Painter by the Rev. Isaac S. Hall, pastor of the Twelfth street M. E. church, St. Joseph, Mo., October 22, 1879. Well, well! Lute, we wish you all the joy and happiness this world affords.

LOOKING around the other day we discovered one of the boys missing, and could not find any trace of him, but in a few days he came around, with his face all smiles, and then we took a tumble to ourselves, for we found out that our friend Mr. Thomas Shwit had taken unto himself one of Texarkana's fairest daughters, Miss Victoria Barron. We congratulate you and trust that you will travel hand in hand through this vale of tears, and that the track be always clear, and that you may never find a misplaced switch.

TEXARKANA.

MARRIED.—On Thursday evening, October 9th, the marriage of Mr. Dan Fifield, freman on the S. P. R. R., and Miss Tillie Falkingham, daughter of Edwin Falkingham, proprietor of the P. C. Children's Carriage Works, took place at the residence of the bridegroom, 113 Nineteenth street, Rev. Alfred Todhunter, of St.

John's Episcopal Church officiating. A goodly number of the friends of the parties were present at the ceremony, and many good wishes and valuable presents were conferred upon them. The father of the beautiful bride has assured her happy husband that when the proper time arrives he can select the finest baby carriage out of his large stock.. John Falkingham, brother of the bride, and Miss Theobold of Oakland, acted in the capacity of groomsmen and bridesmaid.

WALSH—FLOOD.—Yesterday at 12:30 a. m. a very pleasant affair was witnessed by a number of friends in the church of the Immaculate Conception.

It was a marriage scene—a scene which is always interesting in its combination. The artist has often attempted to depict in outline and color its beauty, but has never succeeded. It has about it a wealth of meaning which no brush can portray, and a wealth of beauty only comprehended by those whose experience is practical. At the altar of a church sanctuary seems to be a fitting place to solemnize a marriage, in that its associations are sacred and the impressions there made are liable to be more indelibly fixed upon the mind and heart. There the marriage bells bear upward a cadence that is sweet, yet full of the fervency of the inner inspiration. Those who were most interested in the scene to which we refer were the prominent characters of the scene, and they were Mr. J. Walsh, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, of Chicago, and Miss Annie Flood, of this city. They were married by the Rev. Father Brady. Mr. James Flood, brother of the bride, and Miss Mollie E. Fagan acted as bridegroom and bridesmaid. Following the ceremony the interesting and interested company repaired to the residence of the bride's mother, and there partook of a sumptuous marriage feast. At noon the happy couple left on the Chicago & Alton Road for Chicago, their future home, followed by the prayers and well-wishes of many friends. A new life is here begun, and may it prove a joy and a blessing through all the years, developing all along the pathway of life the best fragrance and fruits of existence. Many valuable presents were received.—*Sangamo Manitor*, Springfield, Ill.

We extend the best wishes of the Order.—Ed.

QUERIES.

Why is it when an engine breaks a main valve she will not move herself with the other side, without disconnecting? A. M. No. 67.

RESOLUTIONS.

At a regular meeting of Gate City Lodge No. 93, B. of L. F., held at their hall, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously approved and adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, who rules the universe and controls the destinies of men, to remove from our midst our beloved brother W. H. Steller, by a sudden, violent and untimely death, and

WHEREAS, By this dispensation we are called upon to mourn the loss of a faithful brother; his dear mother a loving and dutiful son; and the community a good citizen; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this division extend to his loving and bereaved mother, in this hour of severest trial, our best and purest heartfelt sympathy. Feeling sensibly how very far short all human sympathy goes toward filling the void made in a mother's

heart, we would earnestly commend her to Him whose tender love can heal the deepest wound, who in His providence careth for His children, who doeth all things well, who suffereth not even a sparrow to fall to the ground without His notice.

Resolved, That in the untimely fate of this dear young man we are again reminded of the certainty of death and the uncertainty of life, that we should be at all times prepared to meet our Creator and our Judge.

Resolved, That as a further token of respect for our dear departed brother, our hall, charter and paraphernalia, be draped in mourning for the time of thirty days.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our division, a copy furnished to the mother of our deceased brother, and that they be published in our Magazine.

KROOK, IOWA, November 9, 1879.

M. E. CLARK,
ZEB. MOORE,
H. O. JUSTICE. } Committee.

At a regular meeting of Forest City Lodge No. 10, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were passed:

WHEREAS, we the members of Forest City Lodge No. 10, receiving many kind favors from Mr. R. W. Johnson, and

WHEREAS, he has assisted our Magazine agent in securing so large a list of subscribers, and

WHEREAS, in so doing he has shown no small interest in our welfare and advancement, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we tender our sincere thanks to Mr. R. W. Johnson, for the generous interest manifested in our behalf, and be it further

Resolved, That we will ever remember his kindness with our highest esteem, hoping that he may live long in the enjoyment of peace and prosperity.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mr. R. W. Johnson, and also published in our Magazine.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, November 13, 1879.

F. PADDOCK,
S. S. CARD,
T. H. SHEPPARD. } Committee.

At a regular meeting of Chicago Lodge No. 95, held August 5th, 1879, we were made the recipient of a handsome motto, neatly framed, with the inscription of our Order, Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry skillfully worked thereon, being the production of Mrs. Rudolph Lund. It was highly appreciated by all the members present, and a committee appointed to present resolutions.

Resolved, That the thanks of Chicago Lodge No. 95, B. of L. F., be tendered to Mrs. Lund in appreciation of the testimonial given, and we earnestly hope that the sentiment of the gift may be firmly adhered to by all members of the B. of L. F.

Resolved, That a copy of the above be presented to the donor. Also, a copy sent to the Magazine for publication.

JAMES M. MILLER,
PHILIP P. MURPHY,
ED. J. BAKER, } Committee.

DEATH CLAIM NO. 13.—Paid to Mrs. Louisa Moulton, mother of our deceased brother C. H. Moulton, \$418.50, with \$37 yet standing out from seven lodges.

GRAND LODGE ORDERS.

December 10th a printed circular will be issued from the office of the editor of the Magazine, giving the names and numbers of the lodges whose agents are indebted for books of Volume III. There is \$450 standing out, which your editor has given you *long time* on. He now closes his contract for the year with Mr. Johnson, the publisher, and must consequently pay him. You will avoid much trouble by remitting immediately.

COLUMBUS, O., November 15th, 1879.

F. W. ARNOLD, G. M.

BLACK LIST.

No. 4. L. F. Frazier, R. C. Kennedy, W. N. Kellogg, C. F. Terry and S. Donaldson, expelled for non-payment of dues; also, Joseph Donovan, expelled for non-payment of dues and *general principles*.

No. 13. T. Rodgers and C. McGee, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 17. Geo. Sands, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 21. Thomas Doyle, expelled for unbecoming conduct.

No. 40. M. Maley, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 45. J. Gaffaney, B. Smith, E. Hastings and J. Garrity, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 75. T. Jebbs, expelled for non-payment of dues.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

elected at Sixth Annual Convention, Chicago, Ill., September 12th, 1879.

F. W. ARNOLD.....	Grand Master,
Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block,	Columbus, O.
J. E. BRIGGS.....	Vice Grand Master,
Dubuque, Ia.	
W. N. SAYRE	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Indianapolis, Ind.	
S. M. STEVENS	Grand Instructor,
Lowell, Mass.	
I. H. CROSSMAN.....	Grand Warden,
Buffalo, N. Y.	
DAN. LAZEART.....	Grand Conductor,
San Francisco, Cal.	
W. H. WHIPPEN.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Boston, Mass.	
D. H. DILL.....	Grand Outer Guard,
Marshall, Tex.	
WM. KARCHER.....	Grand Chaplain,
Philadelphia, Pa.	
WM. KELLARD.....	Grand Marshal,
Chicago, Ill.	
WM. N. SAYRE.....	Editor Magazine,
Rooms 3 and 4, Wilson Block,	Indianapolis, Ind.

GRAND TRUSTEES.

WM. T. GOUNDIE	Philadelphia, Pa.
JNO. BRODERICK.....	Hornellsville, N. Y.
J. M. DODGE.....	Chicago, Ill.

GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

M. GEPPER	Chicago, Ill.
OLE THOMPSON	Carlin, Nev.
L. ARCHER.....	Camden, N. J.
S. M. MCGAFFEY.....	Topeka, Kas.
P. H. SULLIVAN.....	North Platte, Neb.
JOSH. CLARK	Cleveland, O.

C. T. RITCHEY.....	Urbana, Ill.
C. J. MCGEE.....	Danville, Ill.
A. BASSETT.....	Fargo, D. T.
B. S. KEITH.....	Clinton, Ia.
W. P. DANFORTH.....	Worcester, Mass.
W. MARONEY.....	Chicago, Ill.

LODGE ADDRESSES.

Addresses are same as location of Lodges unless otherwise noted.

4. GREAT WESTERN, at Meadville, Pa. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays at 7:30, at M. and B. Hall, Water street.

T. S. Taylor (Box 1315) Master
J. F. Hoffman (Box 501) Rec. Sec'y
Geo. F. Dunbar (Box 286) Fin. Sec'y
Dunbar, Quackenbush and Wilkes,
Magazine Agents.

5. UNION, at Galion, Ohio. Meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30.

A. Jenkinson..... Master
T. Wooley..... Rec. Sec'y
J. E. Miles..... Fin. Sec'y
Jas. Farnsworth..... Magazine Agent

JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. F. Hall, at 7:30 P. M.

A. J. Gabard..... Master
L. M. Phipps..... Rec. Sec'y
Thos. Ackley..... Fin. Sec'y
E. G. Snyder..... Magazine Agent

9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Monday nights of each month.

F. W. Arnold..... Master
(Room 2, I. O. O. F. Block.)
W. K. Redmond..... Rec. Sec'y
(City Water Works.)
C. F. Collier (30 Russel st.)..... Fin. Sec'y
Jno. McClure..... Magazine Agent
(160 south High street.)

10. **FOREST CITY**, at Cleveland, O. Meets every other Sunday, commencing April 6th, Miller's Hall, cor. Scranton Ave. and Auburn street, at 2 P. M.
 F. D. Johnston, 67 Willie st. Master
 T. H. Sheppard, No. 6 Fruit st. Rec. Sec'y
 T. Coughlin, 6 Davidson st. Fin. Sec'y
 T. H. Sheppard, Magazine Agent
 No. 6 Fruit st.
11. **EXCELSIOR**, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 P. M., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
 J. S. Gorgas, Master
 P. C. Everitt, Rec. Sec'y
 H. Lott, Fin. Sec'y
 D. Gorgas, Magazine Agent
12. **BUFFALO**, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.
 I. H. Crossman, 454 Swan st. Master
 A. L. Jacobs, 413 Perry st. Rec. Sec'y
 C. G. Swan, 438 S. Div. st. Fin. Sec'y
 C. G. Swan, Magazine Agent
 (438 South Division street.)
14. **EUREKA**, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M., at No. 62½ East Washington street.
 Joe Smith (233 North Peru st.) Master
 C. W. Hawley, James House Rec. Sec'y
 Jno. Eusey, Fin. Sec'y
16. **VIGO**, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock, P. M. at A. O. U. W. Hall, N. E. Cor. Main and Eighth Sts.
 R. Ebbage, City Clerk's Office, Master
 E. V. Debs, do Rec. Sec'y
 J. H. Dodson, 211 N. 13th st. Fin. Sec'y
 Jas. Smith, do Magazine Agent
17. **OLD POST**, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets in No. 2 Engine House every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.
 T. A. Galloway, Master
 (East St. Louis, Ill.)
 C. A. Cripps, Rec. and Fin. Sec'y
 F. B. Wheeler, Magazine Agent
20. **STUART**, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.
 Wm. McBride, Master
 D. Hartigan (Box 418), Rec. Sec'y
 Wm. McBride, Magazine Agent
21. **INDUSTRIAL**, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in Engineers' Hall.
 Wm. Stevenson, Master
 H. Obenhouse, Rec. Sec'y
 J. A. Hayes, Fin. Sec'y
 J. A. Hayes, Magazine Agent
22. **CENTRAL**, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., in B. of L. E. Hall.
 J. M. Garrett, Master
 Wm. Trenary (Box 598), Rec. Sec'y
 W. H. Neville, Fin. Sec'y
 L. E. Beckley (Box 578), Magazine Agent
23. **LOUISVILLE**, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 P. M., in Israel's Hall, 69 3d avenue.
 J. W. Richardson (286 Wenzel st.) Master
 W. J. Thompson, do Rec. Sec'y
 F. B. Alley, 505 Washington st. Fin. Sec'y
 J. A. McHugh, Broadway Hotel, Mag. Agt
27. **HAWKEYE**, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets alternate Sundays, at 2 P. M., at engineers' hall.
 W. Munn, Master
 E. D. Eckman (Box 399) Rec. and Fin. Sec'y
 W. S. Davis, Box 1146, Magazine Agent
28. **ELKHORN**, at North Platte, Neb. Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays of each month.
 P. H. Sullivan, Master
 H. J. Clark, Rec. Sec'y
 T. Brown, Fin. Sec'y
 W. J. Stuart, Magazine Agent
29. **CHAMPION**, at Detroit, Mich. Meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30, at their Hall, 65 Michigan avenue.
 Jas. Byrnes, Master
 Martin Cooper, Rec. Sec'y
 Jas. Thomas, John Shaw, Mag. Ag'ts
30. **CEDAR VALLEY**, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets every 1st and 3d Saturday each month, in Good Templars' Hall.
 J. M. Dubois, Master
 L. C. Chase, Rec. Sec'y
 J. E. Briggs, Dubuque, Iowa, Fin. Sec'y
 W. R. Saunders (Box 799), Magazine Agent
31. **AT ATCHISON, KAS.** Organizing.
32. **AT TRENTON, MO.** Organizing.
33. **AT BOONE, IOWA.** Organizing.
34. **CLINTON**, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
 B. S. Keith, Master
 A. J. Sill, Rec. Sec'y
 Jno. Mooney, Fin. Sec'y
 W. T. Post, Magazine Agent
35. **At AMBOY, ILL.** Meets in Engineers' Hall 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
 T. Hincheliff, Master
 H. Schemerhorn, Rec. Sec'y
 W. M. Palmer, Fin. Sec'y
 Titus Hincheliff, Magazine Agent
36. **TIPPECANOE**, at LaFayette, Indiana. Meets every Sunday, at 2 P. M., at B. of L. E. Hall, cor. Fourth and Terry street, Wallace Block.
 J. H. Brewer, 161 Union Street, Master
 W. S. Baker, 114 Grove st. Rec. Sec'y
 C. F. Bingham, 161 Union st. Fin. Sec'y
 J. H. Brewer, Magazine Agent
39. **NORTH STAR**, at Austin, Minn. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays, at 2:30 P. M.
 Geo. R. Talbott, Master
 J. Brown, Rec. Sec'y
 J. W. Scagel, Magazine Agent
40. **BLOOMING**, at Bloomington, Ill. Meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday night
 Jas. Taylor, 903 Morris Ave. Master
 Jas. C. Hall, 913 W. Mulberry st. Rec. Sec'y
 Jno. B. Miller, Fin. Sec'y
 (C. and A. engine house.)
 C. Rafferty, 705 W. Chestnut st. Mag. Ag't
41. **At ROCKLIN, CAL.** Organizing.
43. **ST. JOSEPH**, at St. Joseph, Mo. Meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every second and fourth Sundays in each month.
 L. Mooney, Master
 O. W. Richardson, Fin. Sec'y
 L. H. Ingersoll, Magazine Agent

45. **ROSE CITY**, at Little Rock, Ark. Meets every Monday at 7:50 P.M., corner Main and Markham streets.
 J. Schellhorn Master
 F. A. Richardson Rec. Sec'y
 H. H. Lindemberger Fin. Sec'y
 E. W. Mills } Magazine Agents
 H. H. Lindemberger }
46. **CAPITAL**, at Springfield, Ill. Meets every alternate Sunday, corner 8th and Market streets.
 W. R. Whitcomb (c. 9th & Market sts) Master
 G. D. Partington (Lock box 1126) Rec. Sec'y
 Pat. Allen (Wabash Shops) Fin. Sec'y
 Louis Smith do Magazine Ag't
47. **TRIUMPHANT**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 P. M., in Railroad Chapel.
 M. Gepper, 770 Wabash ave Master
 Jas. Mylett, 706 Indiana ave Rec. Sec'y
 F. E. Parker, 49 24th street Fin. Sec'y
 P. D. Furling, 770 Wabash ave Mag. Ag't
50. **GARDEN CITY**, at Chicago. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Engineers Hall, on State street, between 48th and 49th.
 W. S. Barrows, 4532 Dearborn st Master
 W. Field Rec. Sec'y
 Cor. State and 47th st.
 W. S. Barrows Magazine Agent
 4532 Dearborn street.
51. **FRONTIER CITY**, at Oswego, N. Y. Meets every Thursday at 2:30 P. M., at Engineers' Hall.
 Jas. Gorman, 171 West 8th st Master
 L. J. Boynton, 112 W. Utica st., Rec. Sec'y
 Jno. Burns Fin. Sec'y
 L. J. Boynton Magazine Agent
52. **GOOD WILL**, at Logansport, Indiana. Meets every Sunday at 2:30 P. M., at B. of L. F. Hall, corner Market and Fifth Sts.
 A. Ross Master
 R. Warner Rec. Sec'y
 Ambrose Ross (Box 626) Magazine Agent
54. **ANCHOR**, at Moberly, Mo. Meets every Monday night at 43 Reed street.
 Jno. Mummert (box 820) Master
 Geo. R. Stacey, do Rec. Sec'y
 J. Bresson do Fin. Sec'y
 J. J. Murphy do Magazine Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY**, at Memphis Tenn. Meets 2d and last Saturday evenings of each month, at Knights of Honor hall, 298 2d street.
 Jno. Clark Master
 Alex. M. Cronin Rec. Sec'y
 W. M. Buchanan Fin. Sec'y
 Alex. M. Cronin Magazine Agent
56. **TOPEKA**, at Topeka, Kan. Meets every alternate Sunday at A. O. U. W. Hall.
 J. R. Goheen Master
 Wm. Tangman, Rec. Sec'y
 J. R. Goheen Magazine Agent
57. **BOSTON**, at Boston, Mass. Meets 1st Wednesday at 7:30 P. M. and 3d Sunday of each month, at 10:30 A. M., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.
 A. A. Kilburn, Dedham, Mass Master
 L. L. Parker, Jr. Rec. Sec'y
 72 Cambridge street, E. Cambridge, Mass.
 Jno. C. Adams Fin. Sec'y
 29 Milford Place, Boston Highlands, Mass.
 L. L. Parker, Jr. Magazine Agent
60. **UNITED**, at Philadelphia, Pa. Meets 1st Thursday evening and 3d Sunday morning of each month, cor. Lawrence street and Susquehanna avenue.
 J. L. Bodey, (2013 N. 3d st) Master
 A. B. Collon, 2206 Lawrence st. Rec. Sec'y
 Jos. Shepherd, 2510 Alder st. Fin. Sec'y
 W. R. Roberts, 1940 N. 4th st Mag. Ag't
61. **MINNEHAHA**, at St. Paul, Minn. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 P. M., cor 7th and Jackson sts., Engineer's Hall.
 S. J. Murphy, 46 McBoal st. Master
 Chas. Montgomery, 42 E. 4th st., Rec. Sec'y
 C. Sinks, 56 Goodrich ave Fin. Sec'y
 R. Peel, 183 Exchange st. Magazine Agent
62. **VANBERGEN**, at Carbondale, Pa. Meets every 2d and 4th Thursday of each month, in Engineers' Hall.
 Porter W. Johnson, box 284 Master
 O. E. Histed Rec. Sec'y
 Wm. A. Kellogg Fin. Sec'y
 Jno. A. Bryden Magazine Agent
63. **HERCULES**, at Danville, Ill. Meets every 3d Sunday and 4th Wednesday.
 J. A. Bain, box 772 Master
 Chas. J. McGee, box 772, Rec. & Fin. Sec'y
 Chas. J. McGee, box 772 Magazine Agent
67. **DOMINION**, at Toronto, Can. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 P. M., in Occident Hall, Queen street.
 C. Pope, Box 697 Master
 Jas. Allen (Box 697) Rec. Sec'y
 Alex Mowat (Box 697) Fin. Sec'y
 P. Kennedy (Box 697) Magazine Agent
69. **HURON**, at Fort Gratiot, Mich. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, over Post Office.
 Thomas Bruce, box 13 Master
 T. Macklon, box 13 Rec. Sec'y
 Charles Raymond, box 13 Fin. Sec'y
 T. Bruce Magazine Agent
70. **LONE STAR**, at Marshall, Texas. Meets corner 1st and River streets, on the 1st and 3d Sunday of each month.
 C. Green Master
 D. H. Dill Rec. Sec'y
 C. Horton Fin. Sec'y
 D. H. Dill Magazine Agent
71. **CAPITAL CITY**, at Albany, N. Y. Meets every 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 281 Green st.
 D. O. Shank, 281 Green st. Master
 L. O'Brien, 7 Union St. Rec. Sec'y
 D. O. Shank Magazine Agent
 281 Green st., Albany, N. Y.
72. **WELCOME**, at Camden, N. J. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, corner 4th and Arch streets.
 L. Elbertson Master
 Abner Huston, Jr. 322 Bridge ave. Rec. Sec'y
 H. Higgins, 204 Mickel st. Fin. Sec'y
 T. C. Smith Magazine Ag't
 (3610 Sylverton avenue.)
73. **BAY STATE**, at Worcester, Mass. Meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room No. 3.
 Geo. A. Hewitt, Union Depot Master
 W. P. Danforth, 149 S. Bridge st. Rec. Sec'y
 L. C. Wilson, Union Depot Fin. Sec'y
 L. W. Stoddard Magazine Agent
 149 South Bridge street.

74. **KANSAS CITY**, at Knsaas City, Mo.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays, in Masonic
Hall, West Kansas City.
E. Y. Freeman Master
Arceby Clark, 1217 W. 9th st Rec. Sec'y
C. W. Downs Fin. Sec'y
E. Y. Freeman Magazine Ag't
75. **ENTERPRISE**, at West Philadelphia,
Pa. Meets every other Sunday after-
noon, at Hancock's Hall, 40th street
and Lancaster avenue.
E. A. Mace Master
3809 Grape st. West Phila.
Wm. J. Wheeler Rec. Sec'y
4904 Pushaw Ave., West Phila.
Wm. T. Goundie Fin. Sec. and Mag. Agent
3405 Elm st., West Philadelphia, Pa.
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN**, at Denver, Col.
Meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30
P. M., at Engineers' Hall, No. 13 and 14
Halliday street, (lock box 1588.)
George Klock, lock box 1588 Master
John Young, do Rec. Sec'y
Wm. Hockenberger do Fin. Sec'y
Jas. Collins, do Magazine Ag't
79. **CUMBERLAND**, at Edgefield, Tenn.
Ira Thompson Master
Wm. Evatt Rec. Sec'y
H. Stanfield Fin. Sec'y
82. **NORTHWESTERN**, Minneapolis, Minn.
Meets in Druids' Hall, Masonic Block,
Nicolet avenue, between 1st and second
sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday
evenings of each month.
Arthur Sandy Master
J. D. Weaver Rec. Sec'y
Sheldon T. Browne Fin. Sec'y
1807 Sixth street, south.
H. Clark and Jas. Mathews Mag. Ag'ts
84. **MISSOURI RIVER**, at Omaha, Neb.
Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays of each
month, M. & B. Hall, 12th street, be-
tween Douglas and Farnham.
J. M. Byers, 590 10th street Master
Chas. R. Campbell Rec. Sec'y
Cor. 17th and Dodge street.
P. H. Swift Magazine Agent
N. E. Cor. 15th and Chicago Sts.
85. **FARGO LODGE**, at Fargo, D. T. Meets
in I. O. O. F. Hall, every other Sunday.
Jas. Burke Master
Arthur Bassett, Box 1243 Rec. Sec'y
J. Burns Fin. Sec'y
Fred. G. Clayton, Box 54 Magazine Agent
86. **BLACK HILLS**, at Laramie, W. T.
Meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d
Mondays of each month.
T. J. Kellett Master
J. Wheat Rec. Sec'y
B. Chaplin Fin. Sec'y
W. Nottage Magazine Agent
87. **SUMMIT**, at Rawlins, W. T. Meets
every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at
7:30 P. M.
Dennis P. Murphy Master
John F. Hittle (Box 5) Rec. Sec'y
S. M. Cunningham Fin. Sec'y
James Noonan Magazine Agent
88. **MORNING STAR**, at Evanston, W. T.
Meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every
Thursday evening.
L. Krauss Master
A. D. Gould Rec. Sec'y
Frank A. Hutchens Fin. Sec'y
W. Warner Magazine Agent
89. **SILVER STATE**, at Carlin, Nev. Meets
in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at
5:20 P. M.
J. A. Ressegnio Master
Frank A. Ressegnio Rec. Sec'y
Ole Thompson Fin. Sec'y
Sciby Jones Magazine Agent
90. **PAY AS YOU GO**, at West Oakland, Cal.
Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, cor. 7th and
Pine streets, Wednesday evenings.
C. C. Walker Master
J. Perrin Rec. Sec'y
Jerome B. Clark Fin. Sec'y
C. L. Bradley Magazine Agent
91. **GOLDEN GATE**, at San Francisco, Cal.
Meets every 1st Sunday, 2d Monday, 3d
Tuesday, and 4th Wednesday of each
month.
D. Fifield, S. P. shops Master
E. F. Smith, 201 16th street Rec. Sec'y
Geo. Aldrich, 219 16th st Fin. Sec'y
C. Dietrich (2323 Harrison st.) Mag. Ag't
92. **MARSHALL**, at Marshalltown, Iowa.
D. Garrett Master
N. J. Tallmadge Rec. Sec'y
James Crawley Magazine Agent
93. **GATE CITY**, at Keokuk, Iowa. Meets
in Engineers' Hall, on Johnson, bet.
2d and 3d sts., every 2d and 4th Sunday
of each month, at 2 P. M.
W. H. Bennett Master
Zeb. Moore (Lock Box 7) Rec. Sec'y
Milt E. Clark (Box 550) Magazine Agent
95. **CHICAGO**, at Chicago, Ill. Meets in
Engineers' Hall, 229 Milwaukee ave-
nue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30
P. M., and last Sunday at 2 P. M.
J. M. Miller, (360 Hubbard st.) Master
P. B. Murphy, (132 N. Union st., Rec. Sec'y
Wm. Kellard, 127 N. Halsted st. Fin. Sec'y
Wm. Maroney, 192 N. Curtis st. Mag. Ag't
96. **BALTIMORE CITY**, at Baltimore, Md.
Meets 2d & 4th Sundays of each month.
Hall on Preston street, between Linden
ave. and Eutaw street.
L. V. Tipton, 272 Park ave Master
John O'Neil (146 Cathedral st.) Rec. Sec'y
Jos. H. Shock 202 Constitution st. Fin. Sec'y
L. V. Tipton (272 Park ave) Magazine Ag't
97. **ORANGE GROVE**, at Los Angeles, Cal.
Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th
Fridays of each month.
Wm. Hughes Master
C. E. Hill Rec. Sec'y
G. Hughes Fin. Sec'y
98. **PERSEVERANCE**, at Terrace, Utah
Territory, meets every Tuesday at 5 P. M.
at City Hall.
Robert Sims Master
M. Myers Rec. Sec'y
Harrison Davis Fin. Sec'y
E. Prudence Magazine Agent
99. **WABASH LODGE**, at Peru, Ind.
Meets 2d and 4th Sundays each month,
at 2 P. M., I. O. O. F. Hall.
Chas. A. Wilson, (box 316) Master
M. E. Daly Rec. Sec'y
M. Hassett Fin. Sec'y
C. A. Wilson Magazine Ag't
100. **ADAIR**, at Bowling Green, Ky.
Meets every Monday evening, in B. of
L. F. Hall, on Main street, near Depot.
C. O. Dixon Master
J. W. Lee Rec. Sec'y
A. J. Weller Fin. Sec'y
N. S. Marquis Mag. Ag't